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SKETCHES

OF THE

GRECO-RUSSIAN CHURCH

RIVINGTONS

London ... ... *Waterloo Place*
Oxford ... ... *High Street*
Cambridge ... ... *Trinity Street*

SKETCHES

OF THE

+ RITES AND CUSTOMS

OF THE

GRECO-RUSSIAN CHURCH

BY

H. C. ROMANOFF

WITH INTRODUCTION

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE."

"*Journeying westward, evermore,*
We know the lonely Spouse
By the dear mark her Saviour bore,
Traced on her patient brows."—CHRISTIAN YEAR.

RIVINGTONS
London, Oxford, and Cambridge
1868


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INTRODUCTION

THE scenes which are offered to the public in the following chapters are intended to illustrate the actual working of the Greco-Sclavonic Church in Russia. They are collected by an English lady married to a Russian officer, and stationed in one of those remote provinces which have no attractions to invite the tourist, and thus are scarcely known to ordinary readers, except by name, while the national habits are there best preserved in their full peculiarity, unaltered by foreign influences.

In the memory of many of us, the Greek Church was almost ignored. There were numerous persons who divided Christendom into Protestants and Roman Catholics, and supposed all the former to hold the truth, all the latter to be in error, and if the existence of Eastern Christians was pressed on them would have classed them as a more ignorant and debased species of Roman Catholics. Clearer knowledge has, however, dawned on us. We have become accustomed to regard foreign communions with more discrimination and

more candour. The prayers for unity, which have so long been repeated with the most vague and undefined sense of what was therein asked, seem at last to be so far answered that there is a certain heaving and moving in the dissevered fragments, almost a yearning to be one again, and even a few absolute efforts which, though as yet uncertain and spasmodic, may yet, under God's grace, lead to something more definite and authoritative.

Looking back into the far past, we see that the germs of separation were to be found from the first foundation of the Church. Eastern and Western, Greek and Latin, differed in constitution and prejudices as well as in language, and tradition and custom necessarily diverged the more as time went on. The sense of the paramount importance of unity, together with the large-minded candour of the primitive Fathers, prevented any actual schism from taking place. The dispute respecting the time of keeping Easter was, as they perceived, no worthy cause for casting off the brethren whose hope was in the same Resurrection; and while essentials remained the same, unchanged, unbroken, they could perceive that small modifications of ceremonies to suit climate, character, or circumstance, were the very signs of the Catholicity of the Church in distinction to the exclusive Jewish ritual.

United, then, the Eastern and Western Churches resisted the heathen persecutions, and held the great councils; nor was it till days of greater ease and laxity that the minor differences were permitted to make the rent that had so long threatened. Much of outer circumstance assisted in this

result. In earlier days the East and West partook of almost similar culture, and Greek and Latin were almost equally familiar to the educated. The Celtic Church of Gaul was planted by Asiatic Greeks, and long retained traces of their influence; and whilst the Roman Empire was unbroken, there were no national enmities to promote misunderstandings.

But when the Latin portion of the Church was overrun by the Gothic nations, a spirit was brought in far more alien to the Greek than what had gone before. The subtlety and timidity of the Eastern temperament were contemptible to the high-spirited Frank or German, and when the majesty of Rome had overawed him and won his reverence, he made her his own, but fostered her impatience of the rivalry of Constantinople.

A clause, true in itself, but introduced, no one knew how, into the Nicene, or rather Constantinopolitan symbol, as repeated in the West, became the cause of fierce debate, and for this, after six centuries of Oneness, Rome finally severed herself and those Churches which had learnt to look to her as their guide.

Many endeavours to heal the wound were made, but their failure was owing far less to doctrinal differences than to the prejudices and hatreds of the multitude on either side. The crusades, which might have been a grand occasion of union, made the division wider, through the narrow timid policy of Alexis Comnenus, the ignorant exclusiveness and avarice of the Franks, and the aggression of the Roman patriarchate.

Since that time Rome has continued to exalt herself and maintain those pretensions to universal dominion and infallibility which alienated the Greeks, and have hitherto proved barriers against union with her.

The Russian Church is a child of the Greek. Her conversion was the work of the tenth century, and was accomplished by missionaries from Constantinople, who introduced the Sclavonian Liturgy, and a translation of the Scriptures drawn up in the ninth century by Cyril and Methodius for the use of the Bulgarians. These have ever since been scrupulously adhered to by this most conservative nation. In the seventeenth century a revision took place, in which the evident errors of copyists were corrected, but this caused the utmost discontent, and occasioned the chief schism in the Russian Church, since a certain number of persons refused to give up the old corruptions of text that they deemed absolutely holy. For many years the reproach of ignorance and superstition seems justly to have attached to the Russian clergy, and though there were many saintly men among them, their cultivation was at a low ebb, and they were left behind in that rapid march of intellect which has proceeded ever since the time of Peter the Great. Their power over the people was, however, so great, that Catherine II. was forced to comply outwardly with every rite of their Church, and it was the gay travellers at her court who, perhaps, chiefly led to the depreciation of the religion of the country.

Since that time education and civilization have much improved the intellects of the clergy. Many are really learned

men, and intelligence is fast spreading throughout the people.

What their religion is, and how it is carried into their lives, will best be gathered from the ensuing collection of sketches. Some, as will be seen, are accounts of the rite and its accessories, the prayers, &c., being translated from the Sclavonic offices; some interweave the accounts of the ceremonies with tales illustrative of that middle-class life of Russia, which is so little known to us. It is a picture of this people as they really are in both family and religious life, and though here and there,—as in the reception of the Princess Dagmar,—the old intolerant Eastern temper shows itself, yet on the whole this book will show us that we have more in common with the Russian than we thought, especially in the really needful ordinances that are essential to the very existence of the Christian.

Some of these chapters are upon the Sacraments of the Greek Church, the two divinely ordained and "generally necessary to salvation," and those other five ordinances which both the East and West term Sacraments, and four of which we own as sacramental, though hesitating to class them with the two of universal application, while the last has Scriptural authority that it is not easy to explain away. The other chapters are on occasional ceremonies, the consecration of a church, of a bell, a Bishop's visitation, the thanksgiving ceremony for the Tzar's preservation, &c., and the very curious rite for the adoption of a child.

We cannot help hoping that these descriptions may be

found of value to those who are not capable of studying the fundamental doctrines of the Greek Church, and that even those scholars who can examine into her documents may be glad to have this opportunity of seeing what is her external work, and her influence among the people.

C. M. YONGE.

June 1st, 1868.

PREFACE

IN compiling the sketches which I now venture to offer to the public in a collected form, I have had two ends constantly in view; viz. to present the English with correct descriptions of the ceremonies of the Greco-Russian Church, and at the same time with pictures of domestic life in Russian homes, especially those of the clergy and the middle-class of nobles. I trust that the performance of the latter task may be found as correct as the former, on strict revision and careful comparison with the Sclavonic Ritual, has proved to be.

I feel bound to acknowledge my deep obligations to the Reverend Pastors of Christ's flock here, to whom I have occasionally applied for explanation or information, and for the great assistance that the admirable little books of the Rev. B. Michailoffsky have afforded me. The greater part of the explanations of symbols, &c., I have obtained from Bishop Benjamin's valuable and learned book, "The New Table of Covenants."

H. C. ROMANOFF.

VOTKINSK, *April* 1868.

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ROMÀN THE READER

CONTAINING

BAPTISM, BAPTISMAL UNCTION, CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH

ROMÀN THE READER.

CHAPTER I.

ROMÀN'S birth caused great joy to his parents, who had been married twenty years ere they were blessed with a son.

His father was a deacon, in a considerable village not far from the Siberian tract. He lived in a wooden house of his own, with a palisaded garden in front, if that may be called a garden which was but a narrow slip of ground, so thickly planted with lilacs and raspberry and black-currant bushes, that at the time the fruit was ripe there was scarcely any possibility of getting at it. The dwelling consisted of a large lofty kitchen, a bed-room, and a parlour, all on the ground floor. The walls were not lath and plastered, there were no carpets on the floors, nor curtains at the windows; the furniture consisted of a birch-wood sofa and a dozen chairs, covered with a large-patterned cotton print, a table before the sofa, and two smaller ones beneath the looking-glasses in the piers; besides this ordinary furniture there was a psaltery, on which the Deacon used to perform various sacred melodies on holiday evenings. The corner formed by the two windowed walls was hung with pictures of the Saviour, His Mother, the patron

saints of the master and mistress of the house, and of the master's deceased parents; some with silver or metallic settings, others in the rough and extra pre-Raphaelitish style called Souzdalsky, from the town where they are painted by thousands. The other walls were covered with portraits of the Imperial Family, and a few sentimental engravings from English annuals, with English titles that nobody in the village could read, and no one even knew where they were originally picked up; they were the parting gift of one of the many stanovoys[1] that had ruled at Elenovka.

The bed-room contained only one bed properly so called; the bedding of the children (who slept on large pieces of thick felt, spread at night on the parlour floor, with pillows in cotton-print cases, and patchwork quilted counterpanes), was stowed away under the bedstead during the day. The kitchen was like all Russian peasant homes; the whole house was scrupulously clean and neat; a faint smell, reminding one of incense, wax, and church oil, pervaded the place, and proceeded from the clothing, long hair, and person in general of the Deacon, a quiet, sober, thrifty man; not very bright, but well-intentioned, and faithful in the performance of his duties. When he married he had every chance and hope of having a comfortable place with Priest's orders; but his patron, the Rector of the Seminary, died suddenly before he had been able to fulfil his promises, and Dmitri Hypatievitch Gideonoff was thankful enough to accept a Deacon's place and calling. But he always lived in the hope that some of these days the desire of his heart would be accomplished.

A Deacon of the Greco-Russian Church is capable of

[1] Representative of the law in villages. He has civil rank, and is subordinate to a superior officer in the district town.

becoming a Priest if he undergoes a certain examination; he often marries a Priest's daughter, and in his turn gives his daughters in marriage to candidates for Priest's orders; but he is considered a degree lower in position than a Priest. The habits and mode of life of all classes of ecclesiastics are so similar, that I may say the only difference rests on the proportional state of the finances of either. The families of all, however, are always superior in town to those who have been born and bred in the country.

There is a peculiar charm in the village dwellings of these hard-worked and ill-paid Ministers of the Gospel. I do not pretend to dispute that many are ignorant, "given to much wine," and lovers of lucre; but it is but fair to state that their faults and failings are grievously exaggerated in many of the books of Russian travel that have fallen into my hands. These hasty judgments leave a lasting impression on the minds of the public, and the result reminds me of the opinion the Russians have formed of English schoolmasters, founded on the Squeers of Mr. Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby," which they suppose to be a faithful portrait of the pedagogues of Great Britain. Nothing can be more unpleasant to an English person in Russia, or to a Russian in England, than the ignorance concerning each other that he cannot but observe in both nations; and the feeling of amusement that this at first excites changes into irritation or indignation when his endeavours to set the errors to rights are futile, for the Russian is as opinionated as the Englishman—or *vice versâ:* but I must go on with my story, and not grumble at my fellow-creatures.

The Deaconess was not a lively or amiable person by nature, and circumstances combined to make her less and less so every year of her life. In the first place, she could never

forgive her husband for being a Deacon and not a Priest, and took every opportunity of casting the same in his teeth; reminding him that she was a Priest's daughter, and reproaching him for having married before he was sure of the place, hinting that the history he gave of himself to her father, and the good-will of the Rector, were nothing but humbug. She had an almost annual disappointment, too, in the births of nine daughters, and did not attempt to conceal her relief and satisfaction when four of the number were removed to a happier home. She was idle, inefficient, and fussy, as mother of a family and mistress of a house, and had it not been for the pious Deacon all would have gone to rack and ruin in their little household. One circumstance only, connected with her as housewife, which contributed to the earthly comfort of her husband, was her magnificent culinary talent. The notion that it was carefully cultivated from purely selfish motives did not, fortunately, spoil the healthy appetite of the hard-working son of the Church, and it was decidedly a creature comfort to see, as well as to partake of, the simplest and cheapest dinners when prepared and served as Pavla Lavrentievna did when she intended partaking of the same herself.

In personal appearance the husband and wife were very ordinary; but he had a "redeeming point" in the form of a benevolent expression of countenance, and a frank and cheerful manner which, from constant ill-temper and discontent, were for ever strangers to the plain face of the Deaconess.

All the nine little girls were as like as drops of water, with their father's pleasant grey eyes and luxuriant light hair, and their mother's round fat face and wide mouth; but all had the Deacon's good temper and industry. As the survivors grew

up, they contributed infinitely to the cheerfulness and comfort of their home; and it was with great personal regret that their parents parted with them when suitable bridegrooms asked for them. At the time of their brother's birth two were already married, two rapidly growing into womanhood; then there was a gap of eight or nine years, caused by the deaths of the four babies, and then No. 9, a good, quiet, fat child of five, Nadejda by name.

Hypatitch, as the Deacon was familiarly called, had gone to the nearest town to buy a few little luxuries, such as tea, raisins, sweet cakes, and nuts, for an approaching holiday, when his son was born; and his happiness and satisfaction on hearing the joyful news were greater than he had ever experienced since he was praised by the Inspector before all the scholars. The Priest of the village and the Stanovoy's wife were invited to be sponsors to the child; and in the meantime the name of Romàn was given him, partly because he was born on the eve of St. Romàn's day, partly because his father had a friend of the name whom he greatly valued. His mother, naturally a hardy vigorous woman, was inclined to avail herself of the importance and interest with which her new maternity invested her, and give herself up to laziness and enjoyment; but her young daughters' cookery did not suit her taste at all; and on the third day of her infant's existence, after partaking of some very indifferent pea-soup, (to which Evpraxia, the eldest girl, had added a pint of cold water by way of making it "do" for the family supper), she declared her intention of rising the next morning to cook a decent dinner, and greatly shamed poor Evpraxia by calling the pea-soup pig-wash. The Deacon attempted a remonstrance, but was met by such a storm of reproach that he could but reply

by begging her to do anything but be angry—no, that is—distress herself.

So the next day she prepared a tasty little meal; and by way of teaching Evpraxia to take more pains in future, she compelled her to eat the remains of the pea-soup before she touched anything else. She considered that now she had every right to be as exacting and cross as it was possible for mortal woman to be, and made everybody in the house (except the baby) as miserable as she could desire. The elder girls whispered in secret after some unmerited scolding, "Never mind, they would soon be old enough to be brides;" and that they would consent to be married to the squintingist and ugliest suitor that might make them an offer sooner than remain at home to be scolded from morning till night like that.

"But *tyàtinka?*"[1] said the younger, a very tender-hearted damsel of fourteen.

"Yes! poor tyatinka! I should be sorry for him, certainly, and for Nadinka;"—but the shrill voice of the mother would put a stop to their confidences.

Little Nadinka, who was too young to be made useful in any other manner, was stationed on a little stool by the side of the liulka,[2] and commanded, with dark threats of unheard-of pains and penalties should she leave her post, to rock her baby brother unceasingly. The patient little thing would long for a game of play with the cats, for a run in the yard, for a nestle in tyatinka's lap, but never stirred from her stool. When her mother passed she would raise her imploring eyes to her face, but never got a word of encouragement or caress; nothing but

[1] *Papa*; used by the merchants and lower class of ecclesiastics and others.

[2] Cradle; it is suspended from the ceiling, and rocks up and down.

a shake of the fist and a promise of the corner, deprivation of supper, and the like, if Romànoushka[1] woke before his time. Her plain little face shone with delight when a hardly perceptible movement in the closely-curtained liulka gave notice that the tightly-swaddled baby was awakening. Nadinka's efforts would redouble, and she would rock with all her little might, singing her lullaby song, or saying, "Go to sleep, Romànoushka! sleep, my angel! sleep, batinka!" until her mother came to relieve guard. Then she would jump from her stool; but, much as she longed for motion, she never left the side of the liulka until she had been allowed to kiss the little boy. Pavla Lavrentievna, as soon as she felt the soft light burden on her lap, seemed to become another woman, and all the sweetness of maternal love shone in her face. Tender words, before unknown to her lips, and unheard by the nine baby girls, were lavished on her unconscious son. Little by little, fear of awakening or alarming him caused a marked softening of her voice and tone when giving orders to, or finding fault with, her husband and daughters. The latter thanked the Almighty every hour of their lives for giving them a brother; and the Deacon, who had been grieved from the bottom of his pious heart for twenty-one years by his wife's perpetual bad temper, took courage, and prayed night and morning that this blessed change might be lasting. All the hopes of the husband and wife were now centred in the "pope," as they began to call him from the first hours of his life; and dreams of a splendid career at the seminary, of a town appointment, a rich and lovely bride, for him; and for them, of a very calm and happy old age—were cherished by both in the colours most pleasing to either.

[1] Dim. for Romàn.

Romàn throve beautifully; his first smile and first tear, which are considered by the Russians as harbingers of reason in an infant, were quite epochs in the family history, so much was said about them. He was a fair, plump, good-tempered child, and had all the beauty of the family, being really a remarkably lovely infant, although strikingly like both his parents. His father insisted on his being vaccinated; and as this involved a journey to the district town, where each had relatives and were sure of a welcome, Pavla Lavrentievna was pleased to consent. And thereby arose a terrible dispute. Evpraxia and Antonina had had the small-pox in their early childhood, and escaped almost without a single pock; but little Nadinka had neither been vaccinated, nor had she ever been sick of any rash-complaint whatever. The Deacon proposed taking her to town also, and having her vaccinated with the baby; but his wife set her face against it with an obstinacy that was as aggravating as it was unreasonable.

"Think, Mother, reflect for a moment! Nadia is a little girl. Of course I should be sorry if either of them were stricken with small-pox; but of the two, Nadinka's personal appearance is the more important, she being a girl."

"A girl! a girl! she'll do just as well as the others, please God. Look at Evpraxka and Antoshka, are they not fine girls? 'blood and milk,'[1] one may say! and were they not ill, Wise-head, eh? And did not you groan over them, God forgive you, as if they were painted pictures, or picked-out beauties?—Ugh!"

"Whatever they may be to other people," shouted the Deacon, roused, for his girls were his delight and pride, "they are painted pictures for me! Yes! and better than

[1] A literal translation, expressive of a fine complexion.

picked-out beauties, for they are godly good-hearted girls. And they are my born children, Mother, which is everything in one word. And shall I ever forget my Katinka and Lubinka, when that same small-pox was on them? or God's angel, Doushinka, who died of it, Mother! I wonder at myself, I declare," said the fond father, "that it never entered my head before. And I *will* take Nadia. So get ready her things, Mother."

The real fact was that the poor little girl had not a frock fit to wear in town, before her grand relations, and the little lamb-skin shouba, in which she frisked about in the yard, had but a very shabby and well-worn cotton-tweed covering. It mattered not if the expedition were postponed for a few days, while the little wardrobe was being brought into order; but Pavla Lavrentievna argued and argued that go they must that very week, and so worried the Deacon, that he was on the point of giving in, when the innocent object of dispute leant her plump arms on his knees, and looking up into his face, said coaxingly,—

"Yes, do take me this once, tyatinka!

"Yes, I will! you shall go, my lapinka! We'll see what we have got in our box, eh? Come along."

We need not repeat the reproaches and grumblings that were elicited by this decision. Nadinka was overjoyed, and accompanied her father to the bed-room, where there stood a large gaudily-painted iron-bound chest, out of which he took pieces of all sorts of draper's and mercer's wares; linens and calicoes, pieces of silk and satinet for future gowns and cloaks for the elder girls; then home-spun linen, lace, thread, and at last cotton prints.

"Don't touch that blue one, Deacon! it is a full dress, and

will do for a grown girl. Nor that pink remnant, fright that you are! it will be just enough for the pope—please God—at three or four years old."

"The pope shall have a prettier one, Matoushka! This will just suit us: eh, Nadia?—Now girls! Who is my handi-work-woman and dressmaker? Both? well, wait a minute. Where's the lining? and have you some white thread to sew with? Yes? well then, mother will cut it out for you directly, and I know it will be ready by to-morrow evening."

He then put back all the things as tidily as a woman, and taking his son from his wife, wheedled her into cutting out the little frock in her best style. Evpraxia undertook to wash other appendages to her little sister's toilette, and all seemed to be the happier for the child's pleasure.

The girls anticipated having great fun during their parents' absence, but carefully concealed their airy castles, for fear of means being taken for their prevention. The Deacon asked a neighbour, the sister of the Reader, who was a great hand at singing Christmas songs, telling fortunes with cards, and "guessing fate," to keep house with his darlings, and secretly left them a little stock of tea and honey, nuts and sweet biscuits, for it was Christmas time, and he liked them to be happy and comfortable in their own way.

Early in the morning the horse was put to, and the wicker-carriage on the country sledge made as comfortable as hay and carpets could make it. Little Nadia, in her old best dress nicely washed, her shouba cleaned and considerably improved by a binding of cotton velvet,—all the work of her clever sister Evpraxia—was in the state of restlessness and impatience that most children exhibit when on the point of making an unusual outing; but at last the delightful

moment arrived when she was lifted in by her mother's side, and the Deacon's long legs vaulted after her.

They had not gone more than six versts from their village, when Ròmoushka[1] began to manifest symptoms of discomfort, and in a short time these turned into a violent fit of screaming, which his mother in vain endeavoured to pacify. Supposing that the cold must affect him in some way, they determined to stop at the nearest hamlet, and warm the little fellow before proceeding further. Altogether they had forty versts to perform.

Hypatitch was well known in every hamlet of his own parish and in many others as well, and had no difficulty in deciding at whose house to stop. Pavla Lavrentievna knew the mistress well too, and had informed her of the object of their journey before she had been in the warm kitchen five minutes.

"Well, you know best, of course," said the woman; "it's your affair, not mine: but God forbid I should ever allow a child of mine to be vaccinated. Can we be greater than God Himself? If He pleases to afflict us, dare we dispute His holy will?"[2]

"But, Yakolevna, consider," argued the Deaconess, "if you were to break your arm, or get a bad cough, would you not try to be cured? Is it not the same thing? only vaccination prevents, you know."

"Well, you know best; you are grammatical, of course: but still it is the mark of the Beast! Yet who knows? Now there's our Vasilka has been laid up with it these five weeks,

[1] Dim. for Romàn.

[2] This feeling is so universal among the peasants, that Government *compels* them to have their children vaccinated, but frequently they bribe the vaccinators to leave them alone.

and if he will get up with his eyes or without them, God knows. It is His will!"

The Deaconess turned pale. "What! the small-pox in your house? Let us be off this instant!" cried she, catching up her baby and rolling him anyhow in his wrappers. "Hypatitch! Father Deacon! where is that malefactor? Akh! Gospodi! Gospodi!"

It was at least a quarter of an hour before the Deacon could be hunted out. The master of the house where they had stopped had led him to a neighbour's to look at a horse that was for sale. The infant, soothed by the warmth, had ceased crying, and, heedless of the entreaties of the good people to wait and have dinner, spite of the smoking viands on the hastily-spread table, the whole party left the house in less than half an hour after having entered it.

They reached the town towards evening, and stopped at the house of Pavla Lavrentievna's brother, a priest, who was married to a lay lady, with whom the Deaconess could never get on at all; though, to be sure, she did not get on very well with anybody. However, they met with a very kind welcome, and the sister-in-law quite won Pavla Lavrentievna's heart by going into raptures with the "sweet baby." Nadinka, too, came in for a large share of petting; and her cousin, a girl of sixteen or seventeen, made her perfectly happy by curling her hair at night, an operation she had never undergone before, and by making her a whole family of rag dolls, with embroidered features, and hair stolen from the cook's distaff.

The country visitors had to remain longer than they intended, in consequence of the vaccination day at the hospital having been altered from Wednesday to Saturday, the latter

day being more convenient for the country people, who came with things for sale to the markets. The Deacon reflected that the girls at home had sufficient provisions to last them an extra day or two, and was rather pleased than otherwise to have a little holiday. His wife was quite in her glory, and took the opportunity of learning how to dress several new dishes, and to bake various fashionable rusks and biscuits, from her brother's clever town cook.

Saturday came; and the operation was duly performed; and immediately afterwards they set out on their journey home, the children being extra-warmly wrapped up.

"Only look, Hypatitch!" said the Deaconess, about a week after, "how the dear son's arms are swelled! My lamb! my pigeon! But there, never mind! he will be a beauty all his life; a smooth delicate-faced boy! and not pitted and pocked as if the hens had been pecking at him, a popik that he is!"

"Hm! And how are my Nadejda Dmitrievna's arms?" said the father, turning towards the child, who was arranging the sugar-loaf-paper furniture that her cousin had cut out for her, in a corner of the deep window-sill. "Come here, girly, and show yourself to me."

He bared the little arms, but to his surprise there was not a sign of inflammation on either; merely the traces of the three slight scratches, now quite healed, that had been inflicted by the experienced hand of the assistant-surgeon. "What is the meaning of this, Mother?"

"It does not take with everybody," said the Deaconess, indifferently. "I have heard of people having their children vaccinated three times, and it's not succeeding once."

"Yes; I have heard of it too. But what I mean is this;

have we let her catch cold with it? Because you know that would not be over and above safe for her, Mother. Has she been out into the yard or anywhere in the cold?—Girls hey! Evpraxinka, has Nadia been out since we came from town?"

All the family at once declared that to their certain knowledge she had not crossed the threshold.

"Well; God forbid! but if it does not take this time, I shall send her to Ivan Lavrentievitch's with the Reader on Friday, and ask him to have it repeated, and to keep her there till all is finished."

This was said on Sunday afternoon, and on Tuesday Pavla Lavrentievna began to observe that the little girl was languid and irritable, did not care for her meals, and towards evening complained of pain in her back. This made her father declare still more vehemently that the vaccination had got a chill, and he groaned much as he abused himself for not leaving her with her aunt and uncle. They put her to sleep in the best bed, gave her raspberry tea, and covered her with several fur pelisses to promote perspiration. She fell into a restless slumber; and the parents, ill at ease on her account, went to bed at a late hour.

The next day the little sufferer had something that nobody could understand—a faint, or a fit. Evpraxia and Antonina firmly believed that she was going to die directly, and set up lamentations of the most dismal description. Pavla Lavrentievna immediately sent Antosha for the old woman who attended the family in sickness; and as soon as she heard an account of all the symptoms, she said at once that the patient was sickening for small-pox! The Deaconess said that when the others had it, she did not remember anything

like a fit; but the old woman remarked that perhaps it had taken place during the night, and had passed off itself, unobserved. Hypatitch was away at the time, carrying home hay; but when he arrived and heard the sad news, he stuck to his first conviction, that the vaccine matter had been thrown inwards by a chill, and agreed with the old woman that it was now coming out in the form of "natural" small-pox. And it was not until the poor little darling was lying fearfully ill, that he and his wife recollected the circumstance at the hamlet on their road to town.

She had it violently, and at one time her medical attendant, the old woman, pronounced her in a hopeless state. Nothing like medicine was administered, but they used to take her to the bath every day and steam her, to bring out the eruption more freely. She did not die; it was when the days were much longer and the sun much warmer, when drops began to fall from the roofs, and the fowls to venture out into the yard, that she was dressed for the first time after her recovery —awfully disfigured, but with eyes uninjured. Those of the Deacon had been often very red and swollen during his little daughter's sickness; Pavla Lavrentievna was too much taken up with her baby to bestow much time or thought on the patient. "If she dies, she will go to the Kingdom of Heaven," she said to all whom she saw; "but if she lives, God's will be done! But she will be a Christ's-bride[1] all her life; remember my words!"

Great was Nadia's happiness when she was strong enough to hold her little brother, now a fat grave child of nearly six months old. As months passed on and turned into years,

[1] Spinster. The term is applied to sickly or afflicted maidens who are not likely to marry.

she was still his careful nurse and indulgent playfellow, and he repaid her with the most ardent affection and implicit confidence. Evpraxia married a layman, much to the displeasure of her mother; but the Deacon liked his future son-in-law so much, that he insisted on his wife's offering no foolish objections. Antonina followed her sister's example at an early age; but her bridegroom was a candidate for Priest's orders, with an excellent situation in view; and the silly mother did not conceal her preference for this daughter and son-in-law before all the rest; and why? Because the latter had a better place than the others; that was all!

Romàn was a fine little boy, intelligent and bold, and very gentle-tempered and tender-hearted withal. He and Nadia ran wild until he was nearly seven years old, when his father began to teach him the Sclavonic alphabet, that bugbear to all ecclesiastical children; and Nadia, in order to help him, and perhaps from a natural love of acquiring knowledge, learnt it at the same time.

"*Az*, *nash*, an; *glagol*, *est*, *liudi*, *yère*, gel; angel. O Nadia, I cannot! I really *cannot!*" the poor little fellow would sob. "When shall I get to hear it with my ears? If tyatinka would but let me read straight off, it would be much easier. *Booki*, *ik*, boo; *rtzi*, *ya*, ria; Booria; *rtzi*, *ya*; . . . Oï!"

Nadinka was not as quick as Romàn, but she was persevering, and older than he, consequently she overcame the difficulties of the Church alphabet sooner than her brother. Evpraxia's husband, hearing of her feats with Sclavonic, sent her a "civil" spelling-book, as they call it in distinction to that of the Church. In the former the letters are called,

as in other European languages, "a, b, v, g," and so on, while the same letters in the Sclavonic or Church alphabet are named *az*, *booki*, *vedi*, *glagol;* so that to spell the syllable *ga*, the wretched learner must pronounce thus, "*Glagol*, *az*, ga." The ear can play no part whatever, and the eye very little, until the sounds are drummed into the head. The process of *reading* in Sclavonic is easy enough to those who can read civil Russ; but nothing can be more puzzling to a beginner than the absurd old system of *spelling* in Sclavonic.

Pavla Lavrentievna was very vexed with her son-in-law's present to Nadia, and threatened to take it from her, and lock it up. "Thank God!" said the pious mother, "my other girls never read anything but the Holy Scriptures, or the Lives of the Saints, as it becomes maidens of ecclesiastical family, in the language of the Church; but if we let that wild thing learn the civil spelling-book, we shall have her reading novels and song-books; who knows? Not to speak of the time it takes, drawing her attention from the distaff and sewing to nonsensical pictures and verses and fables, and what not. Tphoo!"

Dmitri Hypatitch read the whole volume through, from the picture illustrating the letter A, to the National Hymn at the end; including a new system of arithmetic, moral reflections, an epitome of sacred and Russian history, orthodox prayers, and fables of "the Fox and the Crow," "the Wolf and the Lamb," and others, familiar to every learner in Europe; and he pronounced it excellent, and to contain nothing contrary to sound faith and doctrine. And henceforth Nadia's Sunday afternoons and holidays were passed in the perusal of the spelling-book, and in copying out on a slate the moral reflections, which were very much to her taste.

Romàn little by little conquered the Sclavonic difficulties; and picked up not a little knowledge from his sister, (who could not read otherwise than aloud); the civil spelling-book did him a good turn also, and the clerk of the stanovoy taught him to write a good hand, so that when it was considered time to send "the pope" to the district school, previous to entering the seminary, he was as well prepared as could possibly be expected of him.

From an early age his father used to take him to church, and encouraged him in joining his little voice with those of the singers. Accustomed from his babyhood to the idea of ultimately becoming a priest, he entered into the services with interest and intelligence; and his favourite amusement during the long winter evenings was christening, marrying, and burying dolls; he even had canonicals for that purpose, made by his indulgent sister out of blue sugar-loaf-paper, an article much in favour for harness, houses, and other play-things with the rising generation of holy Russia.

It is doubtful whether Pavla Lavrentievna would ever have made up her mind to part with her darling, had it been possible for him to become a pope without leaving the paternal roof; and as it was, she made a great fuss and to-do when her husband on his return from town one day seriously desired her to get the boy's wardrobe into perfect order, and placed at her disposal various ginghams and prints, while he carried off two pieces to the village tailor, to be made up for the future scholar.

Like most children all the world over, Romàn was delighted at the prospect of a change; and it was not till he absolutely pronounced the word "good-bye" to the weeping Nadia, that he felt an atom of regret at leaving his home.

Both his parents accompanied him to town, and placed him in comfortable quarters with the widow of a reader, who maintained herself and family by taking in little boarders. Many and sincere were the tears shed by the Deaconess during a conversation with Romàn's landlady, while the Deacon went to the Head Master of the Ecclesiastical school, to introduce the new pupil to him, and to beg his acceptance of a small tub of honey. Pavla Lavrentievna bought a pound of nuts and some sweet beans and biscuits for the fellow-lodgers of her son; and besought them not to ill-use, beat, teaze, or laugh at him. The following day the parents returned home; and the Deaconess, by way of soothing her grief for the absence of her son, sought distraction and entertainment in leading Nadia "such a life as never was," to use the sum and substance of Petrovna the Reader's wife's report of home doings to Evpraxia, when she met her at a neighbouring village fair.

And a "life" it was, in very truth! The poor young girl, never a beauty, was nothing less than ugly now, from the effects of her dreadful illness; and her unamiable mother upbraided her with her ill-looks every day in the week, calling her a hen-pecked phiz, an object, a fright, a pea scarecrow, and a dozen other terms of ridicule and contempt, in which the Russian language is as rich as it is in those of affection and caress. No reason can be positively assigned for this treatment, except the general one, that Pavla Lavrentievna could not exist without scolding somebody; and as she had no one left but her husband and Nadia, she selected the latter as being a completely defenceless and unrevengeful object. Nor did Nadia deserve the constant fault-finding that embittered her life; she was an obedient, hard-working, and singularly

submissive girl. Never did a word of insolence, and seldom one of self-justification, pass her lips; and whatever was required of her, she fulfilled to the best of her ability. The secret of all was, that, despite her plain face, she was her father's idol, and the decided favourite of the light of Pavla Lavrentievna's eyes—her adored popik; and it is to be feared that jealousy was the chief cause of her heartless treatment of her daughter; unless I allude again to the necessity of having one upon whom to vent her ill-temper.

Nadia's days were passed in active household work, all of which, except the actual preparation of food, fell to her share; and that is no trifle in a Russian family, even in so humble a home as that of the Deacon. There were two cows, calves, sheep and goats and pigs to feed, and the cows to milk: she was fond of all her dumb charges; but the out-door department that was especially to her taste was the care of the poultry. She knew the habits and tastes of every feathered creature in the yard; and had many facts to relate about each which would have been worthy of Kidd's Journal itself.

Then her in-door business was considerable: she was maid-of-all-work; and when everything was brought into the precise state of order that her mother exacted, she had flax to spin, and the yarn to weave when all the flax was spun: and then the linen to bleach. Holidays, and the period that elapses between the weaving of last year's flax and the pulling up of that of this year, were passed in performing the laborious handiwork peculiar to the Russians—ornamenting the ends of long narrow towels and the edges of sheets with a kind of hem-stich in many rows, which forms an open ground on which to embroider, in thick glossy flax-thread, various devices, generally of a very primitive and unartistic description: a stocking

was always lying on the window-sill, ready to be taken up at odd moments.

Thus brought up, it is not surprising that Nadia, at fifteen years old, was very nearly as ignorant as any of the girls of the village; for though she could read and write (that is, form characters with a pen or pencil—a letter she never had occasion to write), she had positively no time to think of anything but what she had to do. While Romàn was at home she could always pour out her little troubles or great vexations to him, child as he was; and she often heard him read aloud and con his lessons, the substance of which remained in her retentive memory; but since he had gone she had no food for either mind or heart, except a very respectful adoration for her father.

When she had attained her seventeenth year, and was still without a single suitor, her position became more and more painful. Her mother, always eager to seize on any real cause for complaint, began to taunt her with her maidenhood, telling her that her four sisters were wives and mothers at her age, and bringing forward examples of other ecclesiastical damsels who had lately been wooed and won. Her other daughters, too, had been remarkable for their good voices and excellent singing; no wedding in the whole blagotchinié[1] was complete without the Elenovka Deacon's girls to act as leaders in the wedding choruses. In poor Nadinka there was nothing exterior to be proud of.

Romàn had not been educated to very delicate feelings or elegant manners; but at the time he was placed at school he was a pure-minded, warm-hearted, and decidedly well-disposed child. The tricks, the bad words, the malingering and laziness

[1] Ecclesiastical district.

of his fellow-boarders at first shocked him extremely; and he once or twice attempted to remonstrate, but he was always met with such round abuse, (accompanied often by blows and kicks, to which he was entirely a stranger,) that he left off expressing his horror or indignation, and little by little got accustomed to it all. This hardening system was pursued with the utmost vigour, unpunished, and it would seem unnoticed, by Denisovna, the landlady, who fulfilled her engagement to the letter, gave the boys full meals, washed their linen, and sent them to the bath every Saturday, and on the eve of every holiday; but as far as their morals and conduct were concerned she never interfered in the least, except indeed when their tricks and mischief were likely to affect her own property or quietude.

The teachers of such schools are not answerable for the conduct of the pupils; they are paid for teaching some particular branch of knowledge, and each arrives at the school when the hour of his lesson approaches, mounts his high desk, delivers his lecture or lesson—during which at least one grand thrashing, and several minor ones, are administered (not by the teacher, but by the keeper of the building, generally an old soldier, whose business it is to light the stoves, sweep the school, and thrash the boys)—makes his bow and goes away. Minor punishments, such as standing or kneeling in the corner, and other old-established forms of discomfort, were largely inflicted, and every teacher, except one, was hated with a whole-heartedness that might have done wonders in a good cause.

The teachers themselves were not a little to be pitied; they had a thankless task; and not one had a notion of altering the old beaten form of instruction, or if he had, pluck was

wanting to put it into execution. A dislike of innovations, a general horror of anything out of the old original well-known track is, I think, one of the most remarkable traits in the Russian character; and nowhere is it so marked as in the ecclesiastical class. I do not refer to religious opinion or forms, because alterations or innovations with regard to them are looked on as impossibilities, and in fact, I may say that they actually are so.

Among the half-dozen of Denisovna's boarders was one whose previous habits and tastes had more in common with Romàn's than those of the rest. He was the orphan grandchild of a Protopope, in one of the neighbouring manufacturing towns, and was distantly related to his landlady. He had been petted, coddled, and doted on by his grandmother, dressed and attended to like the son of a noble, taught with the utmost gentleness by his grandfather, and then suddenly thrown into the little whirlpool of childish vice which every large public school, more or less, presents. His principles were more lax than those of Romàn; he was ready to join every plan of naughtiness, and applaud every bold stroke of impertinence or lying. He would soon have become as bad as any of the worst in the school, had it not been for Romàn and Romàn's protector, a great muscular lad of fourteen, stupid to the last degree at learning, but not vicious, and with fists that were the terror of his companions. He had saved Romàn and his friend from more than one beating, and instructed them in the art of self-defence with a zeal that either of the teachers might have done well to imitate. Thus protected by physical force, Romàn and his chum, who rejoiced in the name of Appolon, dared to be well-behaved and, in comparison with many others, good boys.

The idea of inquiring into the character of Romàn's comrades never crossed the minds of his parents; they warned him in general terms against association with bad boys, against improper language, and other vices; and placed him with Denisovna, because she had the reputation of being very conscientious and honest, and kind and motherly to her little lodgers.

Boys—children, in a word—are exactly the same in Russia as they are in England; just as fond of "awful fun," all the more delightful if seasoned with mischief, just as apt to shirk, to malinger sometimes, and just as much the anxiety, pride, and delight of their parents; each of them having twenty redeeming points for their various failings—have they not, mothers?

Suffice it to say, that Romàn did not pass unscathed through this beginning of ordeals. He learned to lie, to pretend he was very bad when he only felt lazy; but he hated himself for yielding to the temptation, acknowledging its full guilt in his soul; and always protested against bad language and pilfering: he was Denisovna's champion in all the evil designs of the three naughty ones on her edible property. He was the leader of the virtuous party, backed by the vote of the pretty Appolon, and the fists and bass voice of Grisha Banin, who delighted to thwart the others, just for the sake of thwarting, and of showing off his prowess.

As for the learning itself, the progress and improvements fluctuated now one way, now the other; but the result was, that when he was fifteen, he was removed to the Ecclesiastical Seminary at the Government town. Great were the disappointments, trouble, and anxiety, and many were the sleepless nights that fell to the lot of Hypatitch before he attained his

object—the free admission for his son to the Seminary, with board and lodging. Pavla Lavrentievna's relatives found connexions who managed the affair; and the success of their efforts was the wonder of all who knew the circumstances; for the vacancies for free admission are supposed to be kept for orphans, or the sons of very poor or retired members of the clergy; and the Deacon of Elenovka could not be called a very poor man, though he was by no means a rich one.

Romàn had been several months at the Seminary, when he learned by mere chance that his godmother's family were residing at the Government town. Her husband had had several removes since she stood sponsor for Romàn; and gradually the Gideonoffs had lost sight of her. Her godson was not as bashful as one might expect of a boy educated as he had been; and he wished extremely to see his godmother, to penetrate into the bosom of a lay family; and he communicated this desire to Appolon, who had been admitted at the same time as he; and was urged by him to try by all means to make himself known to her, representing that the renewal of his acquaintance with the wife of a counsellor might prove very beneficial to him. Romàn had a very high opinion of Appolon's advice, and of his knowledge of the world, and was pleased that he approved of the plan.

The first time a holiday occurred after the consultation, Romàn asked leave to visit the Counsellor Haraldin.

"What business have you with Counsellor Haraldin?" said the teacher on duty, with a sneer in his voice that roused Romàn's blood; but he answered respectfully in the plural, as well-bred people always do.

"The Counsellor's wife is my godmother!"

"Thou liest!" was the reply; "how could she happen

to be your godmother, when they live here, and your father serves in the country?"

"Her husband served at our place also," said Romàn; "he was the Stanovoy; and Katerina Antonovna stood for me fifteen years ago."

"A—ah! hm!" said the teacher; and he thought, 'A Counselloress's godson! upon my word!'—"Well, get you gone. Behave yourself decently, I humbly beg; and if I find you have deceived me—the threshold![1] Do you hear?"

Romàn murmured an answer; his heart beat high while the teacher wrote his name on the pass, without which no one can leave the Seminary for fear of being called a truant.

"Come along, lad!" said Appolon, almost as pleased as Romàn himself; he was a good-natured boy; "we must get you up a bit. I'll give you some of my pomatum, and lend you my gloves: only mind you bring me something good!"

"Of course!" said Romàn, as he threw off his coat, and commenced a tremendous ablution. "Listen, Polia!" he continued, with his face all over a thick lather, and his eyes tightly screwed up, "what shall I say to them, now that I have got leave to go? I feel quite—you know—"

"Nonsense! fiddlesticks, brother! Wash yourself thoroughly, and then we'll speak on that subject. Round your throat! your nape! sloven that you are!"

Romàn obeyed, and succeeded in "cleaning" himself to his friend's satisfaction. Appolon was a bit of a beau, and liked to have everything as smart as the rules and notions of the Seminary would permit. He had a little store of

[1] Floggings are inflicted on the threshold of the room in seminaries.

such appendages to the toilette as many of the Seminarists had never seen, and very few possessed. Besides a clothes-brush, and a large ivory comb, small-toothed on one side, and large-toothed on the other, he had a tooth-brush and a pound-pot of clove-pomatum; two needles, and a skein of black and white thread; stamped envelopes, directed to his grandfather, in the old man's hand; and other property, which gained him the title of the "Seminary Libinberg," the name of a well-known dandy of the Government town.

When the clothes had been thoroughly brushed and beaten, and a most generous supply of pomatum applied to Romàn's hair, Appolon handed him a pair of cotton gloves, and began to give him instructions how to behave, and what to say. Romàn became impatient, and did not pay much attention to the latter part of the lesson, said he should be late, and ran away; while Appolon shouted after him, "And mind you don't pour your tea into the saucer, nor turn the cup upside down when you have done!"

"All right!" answered Romàn, from the bottom of the stairs.

Katerina Antonovna, the Counsellor's wife, was very surprised to see her godson, and very agreeably surprised to find him a nice-looking and tolerably well-spoken boy. She gave him a very kind welcome, asked him to stop all day at her house, and introduced him to her children—a boy of sixteen, and two little girls of twelve and eleven. A quarter of an hour sufficed to make him feel quite at his ease; the young Haraldins were pleasant and talkative, and showed him all sorts of games and amusements, of which he had hardly an idea. He had never spent such a delightful day in his life. Alexandre Haraldin was a gymnasist, full

of the new ideas of progress, civilization, emancipation, and liberty of thought that have become the rage in Russia during the last eight or nine years, or so; he enchanted Romàn with his eloquence, and was in his turn enchanted by the attention and respect with which his god-brother drank in every word he said. It is true that Romàn did not perfectly understand all that he heard; and indeed it required an ear accustomed to the jargon that Alexandre made use of to follow his ideas. As for the little girls, they were lady-like quiet children; they seemed quite to feel with their brother, and occasionally joined in his rhapsodies.

After dinner—such a dinner as the humble guest had never beheld—Katerina Antonovna proposed a drive, and Romàn had the satisfaction of standing on the zapiatka[1] with Alexandre, and dashing rapidly through the principal streets behind a pair of restive well-fed horses. Madame Haraldin, the little girls, and a guest, occupied the sledge, covered with a handsome velvet rug with a bear-skin lining. The Seminarists who had leave of absence, and who happened to be walking in the streets through which the Haraldins passed, recognised Gideonoff, and envied him from the bottom of their hearts.

Before tea, the young ladies played duets on the piano—another novelty for Romàn; and after tea, at which meal he did not forget Appolon's injunctions, the whole family, Counsellor and all, played at "biographical loto."

When he took his leave, the Counsellor patted him on his back, called him a molodetz,[2] and bade him come to see them whenever he liked. Godmamma added a few kind

[1] A sort of shelf at the back of a sledge.

[2] Fine fellow.

words; and the young people appointed the following holiday for their next meeting.

Was it for the better or for the worse that things had taken such a turn? Romàn was quite elated; and the whole of next day's recreation was passed in describing to Appolon the house, the furniture, the costume of the ladies, and everything else that could be described, with as much of the conversation as he could remember. Appolon came to the conclusion that the Haraldins must be a very learned and superior family, and congratulated his friend on his having met with so kind a reception.

CHAPTER II.

THE Counsellor and his wife were so truly kind and hospitable, and their children so friendly, that Romàn soon became sincerely attached to them. He gradually became more polished in his manners, expressed himself better, and was very popular in the circle of which Alexandre was leader, and which was composed of the brightest lads of his class, and the most vehement supporters of the new ideas. They used to read and criticize the best journals, got up little "literary evenings," and joined with all the eagerness and enthusiasm of youth in the universal joy which the preparations for the great change in the serf-class caused. Of politics they never spoke, nor did they care for them. Politics involved questions regarding other nations, and *their* business was with fatherland! Nationality was the hobby. Everything must be Russian—Sclavonic: and one of the principal reasons that they took so warmly to Romàn was because he was a son of the Orthodox Church; a real thorough-bred Russian, without anything foreign in him. He did not think it necessary to confess that he was doing his utmost to learn French.

In two years Romàn was another being. No longer the timid, awkward, country scholar; but a sufficiently self-pos-

sessed youth, with plenty of conversation, well-read, and well-mannered. As for his personal appearance, he was called by the ladies "a most interesting young man." Perhaps my readers may understand the kind of face his was, if I call it well-proportioned. Not one feature was handsome, but the whole formed a singularly pleasing countenance; rather curly light hair, a sun-burnt fresh complexion, and exquisite teeth, helped to make him better looking than he really was. "A proper youth and tall," his friends called him; "the Russian type;" "real Russian nature;"—but people always do apply these terms to good-looking and prepossessing persons. He was looked on in the Haraldins' house, and by Alexandre's party, as the representative of the Seminary of the "young strength" of the Orthodox religion. There was much truth, but also much enthusiasm, in the feeling of the little *coterie;* fortunately, Romàn had the good sense not to be, nor to appear, conceited.

He had been home twice during this period, and found everything in its old state. He tried to initiate Nadia into the "spirit of the times;" and she assented to all he said, but was no more imbued with the said "spirit" than the Deacon was. All that she thoroughly comprehended was her brother's ardent desire to be useful to his fellow-creatures, and to establish schools in his future parish, if there were not any; and he proposed that Nadia should live with him, and be the mistress of the girls' school. This proposition pleased her, and at length became a sort of *idée fixe.* She tried her skill in teaching on a neighbour's child, after Romàn had returned to town, but, either from the stupidity of the pupil or the inexperience of the teacher, nothing came of it. This she communicated in a very short note

to her brother; the perusal of which caused lowness in his spirits for some minutes.

"Now look here!" he said to Appolon, who was still his faithful friend, and the receptacle of all the impressions he got out of the Seminary; "this is a fact: a fact, I repeat, worthy of remark! Read that!" and he walked up and down the room in an agitated manner, while Appolon read as follows:—

"DEAREST BROTHER, RÒMÀN DMITRIÉVITCH,

"I congratulate you on your approaching names-day, wishing you health; we, thank God, are well, which we also wish you, and tyatinka and maminka give you their blessing, which can never be taken away; and I began to teach Ivan's Dounka to read, but she cried, and it was no use continuing.

"Your sister,

"NADEJDA GIDEONOFF."

"Hm! this young lady has never been to the Institution, I presume!" said Appolon, smiling; "but there is an absence of paper-mania, which ought to delight you reformers. Short and distinct, my friend! What do people write letters for? to communicate their ideas to their correspondents? Yes. Well then, here you are, you know——"

"Will you please to hold your tongue?" cried Romàn, vexed. "Words and words, nothing but words! Hear me, brother! This is where it is bitter!" and he thumped his broad chest.

"Now, Heavén help me! I don't understand one word! be explicit, lad: what is it all?"

Romàn, thus taken down (as he frequently was) from his state of exaltation, explained the matter in plain Russ.

"What's to be done?" was the genuine national reply. "Nonsense, brother! what can that poor girl do alone? Be

reasonable! Has she ever seen a school in her life? has she the remotest idea of tuition? You should think before you act, much more before you exact acts from other people. Ah, you impatient fellow!"

The characteristic of Romàn's impatience was that no cold water that was ever thrown on it could reduce its fire.

He was already a "philosopher," as the pupils of the highest class but one are called, when the eldest son of the Haraldins came from Kazan, where he was a student at the university, to spend his summer vacation at home. Romàn was absent from town, spending his holidays with his eldest sister, whose husband had a parish about two hundred versts from town, and before he returned to the seminary they received the news of the good Deacon's death, which occurred very suddenly from gastric fever. Sadly down at heart, poor Romàn was glad to return to Q——, and to seek consolation in the house of his friends, whose kindness had been so uniform and sincere from the day he had presented himself to his godmother. Michael Haraldin and he soon began talking of the subject most interesting to each—their respective places of education; and these conversations were often renewed. The student listened with interest to the account Romàn gave of the system of teaching in the Seminary. He dwelt particularly on the difficulty many of the pupils found in bringing their minds to a proper state of seriousness previous to taking Holy Orders, and of the utter unfitness of some. He confessed that at times he suffered from qualms of conscience, as to whether he were really fit to be a priest, and touched on the awful responsibility of that calling.

"If you have any doubts on the subject," said Michael, "you had better give up all thoughts of entering the Church;

do not you think so yourself?" and he looked inquiringly into Romàn's eyes through his spectacles—(why do students almost invariably wear spectacles?)—resting his chin on the palm of his hand, and his elbow on his crossed knees.

Romàn could not find an answer for a moment. "What!" he at length exclaimed, "not enter the Church! How am I to live, then?"

"As you please. As you can."

"But I have just lost my father. My mother and sister look to me for support. I am the only son; my father left us nothing but a small house and its contents—what can I be, what am I fit for?"

"Do not be in too great a hurry, Romàn Dmitriévitch. Neither you nor I can decide, here, in a few moments, what you ought to do, or what you are fit for. Take time to reflect. Consult with your own heart and conscience; ask yourself if you wish above all things to be a priest, and compel yourself to give an answer—a clear honest answer!"

"I never thought of being anything else," replied Romàn, with a gesture of impatience. "We are like the Levites, you know. We sons of the clergy are born and brought up with the prospect before us of following the same calling as our fathers, grandfathers—ancestors, in fact: we grow up with the conviction that Priests, Deacons, or Readers we must be. Our parents do not approve of our becoming laymen; many will not give their blessing to such sons as feel an insurmountable aversion to the Church—fancy that! Perhaps the fellow might make a very good military man, civil servant of the crown, or something; but if the father deprives him of his parental blessing, what can he do but be ordained? And then our marriages. I do not suppose you would find half a dozen

fathers or mothers in our whole diocese, but would sooner see their son married to the ignorant daughter of a country Reader, than to an educated girl of the nobles. But there! what's to be done? And the Consistory, and the Vladika?[1] they cannot endure departure from the Church. Lastly, finally, and in conclusion, the Church will give me daily bread, without which, alas! man cannot live."

"Daily bread," repeated Michael Andréitch; "what were your hands given you for? Work, lad! find employment; copy papers, teach, sweep the streets, bake your 'daily bread' yourself! but again I repeat, do not take vows upon you which will be a burden to perform."

"I do not say—I did not say, ever, that the vows would be a burden. I only say,"—and he turned his glowing face towards the picture of St. Nicholas in the corner,—"help me, Lord! to be Thy faithful Pastor!—such as *he* was!" he said to Michael, pointing to the picture, and sitting down again, still crossing himself.

"Then where are your doubts? By your own account, you are going to enter the Church just for daily bread. Now that is a sin, brother; a sin, a horrible sin, on your soul! Is it possible that you never thought of that before?"

"No," whispered Romàn. To Michael's astonishment and confusion, he perceived two great tears trickling down Romàn's cheeks, with more in his eyes ready to follow them. He felt sorry, and yet pleased that his god-brother was touched to the quick by his arguments. He put his arm round Romàn's neck as if he were a woman or a child.

"Forgive me, brother," (Romàn was weeping copiously;) "I did not mean to hurt your feelings. Only think before you

[1] One of the titles given to the Archbishop. It means sovereign.

decide. God grant you may decide to be a Priest—a faithful Pastor, as you say. You see we students are open-spoken people—we can't endure routine—we want conviction. And you and I have a right to be candid with each other: we are god-brothers, Romàn Dmitriévitch!"

They grasped each other's hands. "I will consult Ivan Petrovitch," said Romàn, in a few moments.

"One of your teachers?"

"No; my brother-in-law, a very conscientious excellent man, old enough to be my father; and very nearly as fond of me, I do believe, as my late father was. He is always building castles in the air for me. Yes!" said Romàn, suddenly brightening, as if he had recollected something all at once; "there *is* one thing (as we have touched on the subject) that is always revolting to me—marrying for a place. No! if it were for a ten-thousand-roubles-a-year place, I would not consent to marry any woman unless I liked her, respected her—in a word, loved her."

"And what do you mean by marrying for a place?"

"Do not you know? Oh, that is one of our systems, one of our ways of getting our maidens provided for. For instance, a Priest, with an unmarried daughter, dies. Well, she *may* be a nice amiable girl that any one might be glad to have for a wife; she *may* be elderly or ugly; worse still if she be ill-tempered or in bad health. The Consistory knows every bride in the diocese; besides, the mothers send petitions to the Vladika, begging that a bridegroom may be found for her daughter. The candidate for the place is informed that if he chooses to take the girl, the place is his; a married man gets a refusal at once—though, to be sure, if he knows that there is a bride there, he does not think of asking for it."

"Good God!" cried Michael, "what an abuse![1] Go on, brother!"

"The candidate thinks, 'Who knows, perhaps the girl may please me,' and off he sets, perhaps some hundreds of versts, to look at her. There are cases on record, that candidates with mothers and orphan brothers and sisters on their hands have not been able to make up their minds to such conditions. And the position of the poor girl—what must be her feelings? Other candidates, just for the sake of 'daily bread,' as I say, marry cross old frights, for whom nobody sued during the lifetime of the father: and I leave you to imagine the domestic happiness that is to be expected. It is a fact."

"Is it possible?" murmured Michaël, shaking his head.

"And sometimes the girl is pretty and agreeable; the fellow absolutely falls in love, thinks himself a happy man, marries, and finds himself mistaken. Yet some of these marriages prove very happy; but it is an exception to the general rule."

"I never happened to hear of this horrible plan before. I am astonished at its being permitted by the authorities."

"Not only permitted," cried Romàn, who had his "fever" on him, "it is one of the greatest evils that exist in the ecclesiastical class. It extends even to Readers. But wait a bit," he continued, setting his teeth and clenching his fist, "their turn will come! give us time! We must have reform too; we need it, God knows, more than all your lay departments of service put together."

"Be cautious, brother!"

"If I had not my poor weak mother, and a sister who is

[1] By an Imperial Ukase of the 22d May, 1867, this custom was prohibited, as well as the long-established rule of places descending from father to son, or from one relative to another.

likely to remain a Christ's-bride all her life, I would not care for anything? I *would* speak out! I'd tell all I know, and expose them all, I would—tyrants, simoniacs, bribe-takers, that they are!"

"Sh—sh! that will do, brother! We all have our causes of complaint—in the University too. But if we were to talk till midnight we should not have done. Enough of this for to-day! Come into Mamasha's room."

Here the new friends tried to converse, to rally Agnessa Haraldin, a lively coquettish girl not long returned from the Smolny monastery at Petersburg, who used to practise flirting on her god-brother, *pour passer le temps*, and who had a very bad fit of the black dog that evening; but all the party were dull, and it was not till Alexandre returned from an expedition with another gymnasist that they revived a little. Romàn returned to the Seminary early, and in a very unsettled and miserable state of mind.

This lasted for some days. He could not fix his mind on his tasks,—and it happened that he had to prepare for the "homily lecture," *i.e.* lesson on sermon-writing. Nothing entered his head; he was absent, irritable, and intensely dissatisfied with himself. Appolon, who adored him outright, was wretched, and began to fancy that Romàn had lost his heart to Agnessa Andréevna. He took an opportunity of pumping him, and got scolded and snubbed thoroughly; but he had the satisfaction of hearing the ungallant youth bestow such epithets on the young lady as convinced him his fears were unfounded: he called her a frozen turnip, a fashion picture, "Honey-Sugarovna," and insisted on Appolon taking back his words. The end of it all was that he opened his heart to his friend, and told him all that had passed between the

student and himself. Appolon advised him not to talk to that "worldly" fellow any more, to forget it, and all other lay nonsense, and to go on with his studies, and to do his duty in that station of life unto which it had pleased God to call him.

Romàn began to argue: he would not acknowledge that he had any station yet. That if he felt he could not do his duty in the station his parents had prepared for him—that is, wanted him to prepare himself for—he must seek another station; and so on. Appolon's temper was about as lovely as could be found in the Empire, and his mind as open to conviction; but he remained patience, and at last spat in the air.

"Nonsense, brother!" was all he could say, as he hurried away, with a very red face and bright eyes.

Alexandre Haraldin, who had finished the course at the gymnasium, was to go with his brother to Kazan and enter the University also. The day of parting came; Alexandre promised to write to Romàn, and implored him to keep true to his "convictions;" to work in the good cause. "What a nice pope he will make!" exclaimed Alexandre; stepping back to gaze with affectionate interest at him, and appealing with his eyes to his brother. Michael did not reply; but he wrung Romàn's hand when they said good-bye, and said he should be interested to hear how he got on, and how all would end.

Romàn occasionally visited his godmother after her sons' departure; but he felt himself out of place without youths of his own age. Agnessa was not the girl to please him, even in a sisterly sort of way; and Katerina Antonovna could not but perceive the indifference with which he regarded

her, and observed with increasing anxiety the vexation and even tears that Romàn's occasional boyish disputes caused her daughter. It was not very difficult for the mother to find out the real cause, and the kind-hearted woman was at a sad loss how to act for the best without injuring Agnessa or hurting her godson's feelings—in a word, to prevent his frequenting the house, without his knowing why it was necessary. She was on the point of telling her husband all her misgivings, when a circumstance occurred that altered everything.

One morning the Haraldins' servant announced to his mistress that a priest wanted to speak to her. The Counsellor was at the Governor's, and Katerina Antonovna told the visitor so. He said his name was Ivan Mironoff, from Boogorki, and that he had particular business with the Counsellor; five o'clock was appointed for a meeting, and at that time the Priest again came. After mutual introductions, he said, with an abruptness that almost amounted to incivility, that he had important business to consult about, and that the facts were these—

"You have a son at the University, André Michaelovitch?"

"Two, batioushka," answered the Counsellor, who was mildness personified, and who did not quite like the stern and haughty manner of his visitor.

"Two? indeed! Well, the fact is this, that one of them, a student at the University of Kazan, has been upsetting my young relative, Romàn Gideonoff, who has been in the habit lately of frequenting your house, and I do not know what to do with him. The fellow was making first-rate progress at the Seminary, and was thought highly of, as I hear from the Rector. We all hoped that in due time he

would get a first-class certificate, be ordained a priest, and thus procure means for his aged parent to pass her latter years in peace and comfort. When, quite unexpectedly," continued the Priest, rising from his seat and placing a folded paper in the Counsellor's hand, "I received this letter from him, in which he declares himself unfit to be a priest, deacon, or reader—and asks my advice. I wrote back, and told him to pray to God to assist him to make him fit, and to try to get over this—this—hallucination. However, last week I received a private letter from the Rector—an old friend of mine—saying that the affair was likely to go too far. So I came here."

Here he handed another letter to the Counsellor, and went on—

"Now, most excellent Sir, allow me to represent that your son, by his ill-timed and ignorant interference, has ruined that boy, and with him his newly-widowed mother and a sister who will be dependent on him; and are now, while their affairs are yet unsettled after the death of the Deacon, living on the small pittance that the four sons-in-law can spare from their little purses. Consequently, I, as Romàn's eldest brother-in-law, demand reparation from you as representative of your son;—not money! God forbid! but advice, practical advice; and I further demand, that if my endeavours to dissuade him from this new notion are fruitless, you will find him a suitable place, Sir. That's all. My respects! If you wish to communicate with me, you can hear of me at the Rector's."

The Counsellor took the cigar out of his mouth; he did not exactly understand what his son had been guilty of. He begged the Priest to sit down again; and having prevailed

on him to do so, told him that he had no idea of anything of the sort having taken place; that he regretted extremely that any transactions in his house should have given offence to the relatives of his wife's godson, to whom his whole family was much attached, but that he did not consider himself responsible for his son's opinions.

The Priest was beginning an angry reply, but the Counsellor went on—

"I repeat, I do not consider it my business at all, batioushka; but to show my good-will to the young man himself, and to his mother, who was a very obliging neighbour to us at Elenovka, I will do what I can for him."

Father Ivan at once became cheerful and courteous; thanked André Michaelovitch very heartily, and remained to drink tea. The whole evening was passed in animated conversation, the principal subject of which was what they had best do with Romàn. They parted, having discovered that at Boogorki there was an influential person with whom the Counsellor had been intimate some years before; and to him it was decided André Michaelovitch should write, and beg him to give Romàn employment for a time, while a suitable situation was being found. Father Ivan particularly wished that he might not remain at Q——, where the Counsellor might have established him with more certainty and less trouble, but the brother-in-law evidently wanted to have the youth under his own eye.

The letter, conveyed by Father Ivan himself to the personage, received a favourable answer; the formalities were soon concluded, and Romàn found himself at Boogorki in a most unpleasant position. His brother-in-law wished him well, and meant kindly; but the constant hints and

reminders that he threw out irritated Romàn; and although they had no open quarrel, in a month's time he had hired a small room for himself in an artisan's house, on the pretext that it was nearer the schools; he paid three roubles a month for it, with dinners and suppers from the artisan's table. He received five roubles a month, and his duties were to employ himself in the artisans' free boys' school, and to teach the choristers singing. His spare time, which was not a little, he spent in keeping up his studies, giving private lessons to two or three merchants' sons, and in writing a journal, extracts from which he occasionally sent to his friends the Haraldins.

The letter he received from them in answer to that he wrote to inform them of the change in his career, gave him comfort and courage, and a degree of zest for his new occupation (which he did not like at all), and reconciled him a little to his fate, with which he was not altogether content. In fact, he was unhinged; and it is to be doubted whether he himself knew what he wanted; but he did want something that he did not possess, and that was enough to make him feel unsettled—at any rate, unsettled until he could decide what it was.

I cannot take upon myself to describe the anger and indignation of the Deaconess when she heard of Romàn's having left the Seminary. Nadia's lot was harder than ever, and the stanovoy's wife, who had always been very kind to her, began to think how she could manage to separate the mother and daughter for a time, in order to give the one a rest, and the other time and occasion to feel the want and value of her daughter. So she one day advised Pavla Lavrentievna to think about finding a trade for Nadia,

and of giving up part of her immense farm stock. Of course the Deaconess turned on her tears directly.

"Okh! matinka, Tatiana Alexandrovna!" said she, "your words and advice are like pearls! Tell me what to do, my beauty! Who will buy my poultry? judge for yourself! The beasts and birds bind me hand and foot!"

Tatiana Alexandrovna advised her to fatten them, and then freeze them in the autumn; and it quite enlivened the old lady to hear that a goose would bring her fifty kopecks at least, and a turkey about a rouble, at the town market. Tatiana then heard, for the sixth time at least, a doleful complaint of Romàn's conduct, ended by the very inquiry that she wished to elicit—"what she must do to live?"

"The best thing I can think of is for you to send Nadejda Dmitrievna to town—to Boogorki, that is—to learn some handiwork that is not likely to go out of fashion, and for you to keep house at home and take in lodgers: for instance, either of Ignaty Sylvesterovitch's clerks would be thankful for such a nice clean lodging, and would pay you at least a rouble a month."

This also pleased Pavla Lavrentievna. The next question was, what trade Nadia should learn. She remembered a sergeant's wife at the nearest town, who used to quilt silk counterpanes in a pattern like cockle-shells, for all the ecclesiastical brides that had married during the last twenty years; and she thought it would be a profitable thing; but Tatiana Alexandrovna represented that the sergeant's wife had already an apprentice, that weddings were not so frequent as to give constant employment to two persons; and she voted for weaving table-linen, which, after many objections, and

an evident preference on the Deaconess's part to the cockle-shell quilting, as being a superior occupation, was selected. Tatiana Alexandrovna was going to Q—— in a fortnight's time, and she undertook to place Nadia at Boogorki with her sister, Father Ivan's wife, and to make arrangements with a weaver woman whom she well knew during a residence at Boogorki, and who taught girls her craft for the consideration of one silver rouble, two poods of rye flour, and two pounds of butter.

Tatiana Alexandrovna was very pleased at the success of her innocent intrigues; by this arrangement Romàn and his sister would have opportunities of communication uninterrupted by maternal interference, sneers, and inuendoes. As for Nadia, who had scarcely ever had anything so like a holiday in her life, she was in a state of happy excitement and confusion that was pleasant and infectious to witness; and at the same time her misgivings about her costume, her manners, and conversation, caused many a hearty laugh to her good-natured companion. Her sister was astonished and delighted to see her; and Romàn's satisfaction was greater still. She did not hesitate to tell him the utmost particulars of their mother's rage and disappointment, and her own grief and tears, when Father Ivan informed them of his being a layman. Romàn was much distressed, and implored her to spare him—to have patience, and to say no more on the subject; altogether he appeared so down-hearted and miserable, and looked so pale, that Nadia was quite uneasy about him. And every day he became more and more convinced that he had made a great mistake.

Soon after Nadinka arrived at Boogorki, the manifesto of the celebrated 19th February, 1861, was published. The

workmen of the iron-rolling and chain-cable works there, formerly Crown serfs, now almost free men, began to receive an increase of wages—double, treble, and tenfold, in proportion to their skill and merits. The clergy, backed by the civil authorities, seized the opportunity, and got up a subscription for the erection of a new church, which was much wanted. The population was 16,000, and there were only two churches, one of which was very small. Besides, the *Raskol*[1] was making great progress in one particular part of the town. The upper classes of regular church-goers were desirous of enlarging the cathedral; but the general feeling among the workmen was a wish to establish a permanent place of worship on a favourite, and it would seem favoured, spot at the extreme end of the town. There had been a hamlet there when first the iron-works were established, but buildings had been added to both Boogorki and Kliutch,[2] and at last they united into one large town. At the foot of a very steep and sudden hill was the source of a rivulet, the waters of which were held in great repute for their softness and limpidity, and people from a distance even used to send for it to drink. Immediately over the bubbling source there existed from time immemorial a tiny chapel, consecrated to St. Nicholas, a very favourite saint among the Russians; so tiny was it that a dozen people formed a crowd in it. Traditions of the salubrious qualities of the water, and of the singularly gracious answers to prayers offered in the chapel, caused the spot to be much frequented by the devout and sick; and on the two holidays in the year that are dedicated to St. Nicholas, the concourse of people was immense. It was here that *vox populi* voted

[1] Schism. [2] *Kliutch* means a fountain, spring, or source.

unanimously for the building of a church, in remembrance of, and in gratitude to Almighty God for, the Liberation of 1863.

The subscriptions amounted to a far greater sum than the Committee expected in their most sanguine moments. The list was not closed, and they hoped that during the time the building was going on, an additional sum might be raised for the interior fittings and adornments. The architect had to draw a new and larger plan, with due regard to the means collected, which was signed by the members of the Committee, and finally sent to Q—— for the approbation and blessing of the Archbishop.

The first stone (*i.e.* brick) was laid very privately one rainy muddy day in spring, with a very short religious ceremony; no one seemed to be aware of the circumstance, except the architect, the contractor, the clergy, and our Romàn. He had been the most successful collector; his gentlemanlike and pleasing address, his capability of being like a noble with the nobles, and a peasant with the workmen, rendered him the person of all others likely to succeed in so difficult and delicate an errand; and he entered into the affair with all the fervour natural to his disposition. The whole time the building was going on, his evening rambles were almost invariably directed to the tufty, birch-covered hill, which showed like a little shady park from over the roofs of the log-houses near it.

The work went on rapidly; week by week the walls became higher and higher, the roof was put on, the cross and bells were at last raised, each with a similar short ceremony; the floor was laid down; and finally, the tiny old chapel, round which the church was built, and which had remained untouched

all the time, was entirely removed, and the space left in the floor by its absence, filled in.

The interior of the church was still in its rough unfinished state; but matins and acathistus were constantly performed in the new chapel.

Romàn was naturally thrown among the clergy much more than into the lay society of Boogorki. There were several excellent men among them, who deeply regretted that the Church was deprived of so intelligent and conscientious a servant as they supposed Romàn might have been. Each knew the grief that his decision had caused his family, and the absolute poverty that it brought on them and on himself. He contrived to economise his earnings in such a manner that he was able to send occasional presents to his mother, who could not accustom herself to the screwing system at all; she had lived all her life in comfort and plenty, according to the ideas of her class. Romàn had been at Elenovka twice since he left the Seminary, performing the seventy versts' journey on foot; but the Deaconess's tears and reproaches might have wounded a less sensitive heart than his, and his reflections were by no means satisfactory: his visits only irritated the one and distressed the other, and the only person to whom they brought real pleasure was Nadia.

Romàn had been resident at Boogorki about a year, when the Counsellor offered him a place at Solikamsk, as assistant to the post-master. It was a step towards rank, it is true; but Solikamsk was so far off, the place itself so very uncertain, and the salary so very trifling, that he was advised by his friends not to accept it. The Counsellor felt hurt, and declared he would never do anything more for him;

but Romàn did not know this, and it was well he did not. Soon after the Counsellor retired from service.

Nadinka had proved a remarkably apt pupil with the weaver-woman, who thoroughly understood her business, and imparted it as thoroughly. to her pupils. On Nadinka's return home after a three months' sojourn at Boogorki, the various samples of her linen damask excited the utmost admiration, not only among the clerical ladies, but even among the wives of the richer peasants. Orders poured in from all quarters, and soon Nadia was in a position to raise her price. Pavla Lavrentievna had got accustomed to being rather less idle during her daughter's absence; and was so glad that the latter had constant and lucrative employment, that she voluntarily performed the house business herself. The parlour was let to the stanovoy's married clerk, a partition having been put up which divided the room and made two apartments out of one. The only rent she received was this: the clerk was to provide firewood for the whole house all the year round, thus saving Pavla Lavrentievna from much trouble, and amounting in fact to more than rent would have been; but the Russian is fond of paying and receiving in "kind," as they call it.

The Deaconess now lived not a whit worse than she would had her son been a priest in some remote country parish; but she considered that she had just cause for grumbling, and grumble she did. I must mention that she did not send a petition to the Vladika about a bridegroom for Nadia, for several reasons: first, she felt that the poor girl was, to use the mildest expression, extremely plain; that she was older than candidates for the Deacon's place were likely to be; and she did not relish the notion of undergoing the public insult of a

refusal, on the part of the bridegroom; then Nadia cried so much, and both she and Romàn were so much against it; and lastly, the Priest of Elenovka, Romàn's godfather, advised her not. The Deacon who was appointed to the vacancy accepted the situation, with the conditions that he was to pay the widow of his predecessor a pension of three roubles a month until her son should finish his education; but on Romàn's becoming a layman, this pittance was withdrawn, and therefore Tatiana Alexandrovna proposed the plan which had so well succeeded.

Father Ivan, who was himself almost as energetic and ardent as his young brother-in-law, having exhausted all his eloquence on him during that memorable visit to the Government town, had then and there pronounced a solemn vow that henceforth he would never speak to him on the subject, nor help him to get back into the road to Holy Mother Church, nor persuade him to return thither. The first part of this rash exclamation —for it was little more—he certainly did observe, avoiding all direct conversation on the subject, but occasionally indulging in an inuendo or sneer. But his affection and good-will towards Romàn were deep and sincere; and he managed with some difficulty to bring the Protopope[1] of Boogorki to the conviction that the young man was ruining himself for life; and besought him, as Pastor of his flock, to speak a word to him—to bring back the lost sheep. The Protopope was very aged and infirm, and had of course much experience; he represented that there were plenty of ecclesiastics without Romàn; that he was going on, as far as he could learn, very steadily and satisfactorily, and advised not unsettling and worrying the young fellow a second time; but at last he himself was

[1] High Priest.

convinced, as I said before, that he would be doing a good act if he dissuaded Romàn from his present calling. He liked Romàn personally, and was highly satisfied with him as regent, or singing-master of the choir. In a word, he and all the clergy of Boogorki joined in a sort of conspiracy against Romàn, and they took every opportunity to win him back to the fold. For some months he was in a state of painful indecision; worldly fears of being thought a weak character—an easily-persuaded person—mingled with sincere doubts as to his own fitness to be even a Reader. There was now no other way of becoming a priest but by serving as ponomàr (reader) and deacon, first. It would perhaps take many years to gain the goal. If the truth must be told, he never ceased to regret that he had not finished the course at the Seminary; and it was a mistake too, on the part of his friends: they ought to have insisted on his completing his education there, and then, if he felt unwilling to enter the Church, he might have still entered the civil service, with a right to rank, from which his present position precluded him until a certain number of years of service entitled him to it. The Protopope at last told him outright that if he chose to go to Elenovka for a month or two as ponomàr (lay reader, unordained reader), to get into the way of it, he would give him an opportunity of being consecrated, by sending him with Father Ivan, who was going to Q—— for the Antimins, or communion-cloth,[1] for St. Nicholas' Church, which was to be consecrated as soon as that indispensable appendage to the

[1] Priests and Deacons only can touch this consecrated thing: laymen and even Readers may not lay their hand on it. It is brought from the Archbishop in a case made for the purpose, which is worn on the breast of the bringer during his journey.

Greco-Russian altar was received; and promised to keep him as regent until an opportunity occurred for him to take Deacon's orders.

This was said soon after Christmas. Romàn counted his money, and found that he had seven roubles in hand and a month's wages to receive. It was not much, certainly; but he determined to raise a little more by the sale of his lay costume—for he had made up his mind. But before he offered his coats and paletots for sale, he ordered the ecclesiastical garments with long skirts, and bespoke a belt at the girls' school to be worked in Berlin wool. His landlord, a cutler and locksmith, presented him with a clasp for it of his own workmanship, which was not the only gift he had bestowed on his lodger, the first being a steel walking staff, and the other a seal of very curious workmanship; both were offered as keepsakes on Romàn's name's-days. When the whole costume was ready, he presented himself to the Protopope, and said he had decided to take his High Reverence's advice. He trusted that his determination, to which he had not come without many tears and many prayers, would be blessed, and that the feeling of unworthiness under which he still laboured, might become less painful when he entered in earnest into his new work. The Protopope and other priests commended his humility, and comforted and encouraged him. On the whole, he was more at peace with himself than he had been for nearly two years; he could honestly say that he did not regret leaving his lay position, he only regretted the past, and the two years that he considered he had lost.

Pavla Lavrentievna, instead of receiving her son with the rejoicings over "the sinner that repenteth," "the prodigal

son," (for as such she regarded him,) that would seem but natural, sneered at him for being only a ponomàr, and drew odious comparisons with what might have been had he remained at the Seminary. All this and many other disagreeables he took as the crosses he was bound to bear in his holy calling. His natural sharpness and intelligence rendered the learning of his duties a mere trifle, accustomed as he was to constant attendance at church. In a month's time he returned to Boogorki with a letter to the Protopope from Father Pëtre[1] his godfather, saying that he considered him ready for any place in the blagotchinie as Reader. The Protopope desired him to do his devotions during the fourth week in Lent; and after the strengthening and refreshing of his soul by Holy Communion he was to be sent to Q—— for the Antimins.

On his arrival there, he first of all made his obeisance to his old friend the Rector, who received him with open arms, and shed tears of happiness on seeing him in clerical costume. He inquired with interest into the history of Romàn's return to the Church, gave him his blessing, and promised that his business should be quickly done for him. Thanks to the Rector, he had scarcely any dealings with the Consistory, and consequently his little purse remained almost untouched, as he was not obliged to open it to satisfy the demands of secretaries, clerks, and even door-keepers. When the solemn day arrived for his ordination, he felt calm and very happy. After the benediction of the Vladika, his luxuriant hair, longer than it was when he was a layman, was snipped by His Eminence cross-wise in four places, with the words, "In the Name of the Father," "And of the Son,"

[1] Russ. for Peter, pronounced *Pyortre.*

"And of the Holy Ghost." "Always, now, henceforth, and for ever and ever." And all present, at each pause, said "Amen."

A short garment, something like a large tippet, which, like everything in and connected with the rites of the Greco-Russian Church, has a mystical meaning, signifying the yoke that the future servant of the Church has taken upon himself, was placed on his shoulders, also by the Vlàdika.

It was in a firm clear tenor that Romàn the Reader intoned the Epistle of the day in the awful presence of the Archbishop. It seemed to him as though the visible benediction he had just received had given him fresh strength and courage to "grasp the sword of Heaven;" he felt indeed ready and "nothing loth

> Body and soul to live and die
> In witness of his Lord,
> In humble following of His Saviour dear."

But when the Archbishop put the candlestick into his hand—the symbol of his calling, for in the language of the Church the Reader is called a candle-bearer—it was with difficulty he could restrain his tears.

But he went through it bravely; and was met at the chapel door by a few old friends, now "theologians," *i.e.* pupils of the last class, who expected ere long to be priests, or students in the University. Appolon Voskresensky was of course the foremost to congratulate Romàn, and dragged him off to the lodging of one of the theologians not on the foundation, where he had prepared a little congratulatory feast, consisting of vodka (of which, alas! these theologians, philosophers, and even the youthful third-class rhetoricians,

are far too fond), tea, and minced cabbage pies. Appolon informed Romàn that he had a rich bride in view, an only daughter; and that her papa was so fond of him that he had promised to give up his place to him, on condition, of course, that he would marry the daughter. Romàn asked if she were pretty.

"M—— yes! that is, she'll do well enough for us priests."

"Thou art not in love, brother?" asked Romàn, smiling.

"Not yet. Love, may it please your Reverence, is nonsense! But I intend to be agreeable to her as soon as I have done with all this bother. I've no time to fall in love just now."

Romàn found to his great regret that the Haraldins had removed to some place in Little Russia, where Michael had a peace-mediator's appointment. Agnessa was married to somebody there; no one knew exactly to whom. The Haraldins seemed almost forgotten.

Father Ivan's precious commission, after several delays, was at last delivered to him; and Romàn set out with him on his journey back to Boogorki, where they were met with congratulations and triumph again. The Consecration was fixed for an early day.

CHAPTER III.

ROMÀN had had several commissions entrusted to him to fulfil at Q——, among which was a list of books for the schoolmaster, his former chief, who had taken great interest in his affairs all along, and had always been friendly and kind to him. As soon, therefore, as the necessary interview with the Protopope had taken place, he set out with the parcel to M. Artemin's, who met him in the entrance with congratulations and good wishes, and smilingly requested him to return both.

Romàn did so, and naturally asked the reason.

"God has given us a son, Romàn Dmitriévitch," was the answer.

"Ah! glory to God!"

"Yes; and you have come very opportunely, for all the people in the house are in a state, you see, and I am looking after the other little ones. Come into my cabinet, and peep at them. Ah, thank you, thank you very much," he said, as Romàn placed in his hands the heavy parcel. "Come and have a glass of tea with us, and tell me all about your doings."

They entered the cabinet and shut the door gently behind them. The breakfast was laid on a card-table, where two

little children were seated on high chairs, and a third with a rusk in her hand was crawling on the carpet. Her father, laughing and caressing her, took her on his lap; and having tied, in the tenderly awkward manner peculiar to fathers, a napkin round her throat, proceeded to feed her with moistened bread and tea. Romàn asked in what manner he could be useful.

"Why, you see, Elena Philipovna is always anxious to have 'the prayer' read as soon as possible. The child was born yesterday evening, and she wished to have it done last night; but really I did not like to trouble Father Peregrin, at such a late hour. So when you go home—(no, don't hurry, brother! I tell you, sit down and have a glass of tea with us)—when you *do* go home, perhaps you would be so kind as to call in at Father Peregrin's, and tell him of this, with my compliments. When he has leisure, you know, Romàn Dmitriévitch."

"With great pleasure," answered he, in an animated manner; "you know I am his Reader. I shall help to christen your son, Boris Andréitch!" he added, smiling, as if it was rather an amusing circumstance.

"Yes, to be sure. Well, now tell me what you did, and what was done with you at Q——? How did it all come off? Without any extra bother, I trust."

"None whatever, thank God! I am perfectly satisfied with my expedition; the only drawback was, that I found my godmother's family had left Q——. And to confess the truth, it *was* mortifying to see the fellows I had left in my own class, far behind myself, candidates for priest's or deacon's orders. There was a little sharp chap that I used to patronize, who is sub-deacon; as proud and important

as mortal can be to serve the person of the Vladika, and ordering me about as if I were a crosier-bearer! What a fool I was, Boris Andréitch!—and am still," he added, relapsing into his low spirits.

"No such thing! You acted impulsively, certainly; but the impulse was a good one, an honest one. You are not the only good man who has altered his opinion, Romàn Dmitriévitch. For God's sake, forgive yourself, and forget all you may have to regret in your past life. You have done all you could to repair what you consider your errors. Be happy, lad! be content!—that's the word, eh? Have another glass?"

"No, thank you. I will go at once to Father Peregrin's. Good-bye."

"Till we meet again, Romàn Dmitriévitch."

"Who knows? Perhaps I may read the prayer to Elena Philipovna next time?" he said, opening the cabinet door after it had closed on him, and peeping in with his old bright face.

Boris Andréitch laughed, "Merci! We have enough:—at present," he added, with the reverence of the Russian for the children God had given, or might give him.

The new-born infant lies swaddled in its dark liulka, the convenient though by no means ornamental cradle of the babes of Russia. A four-sided bag of ticking is strongly sewn to a frame of wood, which has an iron ring at each corner through which are passed leather straps, and by them the liulka is suspended to the extremity of a long pole, the other end of which passes through a ring fastened in the ceiling, and which is so pliant that the slightest touch given to the wooden frame causes it to move gently and noiselessly

up and down. A wide curtain of dark print, or in very well-to-do families, of silk, hangs round the little bed from the pole.

A wrinkled old nurse sits by the liulka, rocking it and chanting in a cracked and sleepy voice a monotonous lullaby. She watches the child like a soldier on guard at a prison door, and woe to the incautious visitor who exclaims, "Oh, what a lovely child! Ah, what a fine healthy baby!"

"God bless him! The Lord be with him! The Holy Virgin be about him!" the nurse would exclaim, indignantly. "Do you wish the little angel to be bewitched, sudarina? Is it the first child you have ever seen? the first pretty one? Ah, thou Christ's-babe of mine! thou Lord's-child of mine! go to sleep, my General!"[1] Half pleased at your praise, half apprehensive of the effect your exclamations (the thing is, to avoid interjections) may have on the sleep and health of her charge, she draws the dark curtains closer around him, murmuring prayers for his welfare, while the abashed visitor excuses herself, assuring the nurse that she has by no means an evil eye, and never bewitched anybody in her life.

"Well, don't boast!" retorts nurse.

The baby's mamma is, in nine cases out of ten, perfectly well, and of course as happy as mortal can be. The only caution that is laid stress on is keeping her bed-room as dark as possible, to prevent her from reading and working, against which the faculty resolutely set their faces for six long weeks. The lady-doctor who attends her, and lives in the house for the time, insists on her lying quiet for nine

[1] Russian nurses call the boy infants *Generals*, in the hope that they may attain that dignity when they grow up.

days, but she very often rebels, or gets up when her duenna is asleep, to look at the other children and give a mistress's scrutinising glance round the rooms.

Cleopatra Vasilievna, Elena Philipovna's lady-nurse, has been educated at an establishment at Petersburg, or Moscow, has heard lectures from first-rate professors, and has a diploma certifying her capability and skill in her profession. She may safely be applied to, a medical man being very rarely called in; in fact his presence is the exception, by no means the rule.[1] Such a lady-nurse—who is received into society, and is in general a great favourite with her patients—is provided *by Government* for every town and Government establishment of importance. She receives pay, differing according to the extent of the district under her care; it is not much, but with the presents of money and dresses that the ladies make her, and her almost constant absence from home, and consequently the non-necessity of keeping much of a table or household, she is generally rather well-to-do than otherwise. Her life, though passed in endless anxiety for the health and safety of her patients and grandchildren (as she calls the babies), sleepless nights and busy days, is a pleasant and varied one to her, especially if she be a pet with the families she attends. Her duties are to tend the mother, uniting in her person the skill of the medical man to the manual care of the nurse; to watch her, lest any change should demand the aid of the doctor; to look after her diet, amuse her, and keep her quiet. The baby, as I said before, has a nurse to rock it, &c. &c. but the lady-nurse always washes and swaddles it herself. This operation is widely

[1] Notwithstanding, fatal cases are of far less frequent occurrence in Russia than in England.

different from an English washing and dressing, as the following description will show.

A small metal bath, or even a little wooden trough, is placed on a couple of chairs, and warm water poured into it to the depth of not more than a lady's hand-breadth: a small, thickly-quilted sort of mattress, made of any old material that is soft, and quilted with camel's hair, not wadding, is placed at the bottom for the infant to lie on. Beneath the head a towel or wrapper is put, rolled up like a bolster, to raise the ears out of water; and on this again is put a clean linen wrapper (by this I mean a little sheet, about a yard long and three-quarters broad, used for swaddling), and here they lay the little baby in its shirt, which is then taken off. The washer covers the child with the sides of the warm wet wrapper on which it lies, and gently squeezes the water over it from a sponge. When it is thoroughly soaked, somebody else takes the sponge and continues the operation, while the lady-nurse washes it well with her soft hand. Warm water is added gradually by the assistant as the rest, being of so little depth, becomes cool. She then holds the child on her palm, and washes its back, and the assistant rinses it from head to foot by pouring water over it from a large ladle with a short handle, much used in Russian housekeeping, and called a kovshik. She throws, immediately afterwards, a wrapper of swanskin or linen, warmed, over the infant, and they proceed to dry and then to powder it from a little muslin bag of potato-flour.

The clothes—if clothes they can be called—lie on one another in the exact order that they are required, on a pillow, and here they lay the baby when dry. First comes the linen band, much like an English one, with the taped

ends rolled up at the right hand of the nurse, convenient to swathe the child's body. Then the little shirt (a mere apology for a garment), a linen wrapper, then a warmer one, of flannel or swanskin, and lastly the swaddles. This is a long band of lined print, or bound swanskin; sometimes it is a piece of crocheted or knitted work, of about two yards in length and a lady's span in breadth, with long broad tapes at the rolled-up, right-hand end. The wrappers are folded round the child, head and all, arranged over its forehead like the napkins in pictures of Lazarus rising from the dead; the arms are pinioned to the sides, the legs straightened,—"contrary to natur," as Mrs. Gamp says,—and in this position the swaddle is wound round it neatly in a spiral manner, and finally tied at the feet. The baby is then wrapped in a little quilted counterpane, or marsala quilt, fed, and put into its liulka to sleep.

Some babies hate being swaddled from the day of their birth, and soon learn to cry the instant they are laid flat on their backs. Others cannot sleep unless swaddled. They generally leave it off at about six or eight months old, but many continue it a longer or a shorter period, according to the disposition of the child; for it is a fact that a stout, inanimate child remains in swaddles till about a year old, while the lively ones cast them off at three or four months. They often stretch themselves out, and hold their hands to their sides, when sleepy and desirous to be put to bed.

The whole operation of washing as thoroughly as any mother need wish, or any baby require, drying and swaddling, can be performed in about five minutes by a skilful person; the lady-nurse has taken lessons in the art, and the rapidity with which she swaddles is little short of legerdemain. An

ordinary mother can do it in eight or ten minutes, provided her assistant (generally the old nurse) is passably sharp in her wits and ways. In this manner children are washed morning and evening till they are able to sit up in their bath, and begin to dabble and splash as other Europeans of their age do. It should be remarked that the swaddles are removed on the child's awakening, except during the first week or two of its life.

Dressing a baby in upper clothes until it is at least forty days old is considered strange, rather improper, and awfully cruel. After six weeks they put a loose garment of the masculine gender, called a roubashka (shirt) and made of print, cachemire, or silk, according to circumstances, on a little boy, with a bib: a little girl has a frock which has a certain feminine look, a cap and a pinafore; both are enveloped in the unbecoming quilt, which, ugly as it is, certainly serves as a support to the tender little body. Both the bathing and dressing (swaddling excepted) of the Russian child seem to be more humane than the lap-washing and tittivating of the little Briton; but as neither can *speak* from experience while babies, nor remember it when grown up, the respective merits of either plan must at present remain undecided.

When a child is about twenty-four or thirty hours old, the Priest is sent for to give it a name, and to read prayers on behalf of it and its mother. His coming is accompanied by a good deal of proposing and disputing about the name, but it generally happens that the infant is called after the Saint on whose day it was born, or in honour of some great saint whose feast will soon fall. On the father's preferring some particular name, the patron of which is remembered in the

Church at a distant period from the date of naming, no impediments are offered, but it is considered more pious to take the name that presents itself, as it were, for selection.

Father Peregrin attended immediately to Romàn's message. On his arrival Boris Andréitch spoke to him on the subject just mentioned, and having decided in a few seconds, led the Priest to his wife's room. Cleopatra Vasilievna had swaddled the baby in its best sheets, and wrapped it in a silken quilt; and nurse, whispering prayers all the time, was lighting the little float in the lamp that hangs before the picture.

"My respects, Elena Philipovna," said Father Peregrin, making the sign of the cross over her. "I congratulate you on the birth of your son."

"Thank you. How do you intend to call him?"

"Boris Andréitch and I have been consulting about it. I propose Alexis, as 'Alexis, the man of God,' will fall next week; but if you do not wish it, there are Alexandre, Conrad, Cyprian."

"No, Alexis is a good name. It is all the same to me."

Father Peregrin bowed, and unfolding his cope, which he brought wrapped round his Ritual, a clasped book in the Sclavonic tongue, put it on with an ejaculation, and turning towards the picture, began to read the prayers. Cleopatra Vasilievna, Boris Andréitch and his mother, and the elder children, stood behind him, devoutly bowing and crossing themselves. Elena Philipovna wept quiet tears of thankfulness and joy.

There are two distinct forms of prayers used on this occasion, and the second, which answers to the circumcision of the Mosaic law, ought to be performed in church eight

days after birth. This, however, seems to be obsolete, for I have never heard of its being otherwise done than in the manner I am now relating. After the first form, which relates principally to the mother, with petitions for her recovery, thanksgiving for her safety, and in which the child is not mentioned by name, the second is commenced. After a few preparatory ejaculations and doxologies, the Priest reads the Lord's Prayer, and, turning towards the infant, makes the sign of the cross on its forehead, lips, and breast; after which, with his face towards the picture again, he reads the following prayer:—

"O Lord our God, we pray to Thee, and implore Thee to send down the light of Thy countenance on this Thy servant, Alexis (or on this Thy handmaid, Mary, for instance), and be he signed with the cross of Thy only-begotten Son in his heart and mind, that he may escape from the vanities of the world, and from all wicked slanders of his enemies, and follow Thy bidding. Grant, O Lord, that he may ever keep Thy holy Name unrenounced, that he may frequent Thy holy Church, and the solemn sacraments of thine Anointed; and that, having lived according to Thy commandments, and preserved the Seal[1] unbroken, he may receive the blessedness of the elect in Thy kingdom; through the grace and mercy of Thine only-begotten Son. To Him, with Thy most holy, good, and quickening Spirit, be all blessing, now, henceforth, and for ever. Amen."

(Here he takes the child in his hands—not arms—and holds it up before the picture, making the sign of the cross with it, and saying):—

"Hail, blessed Virgin, the mother of our Lord, who gave birth to Christ the Sun of Righteousness, who lighteth those

[1] The Seal of the gift of the Holy Ghost.

that are in darkness. And hail, O thou righteous old man,[1] who didst receive into thine arms the Saviour of our souls, by whom we hope for resurrection."

The benediction concludes this short service, and henceforth the infant is called and known by its name, or diminutive; a word synonymous with "Baby," as a proper name, not existing in the Russian language.

In a day or two Elena Philipovna received her lady friends, who came to congratulate her, all very smart. She herself received them in bed with a pretty lace cap and white cachemire *sortie de bal* on; her pillow-cases were trimmed with embroidered frills, and an elaborately quilted pink satin coverlet was thrown over the usual bed-clothes. Unmarried ladies do not make these visits. Coffee is handed, with rusks or sweet buns, as it always is to a morning visitor.

Romàn felt greatly interested in this christening, and called several times to ascertain when it would take place. Elena Philipovna, who had patiently submitted to the nine days' ordeal of bed-keeping, was up and about in a fortnight as merry as a cricket, though Boris Andréitch scolded her incessantly for running about and doing too much. On the Feast of the Annunciation the christening was to come off.

The godfather provides a gold cross[2] about an inch and a half in length, to hang round the child's neck, if a boy by a blue ribbon, if a girl a pink one. He also pays the Priest's fee. The godmother prepares a piece of material as a dress for the mother, and a shirt and girdle for the baby. If it be a boy, the shirt is made exactly like a man's,

[1] Simeon.

[2] We are speaking of a noble's family. The lower classes use silver or brass crosses, which cost from one to twenty kopeckas.

only in proportion, of fine nainsook, or Scotch muslin, trimmed with lace and blue ribbons. A little girl has a very smart shift, or chemise, trimmed also with lace, but with pink ribbons.

Baptisms in an officer's or noble's family generally take place at home. On the table in the large saloon lie some waxen tapers, a clean fine towel, and a glass of water. A small carpet is laid down before the picture (which is always in the corner of the room, and of *every* room, entrance-hall, kitchen, and laundry, in a Russian house), and on it stands the font. It is larger than the font of the English Church, generally of copper, silvered, and is brought from the church for the occasion.

The sponsors, relatives, and Cleopatra Vasilievna had already arrived when Father Peregrin, the Deacon, and Romàn, carrying a great bundle of canonicals, made their appearance. Cleopatra Vasilievna received the cross, shirt, and dress from the sponsors, and, laughing and flirting with Romàn, arranged them in the requisite order on the table; while Romàn, humble Reader as he was, stuck the three candles to the edge of the font, superintended the pouring of the warm water into it, and ran into the kitchen for hot embers for the censer. Father Peregrin placed the sponsors to his mind, and Cleopatra Vasilievna took Alëshinka, the baby, from his nurse, and stood by the side of the godmother.

There are four distinct ceremonies performed at a christening,[1] although it appears to be but one service: these are, first, the renunciation, and confession of faith; secondly,

[1] "*Q.* In what does Baptism consist?

"*A.* The believer is immersed three times in water, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." (Short Catechism of the Orthodox Church.)

the actual Sacrament of Baptism; thirdly, unction; and fourthly, the washing, with the cutting off of the hair.

The service opens by the Priest, who is not yet in full canonicals, and has merely put on his cope, approaching the infant (who, be it borne in mind, is completely naked, though wrapped in its various coverings and its silk quilt), and blowing in its face, crossing it three times over its brow, lips, and breast. (The clergy make the sign of the cross by uniting the tip of the thumb with those of the fourth and middle fingers, the laity by uniting the thumb with the middle and fore fingers, and moving the hand so as to form a cross in the air, but not as though a *line* were being drawn; the movement more resembles the gentlest *tap* imaginable.) He then lays his hand on its head, and reads over it a prayer, followed by the conjurement, or exorcism of the devil, in which the Evil One, with all his angels and legions, is commanded to depart from the infant; and another prayer is addressed to the Almighty God of Sabaoth to defend him from all spiritual and bodily harm, and to grant him the victory over all evil spirits.

He then blows on its brow, lips, and breast, saying three times, "May every evil and unclean spirit that has concealed itself and taken up its abode in his heart depart from thence!"

The service now proceeds similarly to that of the English Church. The same questions, or rather questions to the same effect, are put to the sponsors, but are repeated thrice. When the Priest asks, "Dost thou renounce," &c. both he and the sponsors, the nurse and infant, turn their backs to the font, *i. e.* look towards the west, where the sun sets and from whence no light proceeds, but on the contrary, blackness

and shadows,[1] symbols of the Prince of Darkness; and on the last answer being made, "*I have renounced him*," the Priest says, "*Then blow and spit on him*," setting the example himself by blowing gently, and making the gesture of spitting at the unseen enemy in token of horror and hatred of him. They then turn again towards the picture (or to the east if it be in church), the other questions respecting the faith of the sponsors are made, and the Reader repeats the Nicene Creed three times on their behalf. Previous to each repetition the sponsors are questioned again.

P. Have you confessed Christ?

S. I have confessed Him.

P. And dost thou believe in Him?

S. I believe in Him as King and God.

At the end of the last repetition of the Creed, the admonition, "Fall down and worship Him," is added; to which the sponsors make answer, "I worship the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the Trinity consubstantial and indivisible," prostrating themselves at the same time.

"Blessed be God," ejaculates the Priest, "who desireth the salvation of all men, and that all may come to the knowledge of His truth. Now, henceforth, and for ever, Amen."[2]

After a short prayer, the parents leave the room, and generally retire to the bed-room to pray for God's blessing on their little one: they are not allowed to be present, as it is supposed that they give their child entirely to its god-parents. This custom is *de rigueur;* even in the court

[1] Michaïloffsky.

[2] This part of the service is extremely ancient, mention being made of the exorcism by Tertullian in the second century, and of confession both by him and by S. Cyprian in the third century. (Michaïloffsky.)

ceremonials that are published in the newspapers of the imperial christenings, a clause is always inserted: "*Note.* —His Imperial Majesty (or His Imperial Highness) will then leave the chapel for an inner apartment." It probably dates from the very earliest days of Christianity, when the parents of a convert were generally unbelievers, and consequently had neither the wish nor the right to be witnesses of a Christian ceremony. The private opinions of Priests respecting the observance of this custom at the present day seem to be in perfect accordance with the common sense and religious feeling that would insist rather on the presence than the absence of those whose prayers, one would think, were the warmest and most fervent of any offered on the occasion. Still more so when we reflect that orthodox parents of the present day are answerable for their children's religious education, and that it is not left now to the sponsors, as in the early days of the Church.[1]

The Sacrament of Baptism now commences; the Priest puts on his full canonicals, made of a gaudy sort of brocade, with gold and silver woven in it; lighted tapers are placed in the hands of the sponsors, and those stuck to the font are lighted; incense is waved round the font; the Deacon and Reader chant a litany, while the Priest whispers a prayer for himself. This is followed by the benediction of the water, which is performed by the Priest's immersing his right hand in it crosswise, three times, and blowing on it, praying all the time; finally, by making the sign of the cross on its surface with a little feather dipped in holy oil, he and his assistants singing hallelujah. The font, being a vessel in which the baptized person receives salvation, is a

1 Michaïloffsky.

symbol of Noah's ark; the olive branch brought by the dove as a token that the waters had abated, and a proof of the absence of danger, is typified by the olive oil on the water of the font, which serves as a sign that the child is saved from the taint of sin, and by the grace of God restored to a new life of holiness and purity.[1] The infant is then anointed for the *first* time, but this is not the Sacrament of Unction. In ancient times, we are told, young warriors on the point of going to battle for the first time used to be anointed with oil; thus the new Christian who will have to battle against the enemies of his salvation—the world, the flesh, and the devil—is anointed as "Christ's faithful soldier and servant." Olive oil, possessing salutary properties, is here the type of the inner healing of the soul by baptism. It is also the symbol of the grafting in of the wild olive tree (*i.e.* the convert) to the tree (*i.e.* Jesus Christ:[3] Romans xi. 17). When the Priest anoints the child on the brow, he says, "The servant of God, Alexis, is anointed with the oil of gladness. In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, now, henceforth, and for ever, Amen;" on the breast, "for the healing of thy soul and body;" on the ears, "for the hearing of the Word;" on the hands, "Thy hands have made me and fashioned me;" on the feet, "that his feet may walk in the way of Thy commandments."

The Priest now rolls up his sleeves above the elbows, the Reader holding back the wide sleeves of his chasuble; dexterously seizing the babe, he plunges it with astonishing rapidity into the water, completely immersing it three times, with the words, "The servant of God, Alexis, is baptized in

[1] Michaïloffsky. [2] Compare Book of Common Prayer.
[3] Michaïloffsky.

the Name of the Father, Amen. And of the Son, Amen. And of the Holy Ghost, Amen." And it is at the mention of the three Names that each immersion takes place.[1] He stops its ears with his thumb and little finger, its eyes with the fourth and fore fingers of the right hand, and with his palm he covers its mouth and nostrils; with his left hand he holds its body, and plunges it face downwards. It is not every priest who has the knack of performing this difficult task well. I have heard that little innocents have been known (though this a rare occurrence) to be drowned at the very moment they were made Christians; I should suppose, however, that they must have been very weakly, perhaps in a dying state, as a priest would hardly undertake the task unless he felt himself competent.

The little Christian, gasping for breath, is laid face downwards in the arms of its godfather (if a girl of its godmother), who already holds the dress before mentioned for the mother, covered with the child's own wrappings. While the lady-nurse and godmother are covering it up and arranging it comfortably, the Priest washes his hands, by having the glass of water poured over them, and wiping them on the towel prepared, singing all the time the thirty-second Psalm, "Blessed is he whose sins are covered," &c. He then puts on the cross, with these words, "The servant of God, Alexis, is arrayed in the garments of righteousness, in the Name," &c.; while the Reader intones "Grant me a white robe, O Thou who art clothed with light as with a garment, most merciful Christ our God!" The baptized one is clad in a white garment, in token of the spiritual purity he has just received by baptism, and in allusion

[1] In cases of extreme sickness, sprinkling, or pouring of water, is considered sufficient.

to the pureness of life which a Christian should observe. In ancient times, when more adults than infants were baptized, this white garment was worn for eight days following, preserving beneath it the unction of holy oil. The cross is hung on his neck in token that he must now fulfil the will and commandments of the Crucified One, be ready to bear whatever cross He may please to send him, and to endure any misfortune or persecution for His sake.[1]

Immediately afterwards the Sacrament of Unction begins.[2] The idea seems to have taken its origin from the appearance of the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove, immediately after the baptism of our Lord. "It is not sufficient," says the learned Bishop Benjamin, in his *Novy Skrijal*, "for the new believer to be immersed in water; he must be baptized with the Spirit also." And in order to give an outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace conferred by the Apostolic "laying on of hands," the Greek Church chooses the form of anointing with oil, many allusions being made to that custom in the New Testament (see 1 John ii. 20, and following verses; 2 Cor. i. 21, 22). The service begins with the following prayer:—

"Blessed art Thou, O Lord God Almighty, the Fountain of Goodness, the Sun of Righteousness, shining on such as are in darkness with the light of salvation, by the coming of Thy only-begotten Son our Lord; and granting to us Thy unworthy servants purification by holy water, and Divine

[1] As the cross might injure the infant's breast, especially when swaddled, it is usually hung in the liulka where it sleeps, until it is old enough to wear it as other Russians do, night and day.

[2] "*Q.* In what does Unction consist?

"*A.* The baptized person is anointed with oil, with the mysterious words, 'The Seal of the Gift of the Holy Ghost.'" (Short Catechism.)

sanctification by unction; and who hast mercifully admitted this Thy servant to regeneration by water and the Spirit, and granted him remission of his voluntary[1] and involuntary sins; grant him, O Lord and merciful King, the seal of the gift of Thy all-powerful and adorable Spirit—the communion of Christ's holy body and blood. Preserve him in Thy holiness, strengthen him in the faith of the orthodox Church, deliver him from the Evil One and all his snares, and keep him by Thy saving fear in purity and righteousness of spirit, that by every deed and word he may be acceptable to Thee, and become Thy child and the heritor of Thy kingdom. For Thou art our God, the God of mercy and salvation, and to Thee be glory, to the Father, and to the Son," &c.

He then makes the sign of the cross with the feather dipped in a tiny bottle of holy oil,[2] on the brow, eyes, nostrils, ears, lips, breast, hands and feet, each time with the words, "The Seal of the gift of the Holy Ghost."[3] The

[1] This prayer was of course composed at a time when adult baptism was more frequent than that of infants.

[2] This oil has been prepared and blessed by the Metropolitan, and is considered to convey the strengthening grace necessary for the continuation of a truly Christian life. Unction occupies the place which confirmation does in other Churches.

[3] The anointing of the Russian Tzar, who for the second time in his life is anointed with holy oil at his coronation, generally takes place at Moscow, in the Cathedral of the Assumption. Immediately after the communion of the clergy in the altar, the royal gates are opened, and two archbishops approach the throne (of the Emperor), and announce to him that the time for the ceremony of anointing and communion has come. The Emperor, after delivering his sword to one of his courtiers, descends from his throne, and proceeds in his imperial robes to the royal gates, where he delivers his crown and regalia to attendants. The Metropolitan then anoints him with holy oil (the same as that used at baptismal unction) on the brow, eyes, nostrils, lips, ears, breast, and hands, saying, 'The Seal of the gift of the

Priest, followed by the sponsors, still holding the child, now walks round the font, chanting with the Deacon and Reader, "As many of us as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ (Gal. iii. 27): Hallelujah." The godmother or godfather having taken the child, they again walk round the font, with the same words; the third time, if there be two pairs of sponsors, one of the other pair take it.

Reader.—"The Lord is my light and my salvation," &c.

Then follows the Epistle, read by the Reader (Romans vi. 3), "So many of us," &c., to "alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord;" and after a few sentences and doxologies, the Gospel (St. Matt. xxviii. 16, to the end of the chapter).

The Sacrament of Unction terminates with the Litany for the Imperial Family, the baptized, and his sponsors.

The ceremony of shaving the hair used formerly to be performed on the eighth day after baptism, when the shirt was taken off. It begins with two prayers (though to the looker-on it would appear but the continuation of one long service); after which the Priest takes a small wet sponge, and wipes the places anointed, saying, "Thou art baptized,

Holy Ghost.' Immediately afterwards the Archbishop wipes the places anointed with jeweller's cotton. The Emperor is now led by the Metropolitan into the altar, where he receives the Holy Eucharist, but not as an ordinary layman.' As the Lord's anointed, and Head of the visible Church, he receives it from the Metropolitan as the clergy do—*in the Altar.* Having partaken of the wine and water and bread that is always eaten after the sacrament, and washed his hands and lips, the Emperor returns to his throne. The Liturgy then proceeds, and finally concludes with the prayer for 'many years' of health and happiness, after the singing of which the Emperor places the crown on his head with his own hands, and on conclusion of the whole ceremony leaves the cathedral with it still on his head, and his sceptre and globe in his hand." (Michaïloffsky.)

thou art sanctified, thou art anointed with oil, thou art purified, thou art washed, in the Name of the Father," &c.

The little Christian, having nothing of its own to offer to its Maker but the hair of its head, the first "sacrifice" is made by shearing it.[1] In ancient times servants were shorn in token that they must fulfil the will of another: thus the cutting of an infant's hair indicates that the newly-made Christian should henceforth be servant to the will of Christ, from whom he has just received so many gifts of grace.[2] The hair is snipped off in four different places with a small pair of scissors, thus forming a cross, the Priest saying, "The servant of God, Alexis, is shorn in the Name," &c. The godfather collects the morsels of down, and pinching them up with a bit of wax from his taper, throws it into the font; this is done merely to insure that the hair may, with the water, be thrown into a place where no impurity can reach it, and no foot tread on it.[3] If the little pellet sinks, it is considered a sign that the child will soon die. This ceremony also concludes with the same litany as that after unction. Altogether it takes about twenty minutes or half an hour to perform. The whole party, headed by the godfather with the child in his arms, proceed to the parents, and, having congratulated them on the baptism of their little darling, it is placed in its mother's arms.

"But happiest ye, who *seal'd* and blest
Back to your arms your treasure take,
With Jesus' mark impress'd
Tō nurse for Jesus' sake."

The baby is taken by its happy mother into the nursery, swaddled in warm things, fed, and put to sleep; in nine

[1] Bishop Benjamin. [2] Michaïloffsky. [3] Ibid.

cases out of ten it slumbers soundly for many hours, which is considered a good sign.

The sponsors were still congratulating each other, and Boris Andréitch, when Cleopatra Vasilievna appeared with her beaming countenance, bearing a waiter full of brimming champagne glasses. Fresh congratulations, kissings, and clickings of glasses ensued; while Romàn, collecting all the canonicals, and the appurtenances to the Sacraments of Baptism and Unction, tied them up in bundles, and tried to feel as easy as he did in society when a layman. Cleopatra Vasilievna came up to him, and bade him drink her grandson's health. He suddenly recollected that he had come without a kopecka in his pocket, and etiquette demands that those who drink the baby's health should place a present for the lady-nurse under the glass.[1] But there was nothing to be done; blushing like a girl, he drank off the glass, bowing far too elaborately for a Reader, and placed it on the waiter. Looking at her steadily in the eyes, he said, "I did not know that champagne is handed to a *Reader*."

"A Reader! You are not a Reader for your old friends! You'll be Romàn Dmitriévitch for me until you're a pope, and I don't intend to be married until you are ready to crown me!"[2]

The good-natured woman's simple heartiness restored his equality of spirits, so that when Boris Andréitch saw him preparing to take his departure, and begged him to stay to tea, he consented without any awkwardness or *mauvaise honte*. Tea soon followed, and what is called a dessert, consisting

[1] The sum in an officer's family varies from five or three roubles to fifty kopeckas.

[2] Perform the marriage ceremony.

of preserves in glass vases, sweetmeats and dried fruits; soon after which the guests departed.

Such is the baptismal service of the Greco-Russian Church, be it performed at home or in church; in the latter instance it generally presents a scene at once strange and amusing, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, especially if the parish be a large one. Nearly everywhere in large country towns the market takes place on Saturday, but it generally extends to Sunday till noon, and the greatest concourse of peasants is to be met with early on the Sabbath morning. The opportunity of killing two birds with one stone, *i.e.* getting the baby christened and going to market either to buy or sell, brings sponsors almost exclusively on Sunday to town, and after mass as many as forty or fifty infants are brought by their *baboushkas*,[1] who seat themselves on a bench in the church, near the western door, or, if space be wanting, on the floor, while mass is going on. The cries of the babies and the consolations offered by the baboushkas do not at all interfere with the due celebration of mass, nor the preaching of the sermon; and on its conclusion, after all the private molèbens have been performed, a row of workmen's wives and country women churched, and perhaps during the finishing of the burial service over the corpse of some poor villager, the font is brought out of its corner and placed in the middle of the church before the royal gates. The Readers busy themselves in arranging the sponsors in a three-quarters of a circle round the font, an open space being left between it and the royal gates, so that no one stands with their back towards them. They stand in pairs, each with their particular godchild and its baboushka behind them. One name for all the boys, who are

[1] Monthly nurse, wise woman, she-doctor, of the peasants.

placed on one side, and one for all the girls, who are on the other, are selected from the Calendar, according to the date of the Sunday, without any previous consultation with the sponsors as to whether the baby has a brother or a sister of the same name, and consequently it frequently happens that there are several Johns, Peters, and Prascovias in one family. A sharp sponsor or baboushka, however, takes care to inquire what names are to be given, and begs, if they are already in the family, that another may be substituted.

It is impossible to repress a smile when the *blowing* time comes, to see the Priest moving from group to group, and puffing, with pursed-up lips, on each infant's face; one hundred and twenty distinct times must he blow on the babies alone (not to speak of the water and the devil), if there be but forty children. The rapidity and dexterity with which the immersions are performed, the exact similarity of expression in each tiny face, and of the position of the arms on emerging from the water, where it is held for one instant towards the east, is also very striking. A healthy child always throws its head back, gasping; its eyes and mouth are open, its arms unconsciously extended towards the east, and it cries loudly immediately it gains its little breath. A weakly babe hangs its head and limbs in silence, and lacks the almost intelligent struggle that marks the vigorous infant.

In the event of a child's being born in a hopeless state, or of its becoming ill so suddenly as to have no time for sending for the Priest, the nurse or any one else may legally baptize it. A pure vessel of water is procured, and the infant is immersed with the same words as those used by the Priest. No sponsors are required, and the child is not baptized a second time; the Priest merely performs the Office of the Sacrament of Unction

over it, should it survive, and if it dies before that is done it has a right to Christian burial.

Although, by an ukase of the year 1836, a boy cannot be sponsor before he is fifteen, and a girl before she is thirteen years old, the Russians are fond of having very young children to stand for their babies—too young, sometimes, to be able to repeat the Nicene Creed, and, of course, without the slightest idea of the solemnity of their office. The Priest certainly can justify himself by answering that the other sponsor is of years of discretion (for by the rules of the Church one sponsor only is *required*, viz. a man for a boy, and a woman for a girl), and care is always taken that the child-sponsor's companion be a grown-up person.

A husband and wife cannot stand together for one child. Persons of any form of Christian religion may stand for a Russian child, but with due regard to the rule that a boy baby have an orthodox adult godfather, and a girl an orthodox adult godmother.

Although one sponsor is required, and the generality of Russian christenings present only one pair, viz. godfather and mother, yet you *may* have as many pairs as you please; the names of those who received the child from the font, and carried him round it, are written in the register, to the exclusion of the others.

There is a popular belief among the lower orders that a pair who were baptized at the same christening, "in one font," *i.e.* in the same water, cannot lawfully marry, but this seems to be without foundation.

In forty days, or thereabouts, after the child's birth, the mother goes to be churched, and takes the baby with her to be received visibly into Christ's Church, and to receive the

Sacrament, as it is considered fully worthy to do so by the obligation of its sponsors. When the royal gates are opened during Mass, and the Deacon appears with the Cup in his hand, the nurse, or a friend, approaches the steps[1] with the infant, when the Priest comes forward, and putting a small quantity of wine *only*, by means of the spoon used also at adult communion, into the child's mouth, pronounces these words: "The servant of God, Alexis, communicates in the Name, &c." The Deacon wipes its lips with a silken napkin provided for the purpose.

After the Liturgy the mother beckons to a Chorister or Reader, and begs him to let the Priest know that she wishes to be churched, and he soon appears in his cope, and with his book, from which he reads a short form very similar to that of the Church of England. He then takes the baby and presses its little face to the silver-covered pictures that adorn the altar-screen, praying, or rather ejaculating, aloud, "The servant of God, Alexis, is admitted into the Church of Christ." These words are repeated behind the altar-screen, and again on issuing therefrom. A little girl is not taken behind the screen, as no woman is allowed to pass the royal gates. The benediction follows, and the Cross is presented to the mother, who reverently kisses it; it is also pressed to the lips of the unconscious babe. A fee is of course paid.

After this ceremony she returns the ladies' visits. There are no "kind inquiries," or "return thanks" in black and white. Until she has been to church it is considered improper to leave the house, except for exercise or to see relatives or sick friends.

[1] The mother herself cannot present her child to Communion, nor may she kiss the cross, until after the service of churching has been performed.

CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE attempting a sketch of the Consecration of a Church, it is imperative to give a brief description of the building itself. I do not intend to speak of the large and magnificent cathedrals of the capitals and government towns, but of the ordinary churches of the smaller towns and villages. It must be remarked, however, that, strictly speaking, every house of God intended for the form of worship called Pravoslaviè is built according to the following general plan.

The Russian churches are principally and professedly built in the Byzantine style, but many seem to me to have no style at all. They have a rather long body, with a cupola over the east end, and the belfry at the west. Some churches have several belfries built at the corners, and small ones have their bells hung in a little tower on the top of the cupola. It is these belfries and cupolas that lend a feature completely Russian to the building. For the edification of some of my readers I may as well remark that the form of these cupolas resembles a Spanish onion, root upwards. Most of them are surmounted by a cross, and are frequently covered with bright metallic plates that shine in the sun.

The church is divided into three parts,—the entrance, the body of the church where the people stand, and the altar place.

This is in imitation of the Temple of Solomon, which was also divided into three distinct parts; besides which, it has other mystic meanings. There are no seats, and no possibility of sitting down for the ordinary church-goer, however fatigued or weak in health he may be; unless, indeed, faintness compels him to make himself the object of general observation by resting on any projections or steps that may present themselves to the sufferer. By making great friends with the beadles, I have known ladies in bad health, who were unwilling to forego the comfort of joining in the prayers of the Church, but who were unable to stand during the long services, having been accommodated with chairs behind the screens, where the readers and singers stand; but only in cases where the choristers sang in the gallery or choir. There is no organ in the Greco-Russian church, nor any instrumental music permitted in it.

The body of the church, then, presents the appearance of a vast empty hall, at the east end of which is an elevation of two steps in height, extending the whole width of the building; and at about two or three (or in large churches more) yards distant from the top step, is what I will call the altar-screen; a slight wall, richly ornamented with pictures in silver, or plated *rizas*—that is, they are completely covered with metallic plates, chased and ornamented, which represent the clothing (Scl. *riza*) of the saints, and there are apertures left for the face, hands, and feet of the painting to be visible; before each are candlesticks or suspended lamps of immense size, capable of containing thirty or forty candles, which candles can be purchased from the sexton at the entrance. In this screen, which reaches to the roof of the building, are three doors. A large double one, composed of open gilt carvings, with small

pictures introduced in them, is in the middle, and is called "the royal gates;" and on either side, a small one called the Deacons' door. It is behind the screen that the Priest stands during the Liturgy and other services; at times the royal gates are completely closed, and all possibility of the congregation seeing what is being done precluded by the drawing of a silken curtain (symbol: the veil of the Temple) over the inner side thereof. The space behind the screen is called the Altar, and it occupies about the eighth of the length of the entire building. In it, immediately before the royal gates, stands a square table, which is called the Throne, and which is the altar in fact. On it are placed the Gospels, an immense volume richly bound in velvet or in silver-gilt plates, and ornamented with enamel medallions of the Saviour and the Evangelists; a gold or gilt cross for the congregation to kiss, a sort of tiny catafalque with a little box in it for the Holy Elements, and a silk handkerchief in which is carefully wrapped the Antimins.

Beneath the Throne there is frequently a little box containing a portion of relics, in allusion to the passage in Revelation vi. 9. This, however, is only in cases when the Archbishop himself consecrates the church in person, and not by deputy.

As I have before remarked, the Greco-Russian services are full of allusions and similitudes, which often seem very far-fetched, and in some instances rather incomprehensible. To enumerate one-half, or one-hundredth part of them, would weary my readers, and be a task of no small trouble to the laborious and enterprising person who should undertake it. But to impart an idea of these symbols, I will mention a few of the inward and spiritual meanings of the last-named appurtenance to the altar.

And first, the table itself represents various incidents connected with Jesus Christ; for instance, the Throne of the Almighty, Christ being One with the Father—the Table of the Last Supper—the Cross—the Sepulchre; but I think attention is drawn to it more in the last point of view than in the others. It has several coverings: the first, a white linen one, called the Sratchitza, is made in the form of a cross, the four ends hanging down, and covering the legs of the Throne to the very floor, and is in remembrance of the "linen clothes" left by the Saviour in His tomb on Easter morn. Another covering, of the same fashion as the Sratchitza, but made of some rich material, is called the Inditia, and represents "the glory of God." It is always as magnificent as means permit. The third article is the Iliton; it is the handkerchief before mentioned, and reminds us of the "napkin" which bound the head of our Lord, and which the Apostles Peter and John found "wrapped in a place by itself." It is always in a folded state, except at the time of the celebration of the Holy Sacrament, when it is spread out on the Altar, with the Antimins uppermost.

This Antimins, which is always kept wrapped up in the Iliton, is a small piece of silk or linen material about fifteen inches square, with a picture stamped on it, representing the burial of Christ by Joseph of Arimathea and the Holy Women. At the four corners are the busts of the Evangelists. Above and below is an inscription to the effect that it was in very deed consecrated by the Archbishop of the diocese, and that through it his blessing is conveyed to the whole building. A minute portion of relics, anointed with holy oil, is secured in a tiny bag or pocket, and sewn on that side of the Antimins which is turned to the east. Without an Antimins no church

in Russia can exist; it cannot be consecrated without one, and until it is consecrated, Mass, *i.e.* the celebration of the Holy Sacrament, cannot be performed.

A church ought to be consecrated by the Vladika himself; but as the immense distances of Russia render this frequently almost impossible, this plan of consecrating the Antimins empowers the Blagotchiny of a district to consecrate new churches in his own particular blagotchinié.

Besides the Throne, there is another table in the altar, at the north side, called the Altar of Sacrifice, on which are the Holy Vessels, as they are called, and several other utensils, which are unknown in the Anglican Church: for instance, the Spear (in remembrance of that which pierced the Saviour's side), used for cutting out little triangular morsels of bread for the Sacrament; the Star, which forms a sort of covering to the plate; the Spoon for administering the Sacrament; and other things. Besides these, to the extreme east wall is placed a chair, on which the Vladika alone can sit; on either side of it are, or are supposed to be, seats for twelve Priests—in allusion to the twelve Apostles.

The Priests put on their canonicals in the altar; but the various garments, suitable for occasions of joy or woe, are kept in a vestry in the entrance, and brought by the Sacristan into the altar.

The greater part of the Liturgy is performed by the Priest in the altar, and one does not hear much that he says; the Deacon stands principally before the royal gates, with his back to the congregation. But there is so much movement in all the Greco-Russian services, that to denote the exact plan of their performance is almost impossible. Infants are anointed and baptized in the body of the church, facing the royal

gates (the font is moveable, and is brought from the corner where it usually stands); the Sacrament is administered at the steps leading to the altar; Confession is performed in some private and remote corner of the building, face to face with the Priest. There are no confessionals. The Ordination of Priests takes placé in the altar; Marriage is celebrated in the body of the church, with the royal gates open all the time; and the Burial Service chanted in the same place, the deceased lying with his head to the west, his feet to the east, and his face uncovered,—except Priests, who are entirely hidden from view.

Romàn had taken an intense interest in all that concerned St. Nicholas' Church, from the time he was made collector of the funds; and it increased to positive affection for the building as it approached its completion. And it was one of those churches that seem to win, by a secret charm, a greater congregation than others; its picturesque situation, the rippling rivulet that flowed from beneath the vaulted foundation of its altar, its remarkably sonorous and cheerful-toned bells, and the elegant and well-ordered adornments of its interior, combined to make it most attractive; besides which, the Priest in whose town-district it happened to be was a favourite; and the Protopope was half pleased, half jealous of the throngs that assembled when "hours" and an acathistus were chanted there.

Offerings poured in from all sides; a rich merchant presented an elegant inditia; another, who had derived benefit, as he supposed, from the water of the spring when afflicted with inflamed eyes, gave the cup and plate; a former governor of the government of Q——, who had recovered from a severe illness at Boogorki, had sent the bells from Slobodskoy. The ladies

contributed various embroideries; and even the pupils of the artisans' girls' school sent in their mite in different articles of needlework necessary for the rites of their Church. During the three weeks that elapsed between Romàn's return from the Government town and the eventful day, he and his choir sang themselves almost hoarse in preparation for it. On the eve there were night-matins, and everything was prepared for the morrow's ceremony.

By seven o'clock the next morning the church began to fill. Nothing like tickets existed, nor was permission asked; it was open to all comers—that is, to all who could get in. The stanovoy, the peace-mediator,[1] and the "head" or peasant-representative of the law for the workmen—a respectable and, it would seem, too mild a man for his office—had hard work to maintain order; everybody wanted the best place, and the best place was the altar, which from the first had been crowded to the utmost with ladies, to whom it was open for the last time, and who were anxious to avail themselves of the opportunity.

The Antimins, placed on the Plate and covered with the Star and a little piece of embroidery called the Veil, lay on a little reading-desk to the right-hand side of the royal gates, opposite the picture of Christ. On a large table in the middle of the church were the Cross, the Holy Oil, the coverings for the Altar-Throne, and all the sacred vessels for the Altar of Sacrifice, with a similar Inditia to that for the Throne. An immense candle in an immense candlestick stood at each corner of the table.

1 *Mirovoy posrednik;* a new authority, established at the time of the Liberation. He is supposed to be the go-between of the nobles and the peasants.

The first thing each Priest does on coming into the Altar of the Church about to be consecrated, is to dress himself, or rather to suffer himself to be dressed by the Sacristan (generally one of the Readers), in his full canonicals, five in number, which are as follow (each article is kissed and signed with the Cross before the wearer puts it on):—

First, the alb, a sort of frock with loose sleeves; donned with these words: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, who clotheth me in the garment of Salvation."

Secondly, the cuffs. The right-hand one is laced with these words: "The right hand of the Lord hath the pre-eminence: the right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass;" the left one with—"Thy hands have made me and fashioned me: O give me understanding, that I may learn Thy commandments."

Thirdly, the belt. "Blessed be the Lord, who girdeth me with strength, and maketh my path undefiled."

Fourthly, the stole. "Blessed be God, who hath poured His grace on His priests."

Fifthly, the chasuble, or upper garment. "Thy priests, O Lord, are decked with health, and Thy saints shall rejoice and sing."

There is also a sixth article, called the Epigonation, which is bestowed for long and faithful service, and consequently is not worn by the younger Priests. It is of no use, apparently, being merely a square stiff thing made of brocade, about nine inches long and six broad: it is trimmed with gold fringe, and with an embroidered cross in the middle; strings are sewn to the upper corners, and secure it to the shoulder of the wearer. The ejaculation used when this is put on is, "Gird Thee with

Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O Thou most Mighty!" It dangles at the side.

The Russian name for the Epigonation signifies *something worn on the thigh.*

On the occasion of a Consecration, the Priests put on a long apron of peculiar fashion, made of white calico, and long wide sleeves of the same material, fastened with running tapes at the wrist and above the elbow: this is to protect their canonicals from injury during the ensuing operations.

When all the Priests are assembled and vested, they leave the altar by the left-hand Deacons' door, and proceed to the table in the body of the church. Each holds a lighted candle in his hand, and so do the Deacons, Readers, and congregation. The Protopope, who in this case performed the part of the Archbishop, began the service by chanting the molèben for Lammas Day, followed by the benediction of the Water; which done, he and the other Priests, eight in number, carried the table with all the things on it, through the royal gates, which till then had been closed, into the altar.

Now they begin to wash the Throne; sprinkling it plentifully with holy water, and rubbing it with soap and sponges.[1] Not a fibre of the wood is left unwashed; within, without, underneath, and round about, they rub, splash, and wipe dry. After this, four large nails are driven into the corners, with stones, thus fastening the thick top of the table to its legs; and the holes made for the heads of the nails are filled up with voskomastica, a mixture of wax, mastic, incense, and powdered marble, melted together. This is in remembrance of the

[1] These are sent in great quantities by religious families, and are reclaimed after the ceremony: they are supposed to be beneficial in sickness. The candle end that remains is carefully kept as a remedy for toothache.

"spices and ointments" that the holy women prepared for the Body of Jesus. The superfluous voskomastica is scraped away with knives prepared for the purpose. Perfumes are then poured on the table, mingled with holy water, and wiped away; also red wine, in the form of a cross; after which the wood is rubbed as perfectly dry as is possible.

The chanting of the 145th, 23d, and 84th Psalms, by the choir, accompanies these ablutions.

They then take the Sratchitza, sprinkle it with holy water, and put it on the Throne, tying it extremely smooth and tight by a thick cotton cord, bound three times round the table in a dent made for the purpose in the thick board: this is covered with the Inditia, while the choir sings the 93d Psalm.

The ladies are now requested to leave the altar; and the Holy Gospels, the Cross, and the other things before mentioned are removed from the table to the Throne, each being previously sprinkled with holy water, and carefully wiped.

The same washing, driving the nails, and filling in the dents is repeated with the Altar of Sacrifice, the covering put on it, the Holy Vessels placed there, and covered with a brocade cloth. The sprinkling of the walls and floors of the altar follows; which when done, the High Priest says—

"Let us depart in peace!"

The junior Priests take the Holy Water, the Gospels, the Cross, &c. The readers, sextons, and beadles, and the more devout of the people, take the church banners and the principal pictures. The High Priest, having waved incense towards the Antimins, takes it reverently in both hands, plate and all (having delivered the censer to the Deacon), and holding it on his head, moves forward towards the west door, forming the head of the procession. The second Priest sprinkles the wall

and the people as they go round the church, the choir singing all the time this Tropar :—

"On the rock of Faith, O Holy Lord, is Thy Church founded, in which our prayers are offered to Thee. Receive Thy people, who cry to Thee in faith! Save us, O Lord our God! save us!

"Glory to Thee, O Christ our Lord, the praise of the Apostles and the joy of Thy Martyrs! By them wert Thou confessed in the Holy Trinity!"

When they get round to the west door again, they stop in the entrance, with their faces towards the door, which is shut. Half of the choristers have remained inside, and are stationed near the door.

High Priest. "Blessed be Christ our God, always, now, henceforth, and for ever!"

Choir (inside the church). "Amen."

High Priest. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."

Choir (in the church). "Who is the King of glory?"

(These quotations from the 24th Psalm are repeated three times.)

Deacon. "Let us pray to the Lord!"

All the Choristers. "Lord, have mercy upon us!"

Then the High Priest reads, still in the entrance, a long and beautiful prayer; which is succeeded by a shorter one, called the Entrance Prayer :—

"O Lord God our Governor, who had ordained estates in heaven, and hosts of Angels and Archangels to serve Thy glory, grant that our entrance may be like unto the entrance of Holy Angels, who with us serve Thee, and with us praise Thy Goodness!

"For it is very meet to give Thee all praise and honour and worship; to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; now, henceforth, and for ever."

All the Choristers. "Amen."

High Priest. "The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of glory!"

Choir (in the church). "The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of glory!"

(Also repeated three times.)

The door is then opened, and the procession enters and proceeds again to the altar through the royal gates. Here the High Priest places the Antimins on the Throne, and lays on it the Holy Gospels, and having waved incense says another prayer, in a loud voice, he and all the clergy and congregation on their knees. He then takes the Cross, and standing before the royal gates at the top of the steps, with his face towards the people, signs with it three times on the east, south, west, and north; the Deacon waving the censer all the time, and the choir singing, "Lord, have mercy upon us," each time that the High Priest signs.

The kissing of the Cross immediately follows, first by the clergy, and then by as many of the people as can make their way to the steps. Another Priest stands by the one who holds the Cross, and sprinkles each one as he kisses the Cross, a Deacon or Reader holding the vessel of holy water.

The Consecration was immediately followed by Mass; and the Priest whose district it was preached a short sermon, simple and very much to the purpose. Among other things, he invited the congregation to Confession, to the Table of the Lord, to bring their children to be baptized and be married. He did not, however, allude to the possibility of performing

requiems or the burial service in that bright cheerful House of God—why sadden that joyful day? One of the choristers, a wag in his way, nudged Romàn, and called his attention to the omission: he got nothing but contemptuous silence for an answer; but Romàn could not help thinking, who would be the first to be buried or married here?

Nearly six hours' service fatigued both priests and people. At two o'clock the merchant who had given the Inditia entertained the clergy at a handsome dinner; but it had scarcely come to a conclusion when the sweet bell of St. Nicholas announced that it was time for vespers; and Father Peregrin and Romàn left the scene of festivity to perform them. For a whole week the Antimins lay unfolded on the Throne, and every day full service, Matins, Mass, and Evensong, were performed; and each with the assistance of Romàn.

The brief lovely summer of Russia in those latitudes had arrived. Under Father Ivan's directions, Romàn was preparing with feverish ardour for Deacon's Orders. He was beginning to think, too, that he must seek for a wife, but at present he had not met with anybody likely to suit him: the wife he wanted would indeed have been a wonder—should he eventually find her. He required her to be pious, wise, kind, industrious, affectionate, and lively; something of a scholar too, a good housewife, and an agreeable hostess; sufficiently well-looking to excite his own admiration, and a neat dresser!

He had not seen his mother since he had been ordained, and a letter from Nadia informed him that she had been ill, and that she wished extremely to see her son. He obtained permission to leave Boogorki for a week; and as he had but very little cash, he set out on foot. He had heard of a very charming Deacon's daughter at a village a little out of the

road to Elenovka, and he contrived to get a commission to her father from one of his brother Readers, who was related to the Deacon in question, by way of introduction.

He arrived at the village purposely late in the evening; and having refreshed himself with a good night's rest in the hay-loft of the peasant at whose house he supped, he made himself as beautiful as his costume permitted, and presented himself at the Deacon's house. The young girl was not at home! She had gone with her mother at an early hour into the fields to pull up the flax.

What was to be done? He was rather disappointed, but at any rate he had become acquainted with the tyatinka, which was half the battle.

It was one of those burning hot days in July which have no parallel in Great Britain. The early morning was hot enough, but from noon to six o'clock it was overpowering, especially in the open country—in fields of rye just ready for harvest, barley, and buckwheat. Romàn was thankful when, at about one o'clock, he reached a small and almost deserted hamlet, all the able-bodied inhabitants of which were occupied in the fields. With some difficulty he found an old woman, left in charge of a whole generation of little grandchildren, whom he persuaded to give him a meal; after which he lay down in a comparatively cool corner, and fell into a heavy sleep. It was still a burning glowing afternoon when he awoke, undecided whether he was the better for the nap or not; but he knew that he had still about twenty-two versts before him, and there was nothing to be done but to push forwards; so he bathed his heavy head with some cool well-water, which he drew for himself, besides several pairs of buckets for his hostess, and set forth again on his journey.

The road became more and more familiar to him, and his heart was full of joy and peace as he trudged along, recognising now a bridge, now a distant hamlet, now the hay-stack of a neighbour at Elenovka—all of which served as it were as landmarks, and showed him the distance he had still to travel. Instead of its becoming cooler towards evening, the air seemed to get more and more oppressive, dark clouds appeared in the distance, and rumblings—Romàn could hardly decide whether of thunder or of somebody passing over a wooden bridge in a country cart—began to be heard. He did not care being wetted to the skin if the rain should come—indeed, he rather fancied the idea of such a shower-bath; meanwhile, the stillness that precedes a violent thunder-storm became overpoweringly oppressive, and the rumblings increased to claps, preceded by vivid flashes of lightning, and accompanied by a violent hot wind. Romàn redoubled his pace; it was now nearly five hours since he had partaken of his very frugal meal of chopped onions and kvass, with black bread, at the deserted hamlet; and he began to muse on creature comforts at his mother's house—of a swim in the river, and of a quiet *tête-à-tête* with Nadinka at the open window, when the Deaconess should have gone to bed.

"Lord, have mercy upon me!" he exclaimed, crossing himself, as a blinding flash flew past him, followed instantaneously by a deafening peal of thunder. He was passing through a field of buckwheat in full flower, the pretty pink and white blossoms showing like snow in harvest-time. He looked around him for something approaching to shelter, but the vast plain was bounded on all sides by distant forests of various aspects, and only here and there a solitary tree relieved the flatness of the scene; his heart beat high, and a chill of

alarm ran through his veins. During a momentary cessation of the thunder, the church bells of Elenovka were distinctly heard, wafted by a dusty gust of wind: their sound rejoiced and calmed the traveller.

"The angel of the Lord tarrieth about them that fear Him!" he said aloud, as his trembling hand made "the sign of man's redemption" over his pallid face and heaving breast; but before it had made the last movement over his heart, that heart beat for the last time. . . . Romàn fell to the ground, struck dead by lightning.

"By the Grace of God!"

* * * * * *

"Lord, have mercy on our sins! Ah, thou most holy Queen of Heaven! merciful Micholaï![1] Here's a sin, a sin! Lord, teach me what to do! Batioushka! Romàn Dmitriévitch!" cried the Elenovka miller, who was the first to pass by after *that* flash. An abundant and refreshing rain had fallen, and the sun was again shining in gentle splendour on the delicate flowers of the buckwheat, and sparkling in the drops that lay in their tiny cups. Romàn was lying a step or two from a sharp turn in the road, and the buckwheat was sufficiently high to conceal him from the miller's view until his horse suddenly pulled up, and by so doing nearly threw his master out of the cart. The bells of Elenovka, clearly heard in the fresh still air, announced that service had begun; it was the second peal of night-matins, the next day being the great Russian Feast of St. Elijah.

The miller stood for a few moments undecided what to do. His knowledge of law was not very extensive, and the Russian has an aversion to corpses in general, which increases to

[1] The peasants frequently pronounce Nicholaï "Micholaï."

positive horror when death has been violent or accidental. Besides, the law forbids the removal of a body from the place where it was found until the authorities have viewed it, and held a sort of inquest on it; yet, to leave poor Romàn's remains in the very middle of a well-frequented road, and by such a turn that passengers from Elenovka could not see it until they were within a step or two of it, was awkward, and might occasion frights and misfortunes, especially to passers-by in country carts; not to speak of the disfigurement that might ensue to the body. His mother-wit came to his rescue, and suggested covering the corpse with the wicker body of the cart, which would protect it in a measure without compelling him to touch it. The worthy miller's hands trembled so that he could hardly untie the knots of cordage which secured the basket to the wheel part of the cart, and he was in a sad state of mud on rising from his back and knees after the operation. Having performed his pious task with many ejaculations of horror, pity, and self-preservation, he seated himself on the telega,[1] and, turning his horse's head towards Elenovka again, drove with his utmost speed homewards.

On his arrival at the village, the Evening Service was still going on. He drove straight to the stanovoy's house, and was told that both Ignaty Silvestrovitch and Tatiana Alexandrovna were at church; but considering the urgency of the case, he resolved to call the former out quietly.

"I'll go myself," he said to the cook.

"Are you out of your mind, Micah Maximovitch?" exclaimed she. "Only look at yourself; are you fit to enter the temple of the Lord? What is the matter?" she asked, look-

[1] The wheel part of a country cart.

ing into his face, and observing his scared appearance for the first time. "What has happened?"

"A sin, a sin, Matrionoushka! The Lord was pleased for me to find it out. There is nothing to be done. I must see Ignaty Sylvestrovitch immediately, or I may answer for it!" and he moved towards the kitchen door.

"Well, stop! I'll run for him," said the cook; "only tell me, what is it?"

"A body, a human body!" whispered the miller, not feeling certain that he was acting quite lawfully in telling anybody before the stanovoy. "And I suppose that death was caused by the Grace of God."[1]

"Yes, yes!" cried Matriona; "it was an awful storm! Akh ti Gospodi! and whose body is it, my rodimoy?"[2]

"That's not your business, Baba!" was the sharp reply; "go for Ignaty Sylvestrovitch, or I must go myself."

"Directly, directly—this moment, rodimoy," cried the cook, as she threw a shawl over her head and hurried out of the house.

The woman had the sense not to make her way through the throng to her master, who stood near the altar-steps; she told her errand to the sexton, who was stationed near the west door at his little table, with wax tapers for sale; and he quietly delivered her message to the stanovoy, who immediately followed him, to the astonishment of the congregation, and to their no small curiosity.

"What is the matter?" he asked of the cook, who still stood at the sexton's table.

[1] This expression is applied to deaths and fires, or any misfortune caused by lightning.

[2] Relative—a term of civility or kindness applied alike to kindred or strangers.

"Micah Maximovitch has come to our house, all over dirt, Master; and he has found a dead body, somewhere—by the Grace of God, he says, Master; so——"

"Hold your tongue, woman, in God's House," said the stanovoy; "be off with you. I'll come directly."

One or two pious worshippers who stood near heard what Matriona had said, and in a few minutes the whole congregation knew it—that is to say, the last person was informed that Micah Maximovitch had been killed by lightning, and that the cook had discovered his body.

The stanovoy, with the indifference and business-manner characteristic of all stanovoys, immediately set about the formalities. He was originally a Cavalerist, but had lost an arm in the Hungarian campaign, which, however, did not prevent his riding on horseback on every possible occasion. He ordered his steed to be speedily saddled, and rode to the spot. There having glanced at the pale calm face, in the first twilight of setting sun and rising moon, he again mounted his horse, and, after a moment's reflection, gave a few necessary orders to the underlings who had accompanied him, and rode forward to town.

In less than three hours he had reached the doctor's residence. That functionary had already gone to bed; but he instantly rose on hearing who had come, ordered refreshments to be served, while his horses were being put to; and in half an hour's time, the friends, for such they were, were seated in a commodious wicker equipage, and on the Elenovka road.

A guard in the meantime had been placed over the body, consisting of three timid peasants, who regaled each other the whole night with tales of horror adapted to the occasion.

They had the effect, however, of keeping the narrators and hearers awake during the brief July night, and others came to relieve them soon after midnight; curiosity overcame fear, and the first party voluntarily stayed until Ignaty Sylvestrovitch returned with the doctor at about three o'clock. They were much surprised to see them so soon; for in general doctors and stanovoys assemble for an inquest without the slightest regard to the season of the year, and it is no uncommon thing to hear of villagers who have died suddenly, or in a suspicious manner, being kept in the ice-cellar for many days—sometimes more than a week or a fortnight—while one or the other of the necessary authorities is being waited for, before whose decision no Priest dares perform the Burial Service. A glance was sufficient for the medical man to decide at once that lightning had caused Romàn's death.

The steel walking-stick that his landlord had given him some two and a half years ago, and which had been his constant attendant on all his rambles, was the fatal instrument. He carried it over his shoulder, with a little parcel of books that the father of the charming daughter had asked him to take for Father Pëtre. His better coat, a change or two of linen, and a piece of cotton print which he had bought on credit for a dress for his sister, were tied up in a bag and strapped to his shoulders like a knapsack.

All the formalities having been observed, the doctor and stanovoy proceeded to Elenovka to commit them to paper; and Romàn was laid on a cart, covered with matting, and slowly conveyed to his native village.

It was still early morning; and, strange to say, the people whom it most concerned were ignorant of the misfortune that

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had befallen them; for Ignaty Sylvestrovitch had threatened any one with the utmost rigours of the law who should communicate the report to Pavla Lavrentievna before his return to Elenovka. Nadinka, it is true, had heard at church that some one had been killed by lightning, and she repeated it to her mother; but it seems to be the peculiarity attendant on all accidents and mishaps, that the recipients are generally the last persons to think of its happening to them in particular; and so it was in this instance. One would have thought that as Pavla Lavrentievna—now quite recovered—was expecting her son every hour, she would have been full of solicitude and maternal misery; would have rushed to the place where the accident had happened, to make sure that Romàn was not the victim. She did however think of him, for she said—supposing he would come straight from Boogorki, and not knowing of his intention to pass through the village where the Deacon's daughter resided—

"Well, the kingdom of Heaven be his! And thank God that it is not our Romànoushka!"

She was still asleep; but Nadia was up already, and busy milking the cow in the grass-grown yard, when the stanovoy knocked at the wicket-gate with his whip, which he instinctively held in his hand, although he had left his horse at town in the doctor's stable, and great was her surprise on opening it to see him at so unusual a time. She murmured an apology for her house-working attire, and asked him into the house; but he waved his only hand, and made a gesture of silence as he said—

"Where's Pavla Lavrentievna?"

"She's asleep still—that is—I'll go and see——"

"Sh—sh—sh! no! hold your tongue, Nadinka—Nadejda

Dmitrievna," he added, correcting himself, "let her sleep. Did you hear nothing last night? were you at church? I have just come from the inquest."

"Somebody was killed by lightning, they said," answered Nadinka, with pity in her voice and inquiry in her eyes. "Is it true then?"

"Yes, too true, Nadejda Dmitrievna. My dear girl, how grieved I am for your mother and you! But what is to be done? Such is the will of God!"

She could not bring herself to understand him quite, but answered, "Exactly so, Ignaty Sylvestrovitch," and looked still more inquiringly into his face.

"There was nothing to be dŏne. I looked at him last night at about nine o'clock, and knew then that the doctor could not be of any use; but I rode on to town for him, and we have just finished the inquest. They will be here soon. Listen, listen, Nadejda Dmitrievna!" he exclaimed with great concern, kneeling down by her side and trying to raise her—for at his last words she had fallen to the ground, and was weeping aloud, according to the Russian custom—"for God's sake don't make a noise! we must tell your mother, you know." But she continued her lamentations so loudly, that ere he had raised himself from his knees, several neighbours had come to see what was the matter.

"Is it possible, your Nobility," said a tall thin woman with a baby in her arms, "that it really is Romàn Dmitriévitch? Is it possible?"

"More's the pity, more's the pity, Kyprianovna! How shall we break it to the Deaconess? In ten minutes or so they will have arrived with the deceased."

Kyprianovna offered to do it herself; and, like most persons

of her class, was rather pleased than otherwise that the task had devolved on her. The other women were trying to console Nadinka, but without the slightest success. Ignaty Sylvestrovitch was about to enter the house, when Pavla Lavrentievna rushed out, and with a screaming flood of tears made her way through the little crowd of sympathisers, and, followed by several of them, ran to meet the approaching throng. The rest stayed with Nadia, who, having exhausted, herself in a very short time, fell from one fainting fit into another, frightening Ignaty Sylvestrovitch so much that he sent for his wife; and by the time she arrived, with various remedies in her little basket, the yard and house were so thronged with sympathising or inquisitive people, that she had some difficulty in reaching the room where Nadia, as pale as Romàn himself, and perfectly senseless, lay stretched on her mother's yet warm bed.

Father Pëtre was already there, very distressed and tearful; the new Deacon, and the two Readers. Two old men were drawing water from the well in the street, and otherwise making preparations for their melancholy duties. Half an hour afterwards, Romàn lay on the table in his canonical garment brought from the church; and Father Pëtre, in a voice choked by the heart-breaking tears of old age, performed his first requiem.

But above all the voices of the assembled multitude, and those of the Priest, Deacon, and Readers, might be heard Pavla Lavrentievna's cry—"Oh, what will become of *me*? Who will feed me now?"

And Nadinka passed from the fifth faint to the sixth; her sweet attendant standing by her and doing all she could to bring her to consciousness, and aided in her pious work

by her husband's clerk, 'a retired sergeant-major, Andronitch.

Romàn was laid by his father's side in the churchyard at Elenovka. Father Ivan, grieved and shocked to the depths of his hot but loving heart, came to the funeral. On his return to Boogorki he ordered a handsome wooden cross for Romàn's grave, and on the ninth day performed a requiem. It so happened that Father Peregrin had gone to a distant town to be present at his son's wedding, and Father Ivan did duty for him at St. Nicholas'. It was the first requiem that had been sung there.

By the fortieth day the cross was brought from Boogorki, and placed over the green grave. On it was this inscription in Sclavonic; it was in golden letters on an ultramarine ground:—



HERE RESTS THE BODY OF THE READER,
ROMÀN DMITRIÉVITCH GIDEONOFF,
WHO WAS BORN NOVEMBER 17TH, 1842,
AND ENDED HIS LIFE, BY THE GRACE OF GOD,
JULY 19TH, 1864.

"Thy Grace is sufficient for me."

A week or two after the fortieth day, with all its observances and tears, had been duly celebrated. Tatiana Alexandrovna was sitting in the arbour for the last time, as she supposed,

that summer, and was cutting the leaves of the new journals she had just received, while her children played in the garden. A brisk step caused her to raise her eyes from the book that lay on her knees, and before her she beheld Andronitch, standing as stiff and as straight as a post, with his arms pressed to his sides in strict military style.

"Zdravié jalayou,[1] Sudarina!" he exclaimed, as her eyes rested on him.

"Good-day, Feodoroff," replied Tatiana Alexandrovna; "what is your errand?"

"To your mercy, Sudarina! Matoushka, Tatiana Alexandrovna—about an affair, that is, of my own; with your permission!"

"Well, what is it?"

"I take the liberty of informing you that I have a wish to enter into lawful matrimony."

"Ah! well, I am glad to hear it," said she. "'It is not good for man to be alone,' you know. And who is the bride?"

"That's the thing, Sudarina! You see, there is no bride at present; that is, I have made up my mind as far as I am concerned; but their[2] female parent, Sudarina, will not give their consent. So I thought——" And honest Andronitch, in great confusion and a profuse perspiration, suddenly became silent.

"So you want my advice, I suppose," said Tatiana Alexandrovna; "but you must understand that I can't attempt to give it unless you tell me all the circumstances."

[1] "I wish you health." The usual greeting of soldiers to their superiors.

[2] People wishing to speak very politely in Russ, always use the *plural*, instead of the singular number.

"Exactly so, Sudarina. The fact is, I asked Petrovna, the Reader's wife, to speak to the Deaconess; but they are proud, Sudarina, excessively proud—they won't hear of such a thing!"

"What a tiresome, disagreeable old body that Deaconess is! (God forgive me for judging her!) I am afraid, Feodoroff, you will have some trouble with her, even if you persuade her to consent. So it is Nadinka? What did the Deaconess depute Petrovna to say?"

"They were very angry with Petrovna for doing my mission," said poor Andronitch in a low voice, as if he were afraid of Pavla Lavrentievna hearing him; "and told her they would as soon see Nadejda Dmitrievna married to a cat-merchant as to me. It's very hurting, Sudarina. And they forbade Petrovna the house; and the Reader, he forbade his wife to undertake such tasks for the future. I am sure I don't know what to do, Sudarina."

"I am afraid it is rather a forlorn hope, Andronitch; for she is as obstinate as she is cross. But I think you had better first find out if Nadejda Dmitrievna entertains the same opinion as her mother."

"Exactly so, Sudarina. The fact is, that she does not," answered Feodoroff, cheerfully.

"Then that quite alters the case! Why do you not go to Pavla Lavrentievna yourself, and boldly ask for her daughter, like a brave man as you are, Feodoroff," she said, glancing at his breast, on which shone a row of little crosses and medals, and motioning with her hand towards them.

"I am not sure of myself, Sudarina; for I know that if she said anything against my calling, I should not be able to keep a civil tongue. And why should she despise me?

In what respect am I not a bridegroom for her daughter? In years, maybe, but that's all. Thank God, I served His Imperial Majesty Nicholaï Pavlovitch (the kingdom of Heaven be his!) and His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Alexandre Nicholaevitch (God grant him long to live!)," and he crossed himself as he said this, "for twenty-five years in faith and truth. I have a good place, thanks to his Nobility (God grant him good health, and to you also, Sudarina!), and a trade, and——" he pointed to his medals with his right hand, and fairly winked with emotion.

Tatiana Alexandrovna continued cutting her books all the time this conversation was going on, and she now bent her head still lower.

"They are so dreadfully proud, are the Deaconess, Sudarina," pursued the unfortunate lover, after a profuse use of a checked pocket-handkerchief. "For instance, Tatiana Alexandrovna, on Tuesday it was the name's-day of Nadejda Dmitrievna, and I made her a little pair of shoes,[1]—neat, accurate little shoes, with high heels, and channel soles—quite a sight to see! I took her measure by my eye," he continued, warming on the subject like a true amateur, "and put white linings to them, and metallic eyelet holes, and silken ribbons, Sudarina;—a first-rate article. So I wrapped them up in a French pocket-handkerchief, and went to congratulate Nadejda Dmitrievna. I entered, and I said, 'Allow me, Nadejda Dmitrievna, to wish you joy on your Angel's day, and to present you with a specimen of my work.' 'Akh, akh, akh,' says the Deaconess, 'what nice shoes! they will just fit me!' she says; and she kicked off her own and began to put mine on. 'Nadinka has a new pair already,'

[1] A great portion of the Russian soldiers are boot and shoe-makers.

she says. And she squeezed her feet into them before my very eyes! I never felt such a fool in my life, Sudarina!" concluded Andronitch, gravely.

Tatiana Alexandrovna could not help smiling, though she fully sympathised with the honest soldier. "Rude creature!" she said, indignantly.

"And Nadejda Dmitrievna, she said nothing, only looked sorrowful like. And her new shoes were not to be compared to mine. Besides, it is not at all becoming for an old woman like the Deaconess to go stumping about in high heels, Sudarina."

"I should think she would feel very uncomfortable in them, Feodoroff, not being accustomed to it. So you see she will receive a punishment of her own infliction."

"Exactly so. Which I am sure she will!" said Andronitch, brightening up at the idea. "But I was going to beg—Tatiana Alexandrovna, Matoushka! do not refuse my humble request! speak a word for me to the Deaconess! Perhaps she will listen to you. That is, if you approve of it, Sudarina."

"It is a difficult task, Feodoroff, and a delicate one too. I hardly know how to act. But if Ignaty Sylvestrovitch has no objection, I will see what I can do for you. I must ask his opinion and his advice. But I do think the Deaconess rather likes me."

Down went the warrior on his knees, and would have touched the earth with his brow had not Tatiana Alexandrovna begun to scold the instant he made his first movement; it had the effect of bringing Andronitch to his feet like a professed tumbler. It was beginning to get damp; Tatiana Alexandrovna called the children indoors, and once more setting the sergeant's mind at rest, she returned to the house.

Pavla Lavrentievna was indeed very indignant and grand at Andronitch's presumption, and of course wreaked all her spite upon Nadia. The poor girl herself, reflecting that she had now lost her dearest friend and only protector, and on the improbability of becoming the wife of anybody belonging to her own immediate class, was more than merely willing to marry Feodoroff. She liked him for his good looks and manly bearing, his music (he played on the violin at all the village feasts), and his tales of his military career, and respected him for his sobriety and industry; in a word, she wished with all her heart that it could come about, and was beginning even to feel a certain degree of something like tenderness towards him, of which however she was intensely ashamed in the depths of her modest soul. She laid the foundation of some castles in the air too, relative to her future home, which always caused her to blush crimson when she remembered that it was not sure to be. She even went so far as to imagine how nice it would be if her mother were to give up the house to the newly-married pair, and go to visit the other daughters by turns. She was very busy digging up carrots and beet-roots for winter store, when Tatiana Alexandrovna, who had found out where she was, knocked at the fence, and gently bade her open the door leading to the river.

"Nadinka," she said, after a little conversation on common subjects, "who do you think has sent me here? Now do please be open, there's a good girl, and tell me if I am to persuade Maminka to consent, or not."

Of course a burst of tears was the opening answer.

"I am not going to persuade you either one way or the other, my poor dear," said Tatiana Alexandrovna; "but I

must have an answer, you know, before I go into the house, or return home."

"You know best, Tatiana Alexandrovna," sobbed Nadia. "I dare not—I'm frightened. I'm sure I don't know what I ought to say!" with another burst.

"Well, have it out first, and then perhaps you'll be able to decide. I'll wait a bit. Only make haste, please."

"The thing is," said Nadia, with a tremendous sob, "that he's a good man."

"I know he is. Certainly. Well?"

"Well—that's all."

"Once for all, that is your answer? Further?"

"You know, yourself, Tatiana Alexandrovna."

"Oh, then, with God's blessing, we will set it all to rights at once, Nadinka! Don't cry, dear. Come into the house in a quarter of an hour. We must go through it sooner or later, so let us have it over to-day."

It was not without a considerable mustering of her moral courage that the young lady entered the Deaconess's domain. She was enjoying an early tea, with delicious new honey, thick cream, and the most tempting krendels[1] imaginable. Wherever Tatiana Alexandrovna went she was sure of a welcome—even from Pavla Lavrentievna; and by way of propitiating her she accepted a cup of the herb tea (for the Deaconess only allowed herself Chinese tea on holidays), and praised it and the biscuits as they really deserved.

Fortune favoured her; for although the Deaconess was very nearly getting into a dreadful passion at the bare idea of Nadia's being willing to marry anybody, she was reconciled to the proposition itself by Tatian Alexandrovna's represen-

[1] A species of bakery much used with tea and coffee.

tations of the advantages it offered to herself. She hinted, too, at the possibility and probability of Feodoroff's having rank conferred on him, and concluded by repeating his offer. "Of course," she said, "it remains in your hands to refuse or not; but really, Pavla Lavrentievna, all things considered, I would advise you to give them your blessing. Otherwise," she continued, rather grandly, "I shall feel that I have offended you, and of course shall be obliged to give up the pleasure of your further acquaintance."

Such a multitude of different feelings were struggling in the head and heart of the old lady that she did not know which to listen to. She did not like to give in; she did not like the notion of any bridegroom but an ecclesiastic.

And had she not always said that Nadia was a Christ's-bride?

Besides, what would her brother at town, and his wife, and their son at the university, say?

Just as if they cared, though! proud stuck-up things that they were! *She'd* show them she did not value their opinion, she would. Thank God, she could get on without it!

But she hated his military phiz, she did: and his Petersburg talk, and his short hair. "But there! what's to be done? we are wretched orphans; we must thank our Creator for what He is pleased to send!"

On which consoling thought she remained *fixe*, in a sniffing state of tearfulness. Nadia, who had not dared to show herself before, now sidled into the room. The Deaconess was fairly ashamed of scolding her daughter before Tatiana Alexandrovna; so she desired her to wash and comb herself immediately, and to put on her best dress.

"Tatiana Alexandrovna has taken the trouble to ask your

hand for Anton Andronovitch," she said; "and whether you wish it or not, (I do not ask *you*, Nadejda Dmitrievna, I am your female parent, and have the right to dispose of you!) you are to be married to him. Sh—sh! Not a word! Dress yourself!"

Having so far succeeded, Tatiana Alexandrovna bade her capricious hostess farewell; and that same evening Andronovitch, who was waiting in the counting-house to hear his fate from her, having decked himself in all his crosses and medals, and taking the Deacon and his fellow-clerk to act as chorus in the whole affair, had the satisfaction of finding himself Nadinka's affianced husband.

In three weeks' time they were married.

CONFESSION AND COMMUNION.

CONFESSION AND COMMUNION.

"*Q.* What is meant by Communion?

"*A.* The believer receives the very Body of Christ in the form of bread, and the very Blood of Christ in the form of wine.

"*Q.* What benefits does the communicant receive?

"*A.* He becomes one with Christ, and thus is entitled to everlasting life.

"*Q.* What is Confession?

"*A.* The person who has sinned after his Baptism confesses his sins to the Priest, and through him receives absolution from Jesus Christ Himself."—*Short Catechism.*

THERE is no such ceremony as Confirmation in the Greco-Russian Church; a child continues to receive the Holy Sacrament from the time of Baptism about twice a year—at Easter-tide and on its Saint's day—until it is seven years old, when it ought, by the rules of its Church, to be brought to Confession. The lower orders take their little ones to the Sacrament every time they are the least ill.

Let it not be imagined that a child, past absolute infancy, approaches the Amvon without a feeling of undefined reverence and awe, even before it knows the meaning of the rite that it is observing. The heightened colour, the devout crossings and prostrations when the Priest appears and takes the Cup

and Spoon from the Deacon's hand, prove that indeed we ought neither to say nor

> "Dream that heavenly notes
> To childhood's ears are vain."

A little one of three or four years old, with the usual amount of capacities, and good health and disposition, shows, by the quiet and subdued character of its innocent play during the rest of the day, that it experiences a "soothing charm" beyond our comprehension.

The preparation for the first Confession is a very solemn and trying thing for delicate and excitable children, though by far the greater number take it as a matter of course. I never heard of a child crying at first Communion, nor of behaving itself otherwise than as a reasonable being. But the Russians are self-possessed from their very cradles, and go through ceremonies with the utmost calmness and resignation, which would astonish many English people.

We will suppose that little Sáschinka[1] B—— is seven or eight years old, and has been regularly brought to the Holy Communion twice a year since her baptism, unless when sickness or very bad weather prevented it. She is a good little girl in general, without having a decidedly serious or "pious" turn; is amiable, truthful, and religiously disposed in the Russian acceptation of the term,—that is to say, she does not forget to say her prayers night and morning; reverently standing before the picture, and prostrating herself at least three times, goes up to the priest of her own accord for his blessing when he comes to the house, and stands immoveable at church, looking straight before her and not staring about her. Her mother thinks she is too little to go to Confession; Sáschinka is her

[1] Dim. of Alexandra.

eldest child, and she never yet had doings with other children; she feels nervous, and would like to put it off till August, when people sometimes prepare themselves and partake of the Holy Sacrament in preference to the Great Fast, as they call Lent; but her husband advises her to lose no time, and her sister, who has had a large family, speaks to her about it very seriously, and brings forward many examples of naughty children being suddenly reformed, and a completely new tone of feeling and practice being observable in others who were simply troublesome or mischievous — also some few very melancholy instances of particularly sweet children dying without Confession after seven or eight years of age, to the never-ending remorse and self-reproach of their too fond parents. This last argument decided Mrs. B——, for nothing disturbs a Russian conscience more than the idea of dying, or suffering others to die, unshriven.

Sáschinka's religious attainments are not by any means great, but she is considered pretty well prepared because she knows the prayers most common in the Greco-Russian Church. These are far more numerous than those *exacted* by the Anglican Church from the youth or maiden about to be confirmed,[1] and being in the Sclavonic dialect, they present difficulties which the English prayers do not. The Lord's Prayer, Nicene Creed, and Ten Commandments are the first that are learnt, of course; besides these, there are the Hymn to the Holy Ghost, the Russian version of "Hail, Mary," and another Hymn of Praise to her; morning and evening prayers before and after meat, and before and after learning. Any great knowledge of Sacred History is not to be expected from

[1] See Third Paragraph at the end of the Catechism in the Book of Common Prayer.

such young children, and it is to be observed that the history and stories from the Old Testament are always mastered before beginning the history of our Lord. Sáschinka receives the intimation that she is to "do her devotions" this year, as a matter of course: is she not nearly eight years old? She knows that it is all the same before God, but thinks it will be very terrible to confess her sins to Father Paul.

"How ashamed I shall be," she thinks, and perhaps says to her mother or a little friend, "to tell how I made grimaces at grandmamma behind her back, for not letting me take off my wadded jacket when I was so hot after the bath! or how I shook the liulka when Vasinka cried, and would not go to sleep! Of course that was very sinful, because I was angry. Yes, and once I said my prayers before I had washed myself, and nurse says that it is a sin. But then, certainly, Father Paul is very kind, and it will be very nice to be forgiven." The new white frock, pink sash, and curled hair of the day of Communion comes into the head of the little Russian, who inherits her ancestresses' love of dress to a certain degree, and altogether she looks forward to it with pleasure and pride. Her father calls on Father Paul, and begs him to prepare his little daughter. He comes twice a week for a month or so, examines her, and explains the Catechism and Sacred History to her, gives her good advice and interprets her prayers to her. This is after Christmas, and the Sacrament will be administered to her in Lent.

The Great Fast approaches, preceded by three preparatory weeks, answering, doubtless, to the Septuagesima, Sexagesima, and Quinquagesima of the Anglican Church. The first of these weeks is called *Sploshnaïa*, an untranslatable term, which signifies that the Wednesday and Friday of such a week (of

which there are several in the year) are not observed by a fast; the second is like all others. But although, strictly speaking, Lent commences with all its rigours on the Monday after Quinquagesima, *meat* is eaten for the last time on Sexagesima Sunday. In the North-east Governments this last meal of animal food is invariably *pell-mény*,[1] a tiny pudding the size of a child's ear (which it greatly resembles in shape), filled with beef minced to the veriest paste. They are boiled for eight or ten minutes in water, and eaten hot in vast quantities, with a mixture of sour cream, vinegar, and pepper. The preparation of *pell-mény* is a very long job, but is invariably set about with the utmost good-will, and often, in domestic families, all the members assist, just for the fun of the thing. This farewell feast is followed by the Butter Week or Carnival, the festivities of which vary according to the distance of a place from the capitals or government cities. In large towns, and particularly in St. Petersburg and Moscow, the mad whirl of amusements, though not to be compared to that of the Carnival of the South, is next to indescribable. There are morning as well as evening performances at the operas and other theatres, public ice-hills, and a regular fair, with shows, conjurers, circuses, and play-actings, on the great open squares (called *Places*) of the Northern Palmyra; here, however, nothing is sold but eatables and drinkables. In the interior these gaieties are confined to promiscuous visitings, pancake eatings (a mere excuse for giving or attending a dinner-party), sometimes private theatricals, costumed balls, and nearly always ice-hills, for high and low. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday in Sexagesima week are public holidays, and no business is done; the afternoons are devoted to driving out, the more furiously

[1] A Tartar word which signifies "my ear."

and frightfully the better, and sliding down the ice-hills. The acme of enjoyment is on Quinquagesima Sunday, which is called Pardoning Day.

During this Butter Week the rules of the Church permit eggs, milk in all its forms, and fish; and it is in consequence of the important part that butter plays in the cookery of these days that the week takes its name. Buckwheat pancakes are the staple dish of noble and peasant from Monday till Pardoning Day included.

The workmen or burghers make what they call a city in different parts of the town or village—simply a mass of hard-beaten snow, ten or twelve feet high, and five or six in diameter. A flag waves on its summit, and one party defends while another besieges it. The arms used by the besiegers are generally blunt old swords that formerly graced the sides of civil *employés*, but which are sharp enough to cut into the snow and undermine the mayor and his supporters, whose only weapons are dead hens, dogs, and cats. The victorious party compel the vanquished to treat them to refreshment, exclusively of a liquid description at the nearest tavern.

The B—— family, of course, take their part, however trifling, in the gaieties of the Butter Week, which tend rather to banish from Sáschinka's mind the subject of the approaching devotions; but she is suddenly reminded of the nearness of the Great Fast by the solemn booming of the largest bell on Pardoning Day, which calls the orthodox to vespers, and to the commencement of Lent. She and her mother set forth to church, with difficulty avoiding accidents from the crowds of drivers and their restive horses that they meet; but before they reach the church the streets become emptier and quieter.

It is very quiet in the church too, and Sáschinka's mother

whispers to her neighbour that it "smells" of the Great Fast already. The orthodox light tapers before the pictures, and pray that they may pass Lent devoutly, be received to Holy Communion, and live to see a joyful Easter. The vespers are quietly performed, and at their conclusion the Priests take leave of each other and of the congregation by prostrating themselves on the Amvon, as though taking leave or asking pardon. The verb "to forgive, to pardon," is the same as "to say farewell, to bid adieu," so that the word *prastchaïté* may be translated or understood either as "good-bye" or "pardon me."

This custom, I am told, originated in the earliest ages of Christianity in Russia, when holy men and women used to separate themselves from the world during Lent, and retire to caves or huts, and before they set out they used to take leave of, and ask pardon for any ill done, or offence committed against, their friends and neighbours.

After vespers the congregation kiss and take leave of each other—of course I mean such as are acquainted. The clergy of the place go to each other's houses, and sing what are called *Stikhi*,[1] which I suppose I may translate "spiritual songs."

Before the family retire to rest, during the course of the evening, the ceremony of bidding farewell and asking pardon of each other is gone through again between the members, old and young. The servants come in, prostrating themselves at their master's and mistress's feet, who in their turn ask their pardon and kiss them. Personal forgiveness is never expressed, the answer always being "God will forgive you." Being now "in peace and charity with all men," the orthodox go to bed, to awake to all the strictness of the Fast.

[1] Literally, *verses*.

The next day is called Clean Monday; the house is scrubbed thoroughly—"to wash away the butter," they say—and the family go to the bath. The Great Fast has begun! No English person can imagine the rigour with which it is kept by those who keep it at all: very few are those who do not. The first, fourth, and seventh, or Passion Week, are the most strictly observed, and those whose health will not permit of abstinence from meat for eight weeks (counting the Carnival) always contrive to fast during them. There are persons, however, who physically *cannot* fast, but these are very rarely met with, and they are always dreadfully ashamed of themselves. During the whole time every article of food that can be traced to an animal (except fish, which is, however, considered a luxury, and not eaten by the religious during the whole of Lent, and by ordinary fasters during the three weeks above-mentioned) is banished from the table. Many old ladies (who are always the most rigorous fasters) will not use sugar, because it is purified with bullock's blood; they substitute honey, raisins, or preserves boiled with honey, for sugar. The universal opinion is that the most trying diet is tea and coffee without cream. They put slices of lemon, preserves, raspberry and other syrups in their tea; walnuts, blanched almonds, or milk of almonds, or poppy-seeds in the coffee. There is a distinct set of kitchen utensils on purpose for fast cookery. The very iron ladles are changed. A knife that has buttered one slice of bread cannot be used to cut a second dry slice for a faster; another knife would be used, and the slice cut from the other side of the loaf. It is astonishing how they contrive to subsist at a time when fresh fruit and vegetables are not to be procured. Here is a dinner or two for examples:—

First dinner.—A pasty, made of minced and fried sour

cabbage. Soup of dried white mushrooms, fried onions, and potatoes. Cutlets of rice, with a sauce of preserved green peas. Roast or fried potatoes and salad of salted cucumbers. Compote of apples, figs, French plums and raisins. Of course vegetable oil is used instead of butter; there are four sorts: oil of hemp-seed—which, though of a darkish, greenish, disagreeable colour, is the sweetest of all, because the freshest—of poppy-seeds, sunflower-seeds, and Florence oil, which, in the interior, is almost always horrid. The cooking is by no means greasy; the Russians do *not* drink oil, and train-oil is utterly unknown, except perhaps in the Government of Archangel, but I am ready to affirm the next to impossibility of a Russian using it for food, when I take into consideration his extreme observance of the "clean" and unclean.

Second dinner.—Pea-soup with fried crusts; little patties of minced carrots. Cutlets of mashed potatoes, with a sauce of mushrooms. Roast or fried pumpkin, with salad of cranberries or bogberries. *Kissel*, made of potato-flour boiled in kvass and honey, with raisins, or in cranberry or raspberry juice, and turned out of a shape like a jelly when cold. Those who eat fish can, of course, vary their fare much more, but every one says that nothing sickens one so much as fish every day.

The morning service (not matins) made use of during the forty-nine days of Lent, is widely different from that of the rest of the year, when the Masses of St. Basil the Great or of St. John Chrysostom are used; during the Great Fast a service, performed only during that time, and called the Liturgy of Preconsecrated Elements, is substituted in their place. It means, that instead of Mass (*i.e.* Celebration of the Lord's Supper) being sung daily, a portion of the Elements consecrated at a previous Mass is administered, instead of newly

consecrated bread and wine. The history of this singular service is as follows :—

Mass, properly so called, is, as above stated, the celebration of the Holy Communion, which is duly consecrated and partaken of by the officiating Priest and Deacon every time that Mass is performed (it would not be Mass without Communion), even though none of the congregation present themselves as communicants. In the earlier days of the Christian Church the Fathers did not consider it seeming to celebrate the comforting feast on days of humiliation and mourning for sin, and permitted Mass to be sung on Saturdays and Sundays only, during Lent, and on the Annunciation and Holy Thursday.[1] But as many pious Christians, accustomed to daily Communion, could not bring themselves to forego the strengthening and refreshing of their souls by the Body and Blood of Christ, the Holy Church granted them the indulgence of the Liturgy of Pre-consecrated Elements, when the bread and wine consecrated on the Sunday preceding is administered on Wednesdays and Fridays to those who desire it ;[2] but at the present time lay-people endeavour to arrange their devotions in such a manner that they may communicate on the Saturday, *i.e.* at the celebration of full Mass.

On Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays throughout Lent a service called Hours is substituted for the usual Liturgy, though many of the prayers and litanies used at Mass are sung in it. But to return to the Liturgy of Pre-consecrated Elements.

When the bread and wine are brought forth from the altar during ordinary Mass, the Priest and Deacon issue from the

[1] In remembrance of the institution of the Lord's Supper.

[2] Michaïloffsky.

left-hand Deacon's door, and while they intone the prayer for the Imperial Family and the Archbishop of the diocese, they stand on the Amvon with their faces to the congregation, who welcome the as yet not completely consecrated Elements with prostrations, but afterwards rise from their knees. The peculiar solemnity of the bringing forth of the Pre-consecrated Elements is, that they are carried in perfect silence from the table of sacrifice through the left Deacon's door, past the screen, and into the altar again by the royal gates, to be placed on the throne, while all the people *remain* prostrated on the floor, unworthy, as it were, to gaze on the vessels that contain the Holy Eucharist.

This is the principal feature that strikes the beholder during the days of devotional preparation. The prayer of St. Ephraim of Syria (who lived in the fifth century), pronounced by the Priest soon after the commencement of service, serves to bring the minds of the congregation to a state of humility and penitence. It reads as follows :—

"O Lord and Sovereign of my life, take from me the spirit of idleness, despair, love of power, and unprofitable speaking."

Here he and all the people prostrate themselves three times.

"But grant to Thy servant the spirit of purity, meekness, patience, and charity."

Three prostrations as before.

"Yea, O Lord! grant that I may see my own sins, and not judge my brother! For Thou art blessed, for ever and ever!"

Again three prostrations.

Another exception to the usual course of the service is the singing an anthem before the Amvon, which is generally performed by the Readers and Choristers, but any of the

congregation who wish to sing it may do so, always supposing that they are able to do it well, or at any rate passably. The words are taken from the 141st Psalm, in the following order:—

"Let my prayer be set forth in Thy sight as the incense, and let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice.

"Lord, I call upon Thee: haste Thee unto me, and consider my voice when I cry unto Thee.

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips.

"O let not mine heart be inclined to any evil thing: let me not be occupied in any ungodly works."

Each verse is repeated by the choir, who, with the congregation, kneel during the repetition. The melody of this anthem is very sweet, and the effect of the whole very striking.

Our communicants intend to prepare themselves in the fourth week, and on the Wednesday they begin their devotions.[1] Wednesday in the fourth week is called Middle-Cross Day, because it is the middle of the Great Fast, and it is the custom to make little cakes or biscuits in the form of a cross on that day, as the English do Cross-buns on Good Friday. There are other customs during the Great Fast which deserve notice: such as the baking of little cakes in a form which somewhat resembles a bird, with currants or wild cherries for its eyes; this is observed on the 9th of March, the Feast of the Forty Martyrs, who were fed, says tradition, during a cruel imprisonment, by larks, which flew into their dungeon with food for them. On Lady-day, too, it is considered a Christian duty to do some particularly benevolent act, especially setting captives free; and to enable the orthodox to indulge this

[1] The more religious prepare during the whole week, but I take a general case as an example.

desire, the "roughs" of large towns employ themselves, for some time previous, in catching birds of all and any sort, and selling them, to be set free, on the Feast of the Annunciation.

On the Thursday morning Sáschinka is carefully and gradually wakened at half-past five, and goes to matins with her mother. None of the family touch a morsel before leaving home. It is not quite light, and Sáschinka feels a mixture of nervousness and satisfaction. They come home at about seven, breakfast, and are off again to Mass at nine; at four vespers are sung. The services are very long, and it is extremely fatiguing. Friday passes in the same manner, except that after vespers Confession takes place.

Each communicant goes behind a screen, placed for the time in a corner of the church, or near the Deacon's doors, where the choristers stand during service; there is no screen placed there. The "Spiritual Father" awaits them with a little naloy, on which lie the Gospels and the Cross, and after some preparatory prayers the following words are addressed to the penitent :—

"Behold, my child, Christ stands here invisibly to receive thy confession. Be not ashamed nor afraid, and conceal nothing from me,—but without hesitation tell me what thou hast done, and receive absolution from Jesus Christ. Behold His picture before us! I am only a witness, and certify before Him all that thou tellest me: if therefore thou concealest anything from me, thou wilt be doubly sinful. Mark well, therefore, that thou leave not this ghostly hospital without receiving the healing that thou requirest."

Here follows a number of questions, to which the penitent answers, "I have sinned," when he feels they strike home, but to many it is to be supposed and hoped that he can answer,

"I have not sinned." Almost every Priest has his own peculiarity in confessing his ghostly children,—one being extremely indulgent, another very much the reverse; one paying greater attention to sins of omission, another to those of commission, and each to some one sin in particular, which probably strikes him as being more deadly than others. Besides answering the form of questions put, the penitent is bound to open his heart to the Priest if he has been guilty of any sin which does not strictly come under the category, and, if he be already under penance, to say so. Full confession having been made, and a desire to lead a new life expressed, a prayer is read on behalf of the penitent, and on its conclusion he prostrates himself before the Priest, who lays his hand, with the end of his cope beneath it, on his head (in token that he may consider himself under the protection of the Church), and pronounces the absolution as follows :—

"Our Lord and God Jesus Christ, by the grace and bounty of His love to mankind, pardon thee, child (Peter or Ekaterina, for instance), all thy sins : and I, unworthy Priest that I am, by the power given to me, do forgive and absolve thee from all thy sins in the name of the Father, &c. &c."

Here he signs him with the sign of the Cross, and on his rising from his knees presents him the Cross to be kissed. A fee and a candle are left on the naloy.

Government proves its solicitude for its servants by rendering yearly confession almost obligatory, and an officer who neglects it for more than one year is fined by a certain deduction from his pay. Soldiers and sailors, government workmen, and the pupils of public schools and academies for all ranks of society, are sent or brought to Confession and Communion regularly every year. The marriage ceremony

cannot be performed if either of the parties have not attended the Sacrament during the past year, be he an orthodox Greco-Russian, Lutheran, Catholic, or Anglican.

It sometimes happens that the nature of a penitent's confession is such as to debar him, by the rules of the Church, of the privilege of Communion for a certain period. A list of crimes and misdemeanours, 115 in number, with the penance to be imposed on the offender,—some of them exceedingly singular,—are to be found in the Ritual. The following are remarkable for their strangeness or severity :—

§ 10. Magicians, that is to say enchanters, and foretellers, wax and lead melters, . . . to be kept from Communion twenty years.

§ 18. Such as tell fortunes with grains and beans—six years.

§ 47. Such as dig up coffins, in order to steal anything therefrom—ten years.

§ 49. Such as marry a second time are not permitted to communicate for one year, and—

§ 50. Such as marry a third time—four years. If, however, he be more than forty years of age, a third marriage is unpardonable[1] (according to the "Divine Rules" of a certain Matthew).

§ 64. They whose child dies unbaptized by their own carelessness are deprived of Communion three years; must perform 200 prostrations every day during that period, and fast on Mondays as well as Wednesdays and Fridays.

§ 65. A woman who overlays her infant—seven years.

§ 75. A Priest who repeats the Confession of sins made to him by a ghostly child has a penance of deprivation of place

[1] Nevertheless third marriages frequently take place, and I never *heard* of the parties being excommunicated.

for three years, but is allowed to communicate once a month: he is to perform 100 prostrations every day. The civil laws[1] say that the tongue of auch an one should be rooted out.

§ 82. Such as bless one child and curse another, love the one and hate the other, and divide their property unequally between them,—be they excommunicated from the Church, and cut off from Holy Communion.

§ 84. Whosoever eats the flesh of an animal that died a natural death, or that was killed by a wild beast or bird, or a "thing strangled, or blood," or a thing caught in snares—if he be a Priest, to be deprived of his office; if a secular, of Communion for two years.

§ 87. He who dares to call in a Jewish physician, and be attended in sickness by him—if he be a Priest, to be deprived of his office—a secular, to be excommunicated.

§ 88. A Priest who hunts or catches birds—to be deprived of office three months.

Wilful murder is punished by banishment from the table of the Lord for twenty years; manslaughter, for ten years; for killing in battle, or on meeting robbers (if they fall on one with the sword), three years. If, however, robbers come to steal property, and the owner, instead of running away, kills one or all of them—twenty years.

On Tuesdays and Fridays, after vespers, a Deacon or Priest reads aloud on the Amvon, for those who intend to communicate the following day, an address or exhortation, interspersed with Psalms, ejaculations, and reflections; it is called "the Rules," and it is immensely long. After the hearing of these rules, no food whatever ought to be taken until after the receiving of the Holy Eucharist. Confession

[1] Very ancient laws, of course.

generally takes place after vespers on the eve of Communion, but occasionally on the same day, after matins.

On the Friday evening our absolved penitents go to the bath, curl their hair, if they be little girls, and prepare their costume for the morrow; go to bed early, and on returning from matins the next morning they dress in their best—though not in ball costume. Officers, government *employés*, soldiers, in fact all who wear uniform, appear in full dress, but without swords or sabres. Ladies—by this I mean married women—wear their handsomest silk dress, a lace shawl or pretty mantle, and a cap with ribbons, not flowers. Young girls and newly-married ladies put on white muslin dresses, and adorn themselves as for a little party; they like, as a rule, to have a new dress for the occasion. Most old ladies array themselves in the clothes they intend to be buried in, with the addition of a shawl or mantle, and a cap made for a living creature and not for a corpse. I shall never forget the appearance of some ten or a dozen very aged women of the workman-class, who approached the altar-steps in a body, in a retired manufacturing town in the Government of Perm. They had on long white homespun linen shirts and sarafáns,[1] their legs wrapped round with very narrow towelling, and plaited bark shoes on their feet. Their heads were enveloped in immensely long towels, arranged on the forehead so as to nearly hide the eyebrows, folded square-wise down the cheeks, crossed under the chin, and the ends flowing down the back. The effect of this ghostly array, with the yellow, wrinkled faces of the wearers, is literally more "easily to be imagined than described."

Before they leave home they kiss everybody, servants and

[1] A petticoat, gored, and worn with the waist thereof immediately under the arm-pits.

all, in token of charity and good will. On arriving at church they take off their hoods or warm handkerchiefs, their fur cloaks or paletôts, and put them on a window-seat or some convenient place; after which they approach the altar-screen, prostrate themselves before the pictures in it, and kiss them, and then they go to their usual place. The Liturgy proceeds, as I before said, in the usual manner. When the royal gates are slowly opened, and the Deacon appears with the Cup in his two hands, held on a level with his face, and covered with an embroidered velvet napkin, and when he pronounces the words, "In the fear of the Lord, and in peace, come ye!" all present who are communicants approach the steps of the Amvon, from which it is administered. The Priest, taking the Cup from him, pronounces very slowly and distinctly the Articles of Belief on the subject, which the communicants ought to repeat after him.

"I believe, Lord, and confess, that Thou indeed art Christ the Son of the living God, who camest into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief. I also believe that this is indeed Thy most pure Body, and this Thy Holy Blood. I therefore pray Thee to have mercy on me and to forgive me all my sins, voluntary and involuntary, by word, by deed, by knowledge or ignorance, and grant me worthily and blamelessly to partake of Thy most pure Sacrament, for the remission of sins and for life everlasting. Receive me this day, O Son of God, as a partaker of Thy Last Supper. For not as a secret enemy I approach, not with the kiss of Judas, but like the thief I confess Thee, 'Lord, remember me in Thy kingdom.' And may the Communion of Thy Holy Sacrament be not to my judgment and condemnation, but to the healing of my soul and body. Amen."

The napkin is now removed : the Priest, taking one morsel of the Bread (which is cut into tiny morsels and mixed with the Wine) in the Spoon with a little Wine, puts it in the mouth of the communicant (who receives it with hands crossed on his breast, after a devout prostration) with the words "The servant of God (so and so) communicates in the name of the Father," &c.[1] The Deacon holds a silk handkerchief under the chin of the communicant to prevent the possibility of a drop falling to the ground, and wipes his lips with it afterwards; the communicant then kisses the edge of the Cup, a type of the wounded side of Christ,[2] crossing himself, but without prostration, in honour of the presence of the Sacraments. He then goes up to a little table, where a Reader stands with a tiny ladle always replenished with warm wine and water, intended as a sort of rinsing after the Eucharist, and tiny loaves of bread, from the sides of which the morsels of bread used in the celebration were cut out with the Spear. He lays on the salver an offering according to his ability, and employs himself in private devotions until the rest of the people have received the Sacrament, and the Priest, having concluded the Liturgy, is at liberty to perform a short special service of thanksgiving for the spiritual comfort, and to present the Cross to be kissed.

The rest of the family meet our communicants in the lobby with congratulations; they have hardly time to reach the tea-room, when the maid appears with a tray full of cups of hot coffee, thick almond milk, and krindles, or little sweet buns.

[1] The choir sings, "Receive ye the Body of Christ; taste ye the fount of everlasting life," an indefinite number of times during the Communion of the orthodox.

[2] A small quantity of *warm* water is mixed with the wine in remembrance of that which poured from the wound of our Lord.

They dine early, and generally lie down on the sofa, or outside the bed, to rest for an hour or two before vespers, for the services are really very fatiguing, and they have been obliged to rise so early for the few previous days. They go, however, to vespers and to Mass the next day. The evening is passed in privacy, but not in a strictly devotional manner.

The generality of the Russians receive the Sacrament and confess once a year during the Great Fast, as related, but some go twice,—that is to say, in Lent and in the Gospojinsky, or Assumption Fast, which lasts from the 1st of August to the 15th. Besides these there are two others, the Petroffsky, which extends from Trinity Monday to St. Peter's day (29th June), and consequently differs in length according to the time when Easter falls; and the Christmas or Philip Fast, which lasts from 15th November (St. Philip's Day) to Christmas Day. Besides, there are the Wednesdays and Fridays throughout the year (except during the few Sploshnaïa weeks before mentioned). None of these are so strictly observed as Lent, from which it is called emphatically the *Great Fast.*

ORDINATION.

ORDINATION.

"*Q.* In what does Ordination consist?

"*A.* The Archbishop, by the laying on of hands, imparts to the person called to be a Priest the power of celebrating the Sacraments."—*Short Catechism.*

THE Government of Perm is peculiarly rich in metals, which accounts for the vast number of foundries, iron and brass works, gold washings, &c., both private and belonging to the Crown, that are scattered over that vast province, which, however, forms but a part of the district known to the Russians as "the Oural," and which signifies, not only the mountains themselves (which exist only in the imaginations of geographers and on the map, and are scarcely perceptible to the traveller), but the surrounding country.

In one of these *zavods*, as the little factory towns are called in Russ, I passed three years. It was a very small zavod, peopled principally by the workmen and the clerks of the counting-house, and besides our own house there were but two which belonged to "nobles:" in one lived the Intendant of the Works, a captain in the Engineers; in the other, an

artillery officer, whose duty it was to prove and pack off iron for the arsenals. There was also a doctor, a very kind person and a most excellent medical man, but so extremely eccentric a character that I can hardly call him a member of our society. There were one or two young engineer officers, one or two *employés*, and two priests and their wives. On grand occasions, such as christenings and name's days, we mustered no less than sixteen souls!

It was very dull at this little zavod, which I will call Vedenioffka. The post came in only once a week, and nearly always came in late. The nearest district town, which was smaller than Vedenioffka itself, was fifty versts distant; and we might have been fifty thousand versts off "from anywhere else," as the Irishman said, as far as seeing a chance visitor went, for Vedenioffka was 170 versts from the great high road.

There are no rural delights in our out-of-the-way place in Russia, as there are in the nooks and corners of Old England: no infant-schools, nor ruins, nor farms; no old churches, agricultural meetings, flower-shows, and archery and croquet parties. Reading-libraries are only known in Government towns, and periodicals are very dear in Russia, and so were books at the time I speak of; but we received altogether fourteen periodicals, which we used to exchange on the mutual obligation system, and in this manner had plenty to read—newspapers, journals, magazines, ladies' work ditto, a musical journal, &c. &c. Our occupations and pleasures were of course entirely domestic. In the winter—and the winters are very long in those parts, lasting from October to April—it was next to impossible to walk or drive out except when an extraordinary ray of sunshine shone on a mild day;

but this was a very rare event,—so rare that the only impression of a winter at Vedenioffka is intense frost, too intense to drive out except to get to a friend's house, wrapped up to the very eyes,—or snow too thick and blinding for one to have any pleasure either in driving or walking.

But the summer was lovely! the soil first-rate, "tchernazëm," *black earth*, as it is called; and I never saw such vegetation, so rapid, yet so healthy. We had a large old-fashioned garden, with alleys of raspberry and black currant bushes, which yielded *loads* of fruit. I often used to regret that I could not send my peas and carrots to an English show—I am sure they would have gained a prize. The fields and forests were full of beautiful flowers and fruits; mushrooms we used to get in basket-cart loads, and salt them for winter use. There is a quaint Russian proverb which says, "*Koli khleba kraï, tak i pod yeliu rai*" ("Where there is plenty of bread, it is Paradise even under the fir-tree"). If so, then Vedenioffka must be a Paradise indeed, for it abounds in provisions of all sorts, except fish.

The *popes*, as the Priests are familiarly called, are generally considered below the usual standard of education; and though they mingle in society, they always seem to belong to another class. Their dress and appearance strike a foreigner by their singularity. They wear long beards, and hair parted down the middle from the forehead to the nape of the neck, the two long braids of hair streaming over their shoulders and breasts. This, at home, they plait in two tails, so that in public it is wavy. They wear a very long loose garment, with large sleeves, altogether not unlike a lady's berrnous; it differs in material, according to the purse of the wearer, from cloth, prunella, &c., to satin-turc and damask. Beneath

this they wear a long coat resembling that of Noah and his family in a toy ark, which, especially when they have a broad-brimmed hat on, and a long walking-stick in their hands, they are not at all unlike. Their wives in general are decidedly uneducated, but are first-rate housekeepers and nursing mothers. The limited society of Vedenioffka was the cause of our being brought into contact with the clergy more frequently than in larger towns, and here I became acquainted with good Anna Ivanovna, Father Spiridon's wife.

Many is the kind turn I have received from dear, kind, sharp-witted Anna Ivanovna, at times when a gentle womanly bosom is wanted to pour one's little griefs into, or cool, strong sense, to guide one in moments of indecision and trouble. I think of her as one of my best and truest friends, and insist on calling her so, smile and shrug her shoulders as the elegant Petersburg-bred colonel or captain's wife may.

I took my work one winter's afternoon, and drove to her house to spend an hour or two with her. I had heard that one of her sons had gone wrong—run away from the ecclesiastical seminary, and that Father Spiridon had gone to see about it, so I thought I would call in to cheer her loneliness as well as I could.

"Ah! my dear," she cried, darting out of her kitchen, "how do you do? Well, thank God you have come! The pope, you know, is absent, and it is dull work without him, although he *is* an old man. That rascal, Philka! but you probably have not heard about his feats?" she continued, while I was unwrapping myself in her best room, which served as parlour and state bed-room, and she was lighting candles from a lath.

"Yes, I have heard something; I am very sorry——"

"Not for the boy, I hope? it will be the saving of him, please God. But the pope is to be pitied! It is the Lord's will to give us fools in all our sons!" she added, slapping her knees with emphasis, and sighing deeply.

I remarked that they might improve.

"Improve! catch them improving as long as that grandmother of a pope is their father; he doats on them! He melts like wax at the sight of them; he won't let anybody abuse them but himself,—not even *me!* And I know very well now," she went on, bursting into tears, and wiping her eyes with the ends of the cotton handkerchief with which her head was bound, and which was tied behind in a bunch, "that he will beat little Philip's life half out of him, and then entirely spoil all impression that may be made on him by treating him to cakes, and nuts, and pies. Ah! if *I* were their father, my dear, what fine fellows they would be! They have the best of capacities, all of them, and the best of hearts, but they are fools,—Lord forgive me my sins! —and will be, it seems. The urn!" she cried, suddenly remembering the presence of a guest;—"it's boiling. Vera, my friend, bring the urn in. I thank my Almighty Creator that He has spared me one girl," she said in a whisper, alluding to her little daughter Vera, "that has a head instead of a bladder on her shoulders. But a pretty hostess I am, treating my precious guest to my own troubles."

"My dear Anna Ivanovna, you know I always tell you mine, and you comfort me so nicely; now see if I have at all profited by your example."

She shook her head sadly, and took a pinch of snuff (that was the only thing I did not like in her, and I never could eat her rusks with an easy mind).

"We all have our own fashions of grumbling, my dear; but I do think that one of the best ways to get cheerful again is to tell out all one's trouble to some one who will listen, and who can understand one. Yes? And see if you and I do not have a good laugh before we part to-night! But he is weak, is the pope."

She rose from her seat, and began to lay the cloth for tea, and to bring out her best tea-things, bright with gilding. Vera brought in the urn steaming and puffing as only Russian Ipsecoquens, as the doctor translated the word Samovar, can; and the process of tea-making and drinking ensued. "You see," said she, while it was going on, "they all have voices; and he (the runaway, I mean) has such a good one, that the Regent wants to get him into the Bishop's choir, which would be the making of him, my dear. The choristers in the Bishop's choir are always chosen from among the seminarists; and there was Avenir, our second, who was there some time. You may believe it or not, but all Perm used to go to the Bishop's Chapel on purpose to hear that fright sing! It used to be crowded, the boys said, and the Governor's lady used to send him a pound of bon-bons every time after she heard him. And yet that fright (though fright he is not, God bless him; but if he were but a little wiser!), just when they were on the point of giving him a permanent situation as chorister (with *wages!*), he must needs follow our eldest's example. 'I don't want to be an ecclesiastic, I want to be a layman.' Tphoo! 'Well, *be* a layman; cut your hair; shave (when your beard grows); battle with want; make your mother cry herself blind; there's my blessing for you!'" said Anna Ivanovna, apostrophizing the absent Avenir with great energy, and gesticulating with an empty tea-cup in her hand. "Well, Peter,

he is a quiet little fellow, and he goes on singing steadily, though he is not in the Bishop's choir. But when Philip heard that he was to be taken there, he runs away (in the frost, mind! mind that!) and got as far as Q——, where our eldest serves as writer, and he let us know by the postman that Philip had arrived on foot, half dead with cold, hunger, and fatigue," concluded the mother, bursting into tears afresh.

"He had sold his boots," remarked Vera, a quiet, dark-haired girl of twelve or thirteen, "for food on the road, and his print shirt also. He arrived at my brother Nicholas's in bark shoes, and without any shirt, and was so tired that when he came into the house he went straight into the kitchen, climbed up on the stove without speaking a single word, and lay down to sleep there in his fur pelisse, just as he was."

"He slept nearly twenty-four hours without waking, and was so weak with hunger that they could not get a word out of him when he woke, except 'Bishop's choir,' until he had some tea; then they gave him some dinner, and he told them all about it," said Anna Ivanovna.

"But why do not they like to be in the Bishop's choir?" I asked, very naturally.

"God knows. Of course they are obliged to behave extra-properly, that's all. The seminarists have lately got some absurd notions into their heads, and must needs stuff Philip's with them."

"But if they really do not wish to be Priests or choristers, why do you force them?"

"What can I do with them? Tell me, now; tell me! do me the favour! They are educated gratis at the seminary; a Priest's son is seldom admitted into military or special

academies and colleges, unless indeed he pays for them himself; and where are we to get the money to educate six boys to be officers? And if he chooses to finish the course at the ecclesiastical seminary, and not enter the Church, but become a layman, still he must serve three or four years, according to the degree he has taken, before he gets civil or military rank. No: it is far better for a Priest's son to tread in his father's steps."

"Two hundred versts on foot! in such frosts as we have had lately, too, and such a little fellow (he was not more than ten or eleven)! I cannot help thinking that he must have had some very strong reasons for it, Anna Ivanovna!"

"No, stuff and nonsense!"

"Perhaps he is frightened of his teachers——"

"And why should he be afraid of his teachers? only in such case if he learns badly, and is impudent or idle! And in such case, my most excellent lady, I am delighted that he *should* be afraid of his teachers; serve him right!"

"Perhaps he is persecuted by his school-fellows, or something."

"Nonsense, I tell you; and if it were so, do you think we should remove him from the seminary, eh?—Well, when the pope heard of it he burst out crying, and said he would take them all home, and send them to the villages as labourers until they were eighteen, and then make soldiers of them all. Of Avenir, too; yet he, thank God, is getting on pretty well, Nicholas says, as clerk at Q——, though it will be a long time before he gets quite on his legs, because he was fool enough to give up before he had quite completed the course. Though, to be sure, it is no little trouble to get a son into a Church-place comfortably; there are dozens of candidates for one vacancy, and the Government towns swarm with seminarists

who have gone through their examination splendidly, but cannot find places; Lord help them!"

"Then what do they do for their living?"

"Some are mean enough to live at the expense of their parents or friends; others go out as private tutors, or get places in schools or colleges, others are glad to transcribe papers, or keep accounts for *employés* or merchants, some quite fall, from idleness, hopelessness, and bad company. But though in some respects our class is an ill-used one, Priests have one privilege that even the grandest general in the empire does not enjoy!"

"What can that be?" I asked.

"His word is an oath of itself! If he be brought forward as witness, or on any other occasion his testimony is required, he is not obliged to take the usual oath, his calling being considered a sufficient guarantee for his veracity.[1] And his children, as well as himself, are exempted from corporal punishment,[2] not that it is likely though, that they would do anything to deserve it."

"And when they do find a place, Anna Ivanovna, they get ordained, I suppose?"

"The first thing to be done, my dear," said Anna Ivanovna, laughing and tapping my arm, "when the place is found, is to marry! to find a bride! She must be young, and a maiden (ecclesiastics cannot marry widows), handsome if possible, and have a good dowry. They nearly always take their wives from clerical families, for the laity, you see, do not understand our ways; a rich young lady would not marry a poor Priest,

[1] Monks and nuns are exempted also, on the same grounds.—Michaïloffsky.

[2] By the recently-made laws nearly everybody is exempted from the old punishment of rods.

and would not be a good and useful wife to him, because she is not accustomed to house-work, cooking, spinning, and what we call 'village economy.' And a poor one *he* will not take; but of course there are exceptions. Then when he is married all right (of course with the blessing of the Vladika) he must go to the Government town to be ordained, unless by some extra-ordinary piece of good fortune the Bishop should happen to be on his round of visitation, when he might be ordained in his native town, or wherever he might happen to be. Oh, it costs a terrible deal of money; but then, when once he is in his place, nothing can get him out, if he does his duties well, and is not a drunkard."

"I wonder why a person must be married before he become a Priest?" I said, not quite expecting that Anna Ivanovna could inform me satisfactorily.

"Because the Holy Scripture says that he must be 'the husband of one wife.' Of all the clergy, Readers only can marry a second time, and if they do, their alb is taken from them. The candidate must marry before taking Deacon's orders. *One* wife, mind! my pope cannot marry again if I die, which is a comfort, for he takes good care of me, old woman as I am. But I was a real beauty in my youth; not one of my children is like me; popes, every one of them."

I can quite believe that Anna Ivanovna was a beautiful girl, although she has now no teeth visible except two in the lower jaw, and looks very thin and worn. Her blue eyes are still fine; her nose aquiline (a rarity in Russia), but small; her complexion, too, is fair and fine, with the remains of bloom on her now hollow cheeks.

"Tell me, Anna Ivanovna, how you got married, and all about it," I said, seeing that she was in a communicative

humour. "But first tell me one thing—you were taken from a lay family, were you not?"

"No, my dear; I am the daughter of a protopope, and all my kith and kin belonged to the Church, except my noble sons, who, of course, expect to be generals or actual councillors of State one of these days. But why do you think I am of a lay family?" she asked, smiling.

I felt rather confused, but I smiled also, and answered openly, which was my only way of escape. "Because you are not like any other *popodia*[1] that I know, Anna Ivanovna."

"No! I admit that our sisterhood is neither learned nor refined, but we suit for Priest's wives,—they require working women. And you know, my dear, the weakness of our Russian girls; if they can say a phrase or two in French, and jingle a little on the piano, they set up for grand ladies; and as for making rye bread, or mangling the linen on the katok-valyok,[2] or setting up a length of linen to weave—Lord bless you!" and she waved her hand.—"How I got married, eh? Well, much about the same way as other folks, I suppose."

"You have begun your story, Anna Ivanovna, and you must finish it," I said, laughing. "You said 'My father was a protopope.' Now pray go on."

"Very well! My pope's father was very poor, and had a large family. He lived in our district, and he and my father were on very friendly terms. Spiridon Andréevitch used to come home for the vacations on foot from the Government town, and help his father in the field work. If ever I did happen to notice him at all, I only remember thinking him a very lanky, silent lad; just such another as our Avenir, only with black hair. The two fathers often used to joke and plan

[1] Pope's wife. [2] A little hand-mangle.

a wedding, but it only made me mad at the moment, and I never supposed it really would be. My father had a very good place in a large village, part of which belonged to a rich proprietor, a simple, hospitable old man; self-willed, tyrannical, and kind at the same time,—the very type of an old-fashioned land-owner. His second son died, leaving two daughters about my age; they lived with their grandfather, and I was their bosom friend and only companion, for the surrounding land-owners had no daughters of our age. I was my parents' only girl, and a great pet; my father took unusual pains with my education, and taught me geography and history as well as reading and writing; I was always fond of reading, and the young ladies lent me plenty of books. My mother accustomed me to household work from my childhood; the management of the cows, sheep, pigs, and poultry; gardening, spinning, and all the processes to be gone through from the time the flax is sown to the last time of rinsing a piece of linen at the river, and laying it on the grass to dry, before rolling it up to be put away. I learned bead-work and lace-making at the proprietor's house. Being the only daughter, I had a handsome dowry in linen and wool; a beautiful down bed and six large pillows from our own geese; laced towels, and body, table, bed and household linen in abundance, all of my mother's and my own spinning, weaving, bleaching, and sewing, besides twenty pieces of linen unmade, for future use. And, as I said before, I was a pretty girl, and a singer (the boys got their voices from me, my dear, allow me to tell you, for the pope's singing, as you know, is a mere growling), and I could make a gown smartly, so that I had plenty of suitors; but I did not care for one of them, and was so happy at home, that when my father came home one night from a neighbour's

name-day party, and said that, thank God, Father Andrés Spiridon had found a place, and that it was time to think of the wedding, I cried three nights and days incessantly, and nothing but my father's absolute command could have made me consent to marry Spiridon. But he insisted on it, and when my bridegroom came to be formally betrothed to me I was agreeably surprised. He was grown stouter, and quite chatty, and was so kind to me, and so amusing and lively, that by the time the wedding-day came I was almost reconciled to being his wife. In three weeks or a month all the business of courting and marrying was done. I was sixteen, and he twenty-two. My father gave us a cow and a horse, six sheep, and pigs and poultry, besides household utensils, an urn and a set of tea-things, and all that sort of thing. Our village was about a hundred versts from my father's, so that we often saw each other. It was not a rich place, but we contrived to live there without want for seven or eight years, when he was removed to a better place in a town. We have had several moves—more than Priests generally have—and at last came here; it is not a very good place, but I have no reason to complain or to reproach my Creator. We are not rich, as you know, but we live without getting into debt; and if it were not for those stupid boys, and the loss of my dear daughter (which added ten years to my age, my dear—only twenty-two years old, and the best of girls!), I should be perfectly happy. Yes, perfectly happy."

"And after your wedding did you go to town with Father Spiridon? Did you see him ordained?"

"Of course. I saw it all, and it seemed to me very grand and imposing, because I had only seen an Archbishop's Mass once in my life before. He was a Reader when he married;

then he was ordained Sub-Deacon, then Deacon, and last of all Priest. You know a Reader is not considered an ordained minister; he is merely blessed, and his hair, like that of an infant at baptism, is cut in the middle of the church, and a short garment put on his shoulders, called a *Fenol;* but it is not worn at Divine Service, only the alb, which an unconsecrated Ponomar[1] has not the right to put on."

"And all these consecrations took place on one day, one after the other?"

"No; each on different days, and at different times in the Liturgy; and only one person can be ordained during one service, so that the Archbishop seldom performs Mass without an ordination or consecration of some kind. At each ordination some article of canonicals is added, and put on in the church; for instance, the Sub-Deacon dons the scarf over his Reader's alb, a full Deacon receives the cuffs, and a Priest the vestment and stole. When the Bishop gives him either of these canonicals, he says the word 'Axios!' aloud, which means 'he is worthy,' and which is repeated by the clergy and the choir. On the day that my husband was ordained Deacon of course he ate nothing before he went to Mass, and he appeared among the Sub-Deacons who helped in the service of the day. A Deacon is ordained *after* the consecration of the Eucharist, showing that he is not an indispensable person at the celebration of the Holy Communion, but merely a servant or assistant. Do you know that Deacon means servant, in Greek?"

I was forced to confess my utter ignorance of the dead languages, and particularly of Greek.

"Well, and I should not know, but that I am constantly hearing my pope talk to the boys, or to guests about ecclesi-

[1] A lay Reader.

astical concerns. Just at the end of the service, then, the candidate is led by two Sub-Deacons into the altar, and there they deliver him over to the Proto-Deacon or Deacon, who addresses the congregation with the word *Poveli*, which in this instance means 'Permit!' that is, he asks the consent of the people[1] from among whom the new Deacon is supposed to be elected, to his ordination; then he addresses the clergy with the same word, by way of asking their permission to his entering their holy profession and joining their holy brotherhood; and lastly to the Bishop, thus begging his pastoral blessing. After which he leads him up to the Bishop, and precedes him round the altar three times, the candidate kissing the corners of the throne, each time saying, 'O God of Holiness, God of Strength, God of Immortality, have mercy on us!' And as he passes the Bishop he kisses his omophorium, staff (or crozier) and hand. The choir sings Tropars[2] all the time. The candidate then kneels down, but on *one* knee (the right one) only, in token that he does not take all the duties of ministry on himself, and places his hands crosswise on the throne, with his forehead leaning on it between them, and in this position the Bishop lays his hand on him, by putting the end of his omophorium on his head and pronouncing the blessing; the choir sang *Kyrie Eleison* on the right hand in Russ, and on the left in Greek. On the conclusion of the prayer the canonicals of a Deacon were delivered to my husband, who rose to his feet, and were placed in his hands by the Bishop himself, each with the word *Axios*. Of course he kissed the Bishop's hand. When his new canonicals are put on, the new Deacon kisses

[1] Compare "The Form and Manner of Ordaining of Priests" in the Prayer Book, "Good People," &c. &c.

[2] A Psalm or Canticle.

and is kissed by all the other Deacons present, in token of brotherhood, and he immediately enters on his new duties, the *Ripida*[1] being placed in his hand, and stands on the north side of the throne. At the time of the administration of the Sacrament he receives it as a Deacon, that is to say, in the altar, and at the end of the service says the Litany, that being one of his principal duties."

"Well; and the ordination as Priest?"

"It is almost the same. It takes place earlier in the course of the Liturgy; the candidate is led by Deacons to the Altar, is received by Priests, and kneels at the throne on *both* knees, and, besides giving him his canonicals, the Bishop places the missal, or book for the performance of matins, Mass, and vespers, in his hand. *Axios* is of course pronounced. After consecration the new Priest kisses and is kissed by the other Priests present, in token of brotherhood. Then they go on with the service, the newly-ordained Priest taking his place with his fellows, and when the Holy Elements are consecrated, the Bishop places in his hands a piece of the Bread, which he holds during the time of Communion. This signifies that he is now not only the Minister of the Sacraments of Christ's religion, but their keeper, and the distributor of them to others.[2] The prayer that is read just at the end of the Liturgy, is always given to the new Priest to read on the day he is ordained, one of *his* principal offices being to pray for the flock committed to his care, and to beg for all blessings on them both for this

[1] A curious thing made of metal, resembling a coal-hole grating in the pavements of London streets—round, and about eight or ten inches in diameter; it is gilt, and is a showy thing; there is a long handle to it. It is a symbol of angels' wings.

[2] Michaïloffsky.

world and the next, which is the subject of that particular prayer. You must know that a protopope is ordained anew, but it is a mere form, and he has nothing added to his canonicals. The consecration of a Bishop or Abbot is of course very grand, and all the signs of their office are put on them in the church, as the Priests' and Deacons' are."

I thanked my kind friend for her information, and, after a little more conversation on usual subjects, I was thinking of rolling up my work and taking my departure, when we heard the jingling of horse-bells, and immediately afterwards the squeaking of the old yard gates.

"It is the pope!" cried my hostess, running out to meet him.

He entered in a minute or two, his long beard all white with frost, and his hair plaited in two tails. He crossed himself devoutly before speaking a word to his wife or daughter,—who laughingly refused to be kissed,—and gave me his blessing, on my approaching him with the back of my right hand crossed on the palm of my left.

"Well?" said Anna Ivanovna, anxiously.

"Thank God!" was the reply.

"Thank God!" repeated she, crossing herself, with a deep sigh of intense relief. "Go on! Vera! the urn, as quickly as you can!"

The little girl ran to heat it; Father Spiridon wiped his thawing beard, divested himself of his many wrappers, and sat down, relating something about his driver, which even I did not attend to, and which Anna Ivanovna, burning with impatience and motherly solicitude, interrupted without ceremony.

"How did it all end, martyrizer?" she cried.

"I told you it is all right. Curiosity, curiosity, matoushka!

Shall I never cure you of that abominable habit? Twenty-five years have I been trying to eradicate it, and still it is as strong as ever—so there's nothing to be done," he continued, suddenly changing his tone from the sentimental to the natural, "but to gratify it, eh? When I got to Q——, Philip hid himself in the hay-loft, and would not come out; and, after remaining there nearly an hour, still maintained silence. I was so mad with him, that I roared out to him in the yard that if he did not show himself, I would set fire to the hay-loft, so out he crept.—(Give me a pinch.)—Out he crept, and came into the house shaking and shivering, and threw himself at my feet. I said, 'Don't come near me, or I shall knock you down;' and I sat still, drinking tea, without saying one word to him, for an hour or so, which I think frightened him more than if I had flogged him. Then I said, 'Now, Philip Spiridonovitch, I am not going to beat you; but I intend you to be in the Bishop's choir; so get your dinner, and we will be off.' I was sorry for the boy," he continued (Anna Ivanovna was crying and ejaculating, 'Thou darling of mine! thou beauty of mine! my gold! my batioushka!'), "very sorry: he was so scared and thin. He said his companions had put him up to it, and that little Shagin, Father Hippolyte's boy, of Cortemeffka, ran away at the same time. I did not lay my hand on him, mother; but after dinner I gave him some parental advice, and some parental threats; and I told him flatly that he is to be a chorister or a chimney-sweeper." (Father Spiridon chuckled, and his wife actually sobbed.) "So he chose to be a chorister. We went merrily enough to Perm, and when we got there I went straight to the inspector, then to the regent (and paid my respects to the Rector, too; he is an Archimandrite," he explained to me; "a very influential person

with the Vladika), and got him into the choir, written, signed, and sealed, as I may say, without the shadow of a difficulty. For the fact is, mother, that they are only too glad to be sure of such a voice as Philip's."

"Of course. And Pétinka?"

"Pétinka is my own boy! He is just as gentle and quiet as ever, and he nearly cried his eyes out for his brother; yet, as soon as they met, he fell on him and thrashed him before my very eyes. 'Don't be a runaway, a runaway, a runaway,' he said at each blow. As it was in the cause of virtue, I gave him my fatherly blessing to repeat it if ever Philka should think of doing so again. He sings in the seminary choir, but his voice is not equal to his brother's."

It was high time for me to go. I congratulated the worthy couple on the happy conclusion of the affair, and felt very glad that poor little Philip had got off so easily. He never attempted running away again.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE.

PART I.

"*Q.* In what does Marriage consist?

"*A.* The union of the bridegroom and bride by their mutual consent is blessed by the Church, it being a type of the union of Christ with His Church."

AFTER receiving an excellent education in one of the many Government institutions that exist in Russia for the poor or orphaned daughters of nobles, Lizavetta Zorine was taken home by a cousin of her deceased mother's, who would not consent to the cherished child of her best and earliest friend being cast on the world as a governess; and the young girl herself, who looked on her relative as a mother, hesitated not an instant when, by the rules of the establishment, the matter was left to her decision.

Liza's "aunt," as she called her, had herself been an orphan, and had resided from a very early age with a family of relations—landed proprietors, in which, as she grew up, she was far from happy; she had to endure her aunt's con-

tinual scoldings, upbraidings, and grudgings, the horrors of her uncle's drinking-fits, her boy-cousin's persecutions and teasings, and the ridicule which her every action and observation drew from Zenobia, the second daughter of the house, who was just her age, and had received a very superficial education at a *pension* at Moscow, which distinction, she considered, entitled her to behave with insolence and contempt to every less fortunate mortal.

The elder daughter, Nadine, as it was then the fashion to call the possessors of the national name of Nadejda, was good, gay, and loving, a perfect contrast to her sister Zenobia; and to her the poor neglected orphan clung with all the frantic tenderness of a young girl towards one a little older than herself, but who still may be called her bosom friend. Nadine taught Polinka[1] all that she herself knew, and found an apt and eager pupil in her. Not only did she master the French language sufficiently, in the two years which elapsed between her teacher's leaving school and her marriage, to enable her to converse fluently, but she could read with enjoyment various journals of embroidery, &c., and light novels, and even a little of Châteaubriand, Victor Hugo, and other favourites of the Institutka of those days,—played a little on the piano and guitar, and drew birds and butterflies passably well. Nadine's marriage was with a young officer, not of high rank, and with nothing but his pay, and it was the signal for new rules in her mother's establishment. The nurse, who since her charges left the nursery had become housekeeper, was, by virtue of the then existing laws, made over to the young bride as part of her dowry, for Nadine knew nothing of housekeeping; and poor Polinka, who knew

[1] Dim. of Polixena.

but little more, was installed in nurse's place, to make the tea and coffee, give out the provisions, attend to the dairy, and superintend the great washings and cleanings, which constitute such an important item in Russian domestic economy.

Polinka did her duty as well as she could, but she did not like it at all; she was young and inexperienced too, frightened to death of her aunt, and timid in giving orders to the servants, who frequently did not attend to them, and then she had to bear the full force of her aunt's ire. Her days were passed in a tearful, striving, but rather dawdling fulfilment of the duties imposed on her, secret readings of poetry and prose, which, according to the taste of the literature of the day, was all in favour of melancholy, solitude, disappointment and grief, transcribing, much to the displeasure of her aunt, such passages as seemed to suit her case; making and altering her very limited and modest garments. Poor little thing! do not judge her too harshly, gentle, well-informed English girl; she had no one to teach her better, no one to encourage her.

At last an army doctor, pitying her oppressed and persecuted state, and the apparent increase of rigour with which she was treated, did all he could to better her condition by offering himself in marriage. She was a blooming girl of nineteen, quite well-looking enough for a man to lose his heart to; was cheerful enough when she forgot her sorrows, which she always did when he talked to her, and was, as he had abundant occasion to observe when attending her uncle in a long and difficult illness, the kindest, best little body in the world—to his mind. He was twelve years her senior, and not the man likely to take the fancy of a young girl; but she was

thankful and overjoyed at the chance of escape from her present home, and consented without any ado to be his wife.

Her uncle and aunt were glad to get her off their hands, useful as she had been for the last two or three years: they provided her with a dowry of scanty proportions with regard to linen, but magnificent as far as silk gowns, velvet mantles, and be-feathered bonnets went. Arrayed in these, the young Doctorsha made her wedding-visits with her happy husband, to the envy and distraction of her young friends, and especially of her cousin Zizi (who, though she laughed on every occasion at the worthy bridegroom, and made great fun of the whole affair, secretly envied Polinka's position as a bride), and to the admiration and rapture of the mammas, who did not fail to laud to the skies the munificence of the uncle and aunt, and to call down blessings from thence on the orphan's benefactors.

Time passed on. Polixena made a very kind and efficient wife to her good doctor, and the domestic duties, that before had been such a bore to her, were her delight and pride in her own house; the doctor *was* what he seemed before his marriage, and the result of it all was that they were very happy together. He had procured a town practice in the interior, as he did not like dragging his wife and household from place to place with the regiment, and he was getting on in the world quietly and surely, when one day Polinka received a letter from Nadine's husband, informing her that he had just lost his darling wife, who from her death-bed had implored her cousin to take compassion on her little five-years'-old Lizette. He added that he was on the point of leaving Moscow, where he had hitherto lived, for the Caucasus, and proposed assigning a sum of money to be paid to Dr. Koupéeff annually for his little girl's maintenance.

Polinka glanced at her husband with the tears streaming down her plump cheeks.

"Of course!" he said, in answer to her look; "but how shall we get her here? Feodor Pavlovitch is evidently too much distracted by this terrible misfortune to write clearly. We must answer this letter, and ask him to be more explicit. But no; see, he says he is going on the 15th, and it is the 20th to-day. Consequently he is already on the road. And where has he left the child? Listen!" he continued, after a short pause, holding up his hand as it was his wont to do when he wished to be paid attention to; "old Mrs. Stepanoff is at Moscow—write to her, Polia, and ask her to hunt out the poor little darling and bring her here with her when she returns home."

"An excellent idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Koupéeff, "and she is such a kind person that I am sure she will consent. I will go immediately to her daughter's for her address. Poor dear Nadine! she never was very strong: we must have a requiem performed, André Gavrilovitch."

"Certainly; but go at once to Mrs. Stepanoff's daughter's, while I write the letter to the depôt, enclosing poor Feodor's, so that they may settle all his affairs comfortably with Mrs. Stepanoff. It is post-day, too."

Matters were arranged better than might have been expected; the letters to the depôt and to Mrs. Stepanoff were duly sent, received, and attended to; the little girl was not only hunted out by the active and benevolent old lady, but all her mother's upper clothing, and the goods and furniture that the poor distracted young widower had left in the care of his landlord, were advantageously disposed of, the linen and silver collected, and, together with the little Liza,—a delicate, spoiled, pretty

child,—were brought safely to G——, where she was received with showers of tears and kisses by her "aunt," as Polixena Matvéevna called herself, and as the first cousins of parents always are called by the Russians.

The Koupéeffs had two little ones of their own, fine, merry boys of two years and of ten months old, and Polia had a way of getting on with them which did not at all suit the irritable and capricious little Liza. The doctor, however, had views of his own on the subject of physical and moral education; he soon found out that Liza's failings were more those of bad breeding than of character, and he insisted on his wife's going hand in hand with him in bringing her, gently but firmly, to the standard that his own children had already attained. In a year's time she had become a healthy, good-natured, obedient little girl, devotedly fond of her uncle and aunt, and rewarding them for the extraordinary pains they had taken in her improvement, by her affectionate and obliging little ways.

Her father continued to write regularly for some years, during which time Liza's grandparents died, leaving their estate in such a plight that the eldest son could do nothing but sell it in order to pay their debts, his own, and his brothers. The elegant Zizi, after refusing several good men in the hopes of securing a "general," had bestowed her hand on an aged councillor, who was known to be extremely wealthy, and who proved to be extremely stingy. In fact, the happiest of the whole family was Polinka.

When Liza was about ten, official information was received that her father had died of decline, at Vladikavkass. Dr. Koupéeff immediately set about trying for a nomination in one of the Institutes. The trouble and expense (expense, that is, to the greater part of petitioners, to whom every kopecka is

"money") that such an undertaking incurs are only rendered bearable by the hope of their being, eventually, not taken in vain. First, the certificate of birth[1] and baptism, on a stamped paper of *ninety kopeckas'* value. Secondly, of vaccination, good health, and sound mental faculties; particular stress is laid on the child's being free from fits of any kind. The stamped paper for this costs *five silver roubles.* Thirdly, the formulary list of service of the father, or his certificate if he be living and retired, *forty kopeckas.* Fourthly, if he be retired on account of ill-health, a medical certificate is required, *one rouble.* Fifthly, the petition, *one rouble;* and sixthly, a certificate of the acquirements of the little candidate, signed by a competent examiner, and written on ordinary paper. These documents, when collected, are sent off to the place of destination, which varies, according to circumstances, and they generally remain a very long time unanswered in consequence of the immense number of applicants, and the consequent indispensability of ballot. Liza was not more fortunate than others; but her turn came at last, and in her twelfth year she was nominated to an Institute of high repute. No outfit was required, for the orphans are clothed, as well as fed and educated—fitted for governesses. We know already that Polixena Matvéevna was not a highly-educated woman, but with the assistance of a master for arithmetic and grammar she prepared her little niece very creditably; and Liza took her stand among the other recruits of her age, equal to most, superior to many, and inferior to but very few.

[1] Formerly this certificate was to be procured only from the consistory of the diocese in which the child was born; it was always a long job, and often a difficult one, if the family had removed to a distant government. Within the last few years the regulations allow of its being simply a copy from the church register, attested by a Priest, Deacon, and Reader.

True to the rule that every undertaking should begin with prayer, and end with thanksgiving, the Greco-Russian Church provides children about to begin or to resume their studies, with a special service for the purpose of asking the blessing of God on their new, and perhaps unknown duties. It is used not only at the commencement of education, but on the conclusion of long holidays, each time that the pupils assemble anew,[1] on the introduction of a governess or tutor into a private family, and previously to setting forth on a journey for the purpose of placing a boy or girl in an educational establishment. On the eve of the day of Liza's departure from home, her uncle took her to church, and requested that this Molében might be performed on her behalf.

A Naloy[2] is placed in the body of the church, and holy water prepared. The hymn to the Holy Ghost forms the commencement; it is followed by Psalm xxxiv., which is adapted to the occasion in a remarkable manner, inciting the little ones, as it does, to the joys of religion. "O taste and see how gracious the Lord is! blessed is the man that trusteth in Him." "Come, ye children, and hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord." The great Litany is then intoned by the Deacon; to it are added the following special petitions:—

"That it may please Thee to send down on this child (or children) the spirit of wisdom and understanding; to open their minds and their lips, and to enlighten their hearts to the receiving of good teaching."

[1] The pupils are either taken to church, or the service is performed in the schoolroom; the teachers and frequently the parents attend it, and join their prayers with those of the Church for the children given to them or committed to their care.

[2] A small moveable reading-desk.

"*Lord, have mercy on us.*"

"That it may please Thee to plant in their hearts the beginning of true wisdom, Thy Divine fear, and to chase from their minds the follies of youth, that they may eschew evil and do good."

"*Lord, have mercy on us.*"

"That it may please Thee to open their minds, that they may receive, understand, and retain all good and soul-saving teachings."

"*Lord, have mercy on us.*"

"That it may please Thee to instil into their minds the wisdom of Him that sitteth on Thy Throne, that they may know what is pleasing to Him."

"*Lord, have mercy on us.*"

"That they may increase in wisdom and stature, to the glory of God."

"*Lord, have mercy on us.*"

"That they may, by their wisdom and virtuous life, and their stedfastness in the orthodox faith, be the joy and comfort of their parents and a pillar to the orthodox Church."

"*Lord, have mercy on us.*"

"That it may please Thee to preserve them and us from all grief, wrath, and want."

"*Lord, have mercy on us.*"

"Defend, save, preserve, and have mercy on them and us, O Lord, by Thy grace."

"*Lord, have mercy on us.*"

The Priest then reads this conclusion to the Litany :—

"As Thou amongst Thy disciples camest and grantedst them Thy peace, come Thou also among us, and save us!" with

several other "verses," after which the Epistle and Gospel are read, each of which are beautifully adapted to the occasion.

Before the reading of the Epistle (Eph. i. 16—20, and iii. 18—21), the choir always sing a *prokimen*, or preparatory verse.

On this occasion we must again admire the selection made: it is from Psalm viii. 3: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained praise." "My heart shall rejoice in Thy salvation."

The Gospel, read by the Priest over the lowly-bent heads of the children, is taken from St. Mark ix. 13—16. On its conclusion they kiss the Holy Book in token of devotion and respect to its contents. A second Litany follows, after which the Priest, "with all attention and feeling," reads this prayer in a loud voice:—

"O Lord God, our Creator, Who didst teach us men, by teaching Thy chosen disciples, how to receive Thy instruction, Who taughtest Solomon, and all others who sought it, Thy wisdom, open the minds, hearts, and lips of these Thy servants, that they may acknowledge the justice of Thy laws, and understand throughly all good teaching that is given to them; to the glory of Thy Holy Name, and to the benefit and strengthening of Thy Holy Church, make them to understand what Thy Holy Will is. Defend them from all assaults of their enemies, keep them firm in the orthodox faith, and in all goodness and purity throughout all the days of their lives, that they may increase in understanding and in the fulfilling of Thy holy commandments, and so to prepare themselves to glorify Thy Name as to be heirs of Thy kingdom."

The benediction, in the following words, concludes this beautiful little service:—

"The blessing of God be with you, and His grace, and fulness, and mercy, now, henceforth, and for ever."

As each child kisses the cross held in one hand of the Priest, he is sprinkled with holy water from the brush which he holds in the other hand.

André Gavrilovitch took her to Petersburg himself, and even persuaded his wife to give herself a holiday, and leave her little family to the care of Anna Martinovna, a kind, useful old maid, who, though a noble, was as poor as a church mouse, and was only too glad to live for a month or two in the doctor's comfortable house, with nothing to do but to order dinners and make teas for the children, and to partake of the same with them; for the care of the obedient, well-behaved little Koupéeffs could hardly be called trouble. She knitted an astonishing number of children's socks most exquisitely, during her sojourn in the doctor's house, and every week wrote them a letter to one and the same effect, with the slightest possible variation of expression. "Glory to God! Pavlinka and Petinka are in good health, and Olinka also, glory to God! And the cows, glory to God, continue to give plenty of milk; and I hope you and the most respectable André Gavrilovitch are in good health and prosperity." In two months they returned, with all sorts of purchases, which the ladies of the town rushed to inspect and take patterns from. Papasha brought his darling Paul and Peter complete coachmen's costumes for winter wear, consisting of little sheepskin kaftans,[1] embroidered with coloured silks, silken girdles and blue velvet caps, and a sarafan and straw hat for the baby Olga, with plenty of toys for all three. Then there were

[1] A long coat or robe worn by the Russian peasants and coachmen.

Petersburg cotton gowns for the nurse and maid, and a neat cap and woollen dress for Anna Martinovna, who, pleased as she was to receive such a token of kind feeling from her friends, was in her heart of hearts sorry to see them at home again for her own sake, as she foresaw the necessity of taking her leave. The children, however, were so fond of her, and her domestic arrangements during Polixena Matvéevna's absence proved her to be so orderly and careful, that the doctor proposed to her to remain with them, half companion, half housekeeper, particularly as Polinka was not quite strong just then, and required more time for attending to her little boys' studies.

Peacefully and happily, almost without alloy, passed six years more of the lives of the Koupéeffs; two or three children had been added to their family; Paul and Peter had been established some time in the artillery academy, one child had nearly died of the croup, and another badly burnt, though he escaped without any visible scar to disfigure him; new papers had been hung in all the rooms, and a piano bought: these were the most remarkable events in their home history; but now, the return of Liza from the Institute was regarded as a sort of era in the family.

Aunt Zizi, who lived at Petersburg, and whose stingy husband had left her a wealthy widow, had taken but little notice of Liza, except now and then to bring or send her a lath basket of sweetmeats, apples, or oranges; but she now undertook to equip her, and even went so far as to add a few articles from her own purse. Liza stayed with her until an opportunity occurred for her return to G—— with a lady escort, and the few weeks that she lived in Aunt Zizi's house were principally employed in buying and ordering the necessary

things; but the elder lady, who had always had a "strong weakness" (as they say in Russ) for dress and personal ornamentation, was surprised to find so little sympathy on Liza's part on the subject. All her endeavours to raise raptures about wreaths of flowers, canezous, high-heeled boots, ear-rings, nets, &c. &c., were fruitless; Liza's answer generally being—

"Yes, I suppose it will do, thank you, aunt. It is all the same to me."

"Ah! such a lovely net as that, and she says 'it will do,' *mais c'est à ravir!* It will strike all your stupid poky G—— people! And the hat *à la paysanne!* go and put it on."

Liza would submit, for the sixth time in the course of that day, and suffer herself to be admired and criticised by her aunt and her aunt's friends, to whom all the purchases were exhibited for approval. Zizi certainly had good taste, and they were unanimously pronounced to be *magnifique, charmant, parfaitement de bon goût*, and so on.

At last the opportunity arrived, in the person of an elderly landed proprietress, who was performing a sort of pilgrimage from one monastery to another. She had not long before arrived from the Solovetsky monastery on the White Sea, and she now intended returning to her estate, which was not far from G——, and belonged to that district. The day of departure was fixed, and Liza began to prepare for her journey; one more visit to the old familiar walls of the Institute, one last embrace of the kind instructresses and dear companions, and then, with all her finery carefully packed, her album full of farewell and *exalté* effusions, she set forth on her road *home*.

Many were the day-dreams she indulged in during that

weary fortnight; it was in the winter, and consequently they had to travel in the old-fashioned *kibitka*, stopping every twenty or twenty-five versts to change horses, to warm themselves and to drink tea, or dine in the hot uncomfortable station-houses. Liza's protectress slept almost the whole time that they passed in the kibitka, and thus her reflections were seldom interrupted, and her inevitable dulness rarely brightened. The brief visit to Aunt Zizi had left an unsatisfactory impression on her mind, and she longed to meet her second mother, and to pour all her airy castles, her doubts and wishes, into that kind and indulgent bosom.

Then came the long-wished-for arrival, the joyful meeting, the exclamations of surprise at Liza's growth, Anna Martinovna's open admiration of her good looks, Liza's delight with the baby (babies are things unknown in the Institute), and her astonishment that Olinka knew who she was, forgetting that the child had heard little or nothing but conjectures about Liza's arrival for the last month or more.

After the first burst of welcome and joy had subsided, Polixena Matvéevna led her to a neat, cheerful little bedroom, prettily furnished, where she found a green stand full of plants in bloom (André Gavrilovitch did not consider plants poisonous), a work-table, book-shelves with "Maïkoff's Poems," Mey's sweet verses, Tourgénieff's exquisite "Notes of a Sportsman," and other well-selected works, besides the already received numbers of two or three of the best periodicals. These little attentions touched our Institutka; she was prepared to love Polixena Matvéevna as she would her own mother, and when she heard the kind voice say, "If I have forgotten anything that you want, dear, tell me, and you shall have it if it is in our power," the young girl

burst into tears, and could not utter a word for happiness and gratitude.

"Now, aunty," she said the next morning, when they all met at the coffee-table, she looking much prettier after a good night's rest, and attired in one of the becoming Petersburg dresses, and with her beautiful light brown hair arranged nicely, "I do not intend to be idle; I want to help you; you must give me some occupation. And I think, if you would allow me to teach Olia, I should be able, and Yashinka too, when he is a little older. You will let me, aunty?"

"By all means; only do not spoil them."

"Oh no! I will be dreadfully strict. Then I must help you to sew. Do you know that the Empress praises the good sewers more than the beautiful embroiderers? I can sew very neatly. And we will read, together, aunty, and play duets; yes?"

"My dear, I never was a performer."

"But secondo? surely, aunty, you can manage a secondo? Is your piano a good one? Let me see!"

The Koupéeffs hoped to find Liza capable of playing passably, but they were quite unprepared to hear such a finished performance, and it was a real delight to them, for both were great lovers of music; the charm of her playing was enhanced by the readiness with which she always sat down, and the apparent unconsciousness of so far surpassing most lady musicians. Anna Martinovna applauded loudly, to the secret annoyance of the other hearers.

Liza was very happy; her needlework, piano, little Olga's studies, and her own reading, formed her daily occupations; while occasional visits, a dance now and then, a ride on horseback, a row on the river, deprived the quiet life of a country town of a degree of monotony which would have

been irksome to the lively girl, who, however thoroughly she enjoyed it when afforded, was by no means eager after amusement; her aunt adored her, and with her uncle she was on the best possible terms, until—

Yes, *until!* Until Gregory Gregoriévitch—the aulic councillor, aged forty-five, the owner of the best house in G—— (with a wing, too), the possessor of some fifty thousand roubles safe in the Interior Loan (and consequently with five hundred chances of winning the much envied two-hundred-thousand prize!)—a very respectable, worthy, and not disagreeable person—made Liza an offer of marriage!

When her uncle, whom this distinction greatly flattered and delighted, communicated it to her, he was extremely surprised, disappointed, and to say the truth enraged, on hearing, as far as a violent flood of tears would permit, a decided and definite refusal.

"She was so happy at home. She did not care a fig for Gregory Gregoriévitch, and she did not want to be married at all. Would much rather live with her dear aunt." Here she threw herself on Mrs. Koupéeff's neck, "and begged of her uncle to tell that insupportable old thing, Gregory Gregoriévitch, that she never could, never would . . . "

"Insupportable old thing!" repeated André Gavrilovitch, who considered forty-five as the prime of life. "Sudarinia,[1] are you aware of whom you are speaking? And do you not know that I am your lawful guardian? that you are bound to obey me, Sudarinia? Liza, Liza," he added, deeply hurt, "I never should have expected this from you!"

"Don't scold me, uncle! forgive me!" she exclaimed, seizing his hand and kissing it. "Wait a little! I hardly

[1] My lady or madam.

know what I am saying. I never thought of such a thing, uncle!"

"Give her a day or two to consider, André Gavrilovitch," said Polixena Matvéevna, wiping her eyes and drawing Liza to her; "she is frightened, perplexed."

"Well, well, be it so," said the doctor; "to-morrow evening at tea-time I shall expect your answer, Elizavetta Feodorovna; and I hope . . . . . Think, my soul!" he continued, with tears in his eyes, for if he did lose temper, it was never for long; "think of the future! As long as I am able to serve, I count it a happiness and blessing, God knows, to have you in my house and cherish you as my own dear child; but if I were to fail in health, or if it were to please God to take me hence? Think of that!"

"I would go out as governess, and send all my salary to you or aunty," cried the affectionate girl, "but not be Gregory Gregoriévitch's wife! No, not for——"

"Stop, stop! many is the happy wife that has said those same words. Reflect seriously, my little angel. Compose yourself, and try to think of him more favourably. Go and talk to Anna Martinovna!"

Alas! but little sympathy did she meet with in matter-of-fact Anna Martinovna, who had heard of the offer before it was spoken of to Liza, and was almost as pleased as the doctor. She was sitting in the tea-room, with her spectacles on, laying out a fortune with an old pack of cards, and Liza saw that she was the subject of her divinations by the queen of spades (her representative as a brown-haired lady) lying in the middle of the octagon. Not a word was spoken by either until the queen had arrived safely by the side of the king and ace of diamonds, which meant Gregory Gregoriévitch and his

house, when Anna Martinovna took the opportunity of launching forth into praises of that worthy, of his mother (a cross, stingy old lady, whose very existence formed one of Liza's principal objections, though she did not dare acknowledge it), of his disposition, generosity, important position, &c. The handsome house, with its inevitable wing, the splendid furniture, the paper-hangings and cornices from St. Petersburg, the carriages and grey horses, garden and hot-houses, were all described, extolled, and commented on. Liza felt worried to spitefulness, and the last stroke was added by Anna Martinovna exclaiming rapturously, "And how he will dress you! He says that you shall have nothing to do from morning to night, but sit in velvet, jewels, and flowers, like a Tzaritza."

"I don't want to be dressed in velvet!" said Liza, crossly; "it must be very hot, and stiff, and uncomfortable; and flowers always tickle my neck and prick my head. I detest them! A most delightful prospect truly, to sit still and do nothing from morning to night: I should be a corpse in no time! Like a Tzaritza, too! I wonder whether he ever saw a Tzaritza doing nothing all day? I wish he could see *our* Empress, and know what a deal she does! As for the jewels —well, I should like to have a good watch, I confess."

"He'll give you a beauty," said Anna Martinovna, "all studded with brilliants."

"I don't want it studded with brilliants," cried Liza, still more irritated than before, "only a good goer! Do please remember, Anna Martinovna, that we are not living in the days of the boyarins, when such persuasions had weight with their cooped-up girls. I wish," she said, relapsing into her tearful state, "that he would marry *you*, Anna Martinovna!"

"I wish he would, too, my dear," said the good-natured old

lady, laughing heartily, which made Liza cry more than ever. "I should like to see myself dressed in velvet, crowned with flowers, and covered with jewels, I should!"

"Oh! you cruel, provoking creature!" sighed poor Liza. "I came here thinking you would comfort me, and take my part, and instead of that——"

The bare hint at unkindness was enough to melt the soft heart of the really amiable woman; she threw her arms round Liza, and promised never to say another word in favour of the unwelcome suitor, and even to tell Polixena Matvéevna that he was quite an unsuitable match for such a young girl. Liza sat sobbing, in a weak-minded manner, a very picture of misery, till supper-time, when she slipped away to bed without eating a morsel.

Of course the subject was renewed next morning with Polixena Matvéevna, who had received strict orders from the doctor to do her utmost to persuade Liza to accept this grand offer. At last, finding all her arguments fail, she came to her own, perhaps a very natural, conclusion. She made up her mind that her niece preferred somebody else, and communicated the idea to her husband.

"In that case," said he, gravely, "God forbid I should force her. Try to find out, my dear. Who can it be? Lord, forgive us our sins! Yes, that may be, who knows?"

Now she was one of those happy girls who can dance with agreeable and good-looking young officers and *employés*, ride out with them (aunty and the children following in the droschky), play duets with them, and yet not take a particular fancy to any or either of them. She was, in fact, perfectly heart-free. She supposed, if ever the notion entered her head, indeed she felt quite sure that one of these days she should be

married, be very fond of an ideal of a husband, and have beautiful little children with naturally curling hair; but she was so completely happy at home, that this feeling was by no means the besetting one. And not one young man had yet appeared whom she preferred to another. She was very miserable, quite desperate indeed, when tea-time was approaching, and the dreaded hour of decision drawing near. She did not know which alternative was the most frightful,—vexing her dear, kind, generous uncle, or marrying that pompous, middle-aged, business-like old thing. His years were a sort of a day cauchemar,[1] for ever returning to her imagination; he had lost a front tooth too; though to be sure he was an excellent man, everybody said so; but if he would be so very kind as to make an offer to somebody else, she really did think she might acknowledge that she liked, respected, wished well to Gregory Gregoriévitch. But as *her* suitor, she detested him.

"There's nothing to be done," she said to herself, "but to tell uncle that I can't. And if he is most dreadfully angry with me, why, I have a diploma, and I can go out as governess. Perhaps I shall meet somebody *there* whom I can love. But how lonely I shall be without aunty and Olinka, and dear uncle! and Varinka, and—oh! oh!" But aunty came to her relief.

"There is something mysterious in all this, Lizotchka,"[2] she said, entering the pretty bed-room where the weeping damsel sat. "Now, will you be candid with me, and tell me the real and true reasons that you have for going against your uncle's wishes? It strikes me that you must have an attachment, my dear. Now it is quite natural and pardonable if you have, at

[1] Nightmare. [2] Dim. for Elizavetta.

your age; but before we decidedly refuse Gregory Gregoriévitch, you must tell me who it is."

Then there was a way to escape. An idea, which she instantly repulsed, flashed through her mind. She sat pinching her handkerchief, with downcast eyes. Did she really like anybody? No. Decidedly not. But if she *said* so, then uncle would insist on her marriage. Must she tell a *lie?* Is not there any one whom she loves? Shoubine, who sings so beautifully? or Prshlensky, that handsome Pole? Belaeff? No, she did not care a straw for one of them.

"Well, darling, who is it? No one but André Gavrilovitch shall know; tell me!"

One struggle more with her pure, unsullied conscience, and the fib was told. "Leonoff!"

"Leonoff?" Polixena Matvéevna was actually struck speechless with surprise, and could only pronounce that one name in alternate tones of interrogation, astonishment, amusement, and doubt. Liza sat like a statue, frightfully pale, her deep breathing only giving sign of life.

"And he?" at length gasped her aunt; "has he ever spoken to you, does he——"

"Never!" whispered poor Liza, as she fell to the floor in a state half hysterical, half fainting.

In the course of the evening a note was composed, written out clean on a sheet of large writing-paper, in the doctor's bold, clear hand, and dispatched to the aulic councillor, the receipt of which very much astonished that excellent gentleman.

Leonoff was the poorest, youngest, and most modest of all the young men of G——. He was, however, not ill-looking, had completed a university education, and bore the character of a most worthy, intelligent, and respectable youth. But he

entered into society so little, and, when he did make his appearance, was so reserved, almost shy with the ladies, and especially with the young ones, that it is not to be wondered at that the Koupéeffs were astonished at Liza's confession.

It was just for all these reasons that she had selected his name, nothing more. Nothing could exceed the kindness and delicacy of her uncle and aunt on the subject; but her mental sufferings were terrible. Her shame before Almighty God for her wilful lie, her dread of Leonoff's hearing of it, her affectionate heart's misery at thus deceiving and continuing to deceive her dearest friends, all combined to make her far more wretched than an unrequited or deceived attachment could have done. Often was she on the very point of throwing herself at her guardians' feet, confessing all, and imploring their forgiveness; she felt ready even to make up for her faults by declaring herself ready to marry her rejected suitor, but fortunately for her he had not pined long after her refusal. He had made up his mind to get married, and set about wooing and winning the handsome, but next to speechless daughter of a Priest, without delay. What she dreaded most on earth was, meeting Leonoff face to face,—"eyes to eyes," as they say in Russ, and reading in those eyes the knowledge of a secret that did not exist. And her reflections how he must despise and detest her formed scarcely less subject than the rest for her torturing self-reproaches.

Leonoff's history is soon told; his father was a poor *employé*, the youngest son of a good old country family. He died soon after his only boy had entered the University of Moscow, and his widow took up her abode with a married daughter. When her son Constantine Petrovitch finished the university course, she very much wished to accompany him to

the distant government whither he was going to serve, and where a very modest appointment, with a very tiny salary, had been offered to him. Her daughter, however, dissuaded her, until Kostinka[1] should gain a little promotion, and be in a position to receive his mother in comfort.

He lodged, as it happened, in an old brown log house belonging to a deaf relation of Anna Martinovna, who "did" for him, and was always loud in his praises. He paid so regularly, was so content with his meals, and so careful of his clothes; never had any noisy parties; only now and then a visitor, as quiet and retiring as himself, would call in to drink a glass of tea and smoke a papyros of an evening with her "golden" lodger. For she was very fond of him, and loved to imagine that a little son of hers that had only lived long enough to be christened, and who would have been about Leonoff's age, would have been just such another, and she literally treated him with maternal tenderness. In the confusion caused by Liza's hysterics on the memorable evening of her confession, his name had been incautiously mentioned in Anna Martinovna's hearing, and she could not resist the temptation of relating the extraordinary circumstance to the deaf relative, who in her turn took an early opportunity of mentioning it to her lodger.

Poor Leonoff! if ever a daring thought had entered his head—if ever he did dream of love and matrimony, an image very like Liza's always figured in those dreams. He dared not wholly believe the truth of his landlady's whispered communication, the possibility, the probability of it; he stared, then bent down to write again, for he blushed like a girl, murmuring, "Nonsense," "Impossible!" yet felt supremely happy.

[1] Dim. for Constantine.

He had heard that Gregory Gregoriévitch had wished to marry Liza, and as it happened that he was under that councillor's command, he had fancied how pleasant it would be to have such a sweet, amiable, unceremonious young chiefess. Then he had heard of the refusal, which was considered as the most extraordinary and incomprehensible piece of foolishness by the inhabitants in general of G——. And now he knew the reason! but was it true? Could it be? would it ever be? Notwithstanding all his modesty, he could not help hoping that it was not altogether an impossibility; and so meditated and meditated, until he was fairly in love.

At last they met, for the first time since they had begun to think of each other under such strange circumstances. As a rule Leonoff rather hated dancing than otherwise, especially when he scarcely knew his partners, and he always set out to a party with the feeling that he must pay a tribute due from youth to the middle-aged givers of a dance, and dance he did, but only to please his host or hostess. On this occasion, however, he prepared for the party with a beating heart, and felt glad that he had not rendered the only way of gaining a few minutes' conversation with Liza impossible, by refusing to dance on former occasions.

The Koupéeffs arrived after Leonoff, and Liza evidently had partners previously engaged, with whom she danced, talked, and laughed in her modestly, self-possessed way, apparently unconscious of Leonoff's presence. But oh! how she felt the watching and following of those brown eyes, how she dreaded meeting them in the *grande ronde*, and avoided even passing by the door, where he stood between the dances. But at last he approached her, and succeeded in engaging her for a quadrille. The fourth, fifth, sixth were promised; she

blushed painfully while the invitation was going on, and accepted the seventh.

The man must have been more than human had he not interpreted that blush of shame and self-reproach favourably for himself. The quadrille passed in the most unsatisfactory manner: Leonoff tried all sorts of subjects, but Liza got inextricably confused; she felt ready to cry, and if it had been any one else but Constantine Petrovitch she must have rushed away from the quadrille, she thought. Her poor little soft hand trembled in his like one in an ague; and how he longed to be able honourably to hold it, as his own, to calm the frightened, fluttered heart, to tell her how long, how very long ago he had loved her! But "*noblesse oblige*," and so, alas! does *pauvreté*. He did not hint, in the most distant manner, at his feelings, but he went home perfectly happy; enough that he had seen those blushes, that nervous confusion, that he had felt that trembling hand once more as he seated her after the quadrille. He resolved to work harder than ever, at any rate, to gain a step, and then. . . .

While Liza gradually forgot her misery, especially after her confession in the Great Fast following, and little by little regained her happiness and equanimity.

About two months after this first meeting, which proved to be by no means the last, and which was followed by several others, each less embarrassing than the preceding one, Dr. Koupéeff received a parcel of books through the post, and went to get it and to write the receipt for it in the book at the post-office. In Russia, a post-master is an officer; and as all money-letters and parcels pass through his hands, he generally knows pretty well how people's affairs, in a little town like G——, stand.

"André Gavrilovitch, my respects! Come for the little parcel? Immediately! Take a chair, I beg. We have a great deal to do to-day, and, besides that, plenty of visitors. Easter will soon be here, and we have a great deal of money correspondence in consequence. Ah yes! Constantine Petrovitch Leonoff—you are pleased to be acquainted with him?"

"Yes, I know him slightly."

"Well, he has had a money letter from Moscow—two hundred roubles, sir, and an insured letter from Yaroslavl."

"I congratulate him," said the doctor, as he signed the book which the postilion placed before him, "and wish him such letters every post."

"Stop a minute!" continued the loquacious post-master; "that's not all! only fancy why the money was sent, sir. For the expenses of a journey to Yaroslavl, sir. He has come into an inheritance of an estate with two hundred souls, sir; he is a landed proprietor, André Gavrilovitch."

"Is it possible?" said the doctor, delighted always to hear of his neighbour's good fortune; "I am truly glad to hear of it! He is a very good young fellow, and always respectful and affectionate to us old boys. There is the receipt. Good morning!"

"My respects, André Gavrilovitch!"

It was perfectly true. No one was more surprised than Constantine himself, who was entirely ignorant of the fact that the heir to the estate, an orphan cadet of twelve or fourteen, had died a few months before his grandfather, who was a second or third cousin of Leonoff's. The estate was in excellent condition, and the old man had left neither debts nor pledges; all that Leonoff had to do was to go and take possession of his property.

The Koupéeffs did not tell Liza of this change in his affairs; they thought it best for it to come to her knowledge by other means. In the evening of that same day, Leonoff himself came, and entered the doctor's cabinet and consulting-room, which was close to the entrance-door, as cabinets generally are. André Gavrilovitch was reading attentively the new medical books he had received in the morning, and the sound of the spring-bell when Leonoff opened the outer door did not attract the attention of the other members of the family, as the doctor had visitors at all hours of the day, who had no business with anybody but with him. After the first greetings, Leonoff told him of his unexpected good fortune, showed him both letters, and concluded by asking Liza in marriage.

"My dear, I am rejoiced, thank the Lord!" cried the doctor, embracing his guest. "God bless you! I'll call her directly," he said, hurrying out of the room, and quite forgetting that the young lady must be prepared for such a meeting.

"I have the honour to congratulate you on an offer of marriage, Liza!" he exclaimed, entering the sitting-room hastily, where Polixena Matvéevna was at work, while Liza read aloud, and Anna Martinovna knitted her eternal stocking. "It's all right!" he added to his wife, and nodding. "Constantine Petrovitch does you the honour to ask your hand, Lizavetta Feodorovna!" he continued, with a low bow; "he has just inherited an estate with two hundred souls. I have the honour to congratulate you! Come along!"

Liza stared vacantly at her uncle, and turned red and pale by turns. "The time for my punishment is come," thought she; "I will go through it, with God's blessing, and may

He accept my penitence!" "May I go alone?" she said, timidly.

The doctor laughed. "Oh, by all means, if you wish it! Go, with God's blessing!" He was in tremendous spirits; and when Liza had left the room, he not only kissed his wife, but even Anna Martinovna, in the plenitude of his joy.

Liza entered the cabinet where Leonoff sat waiting his fate, and then stood still at the door. He rushed forward and attempted to take her hands, but she put both behind her.

"Constantine Petrovitch," she began, "let me speak." She could hardly utter the words audibly, her voice was thick, and her speech stuttering. "I am very guilty before you. Forgive me, for Christ's sake! I told a lie! I made use of your honest name as a screen. I never loved you. Forgive me!" she cried, prostrating herself at his feet. He raised her before her pale forehead had touched the floor, and placed her gently in her uncle's arm-chair. A passionate burst of tears came to her relief.

"Calm yourself, I intreat of you, Lizavetta Feodorovna!" he said kindly. "Whatever you may have done wrong towards me, I forgive beforehand. There! wipe your eyes! Tell me what it is that you mean," he continued at intervals.

"Who told *you?*" she asked, for mistrust whispered to her that he knew.

"Never mind who told me, Lizavetta Feodorovna; enough that it made me very, very happy for nearly half a year. And it is in your power to make me still happier."

"But you do not know all about it, Constantine Petrovitch; you do not know how guilty I am;" and in a few words she told him all,—all, without disguising one fact or feeling.

He listened in silence, with a smile of indulgent pity on his countenance.

"Then this is the penance you have imposed on yourself? Then may God forgive you as I do!" he said, rising, and making the sign of the cross over her. "Let us forget all about this business, except the pleasant part of it,—I mean the hopes I have cherished so long,—and *you* know how silently, Liza. Must they be given up? May I not hope that the words, hastily spoken last year, may be repeated in earnest, one of these days? Give me a chance of pleasing you.—Liza!" He took the hand that had trembled so at the Christmas party. "You have made me your father confessor to-day, and you have received pardon; but you must let me impose a penance on you. I ask no more than this—do not quite refuse me till I return from Yaroslavl,—I shall be gone a month."

"As you will."

"Liza! Liza!" he cried, kissing her hand; "you *shall* love me at last! you will consent, I know! And you will let me write to you?"

"Under cover to my uncle." She rose from her seat, and continued, firmly now,—"Pray understand that, for your sake as well as my own, I can say nothing further until your return. And I should wish this to remain between us."

With the hopefulness and buoyancy of youth he consented to her terms, and bade her farewell. "I shall go to-morrow; my kibitka[1] is being prepared now. It will be a horrid journey in the thaw, and almost worse when I return; but it is all the same to me now," he added, in a burst of sincerity that he could not repress. "Good-bye, Lizavetta Feodorovna."

[1] A winter equipage.

"Till we meet again, Constantine Petrovitch."

Dr. Koupéeff seemed rather disappointed when Liza told him that no arrangements were to be made until Leonoff's return, and that they both wished the affair to be kept secret till then. He consented, however, to her receiving letters from Constantine, and said that she might answer, which, however, she did not intend to do.

The next day he could not refrain from coming once more before his departure. He found his hoped-for bride still very reserved and timid, but the last shake of the hand, which, however, she would not allow him to kiss, had a mysterious influence on his spirits, and he left G—— in a state of happiness that he had never in his life experienced. On his arrival at the estate, he wrote her a short, respectful, business-like letter, which it gave her greater pleasure to receive than she ever expected. The next was longer and slightly more familiar: he described the house and village, the gardens and surrounding country, his meeting with his mother and unmarried sister, who had come from Moscow to join him; told her of the joyful consent of the former to his early marriage, and of his having nearly secured a Government situation in the neighbouring town, which was merely four versts from the estate.

Half-a-dozen letters, her aunt's and uncle's warm representations, Anna Martinovna's botherings, and, *enfin*, her own gratitude for his delicacy and kindness, her pity for his disappointment *if*—and her appreciation of his worth, which no one questioned, settled the matter. When the time came for his return, Liza's mind was quite made up, and she welcomed him from her very heart. She even went to meet him in the entrance when she saw him approaching the house, instead of waiting for him in the drawing-room, as Anna

Martinovna said a bride should do, dressed in a white muslin dress and pink ribbons.

"Are you prepared to fulfil your penance completely?" he asked, smiling, after the first greetings, which were strictly formal.

"It is no longer a penance," said Liza, looking at him in the eyes, but with tears gathering in her own. She had made up her mind to be candid with him, at the expense of every young-lady-like scruple.

"I must invent another, then," said he, now perfectly happy; and taking her hand, they went together into the saloon, where Dr. Koupéeff met them, joined their hands, and made them kiss each other. Polixena Matvéevna came in at the same time, and after mutual greetings, the bride and bridegroom were blessed by Liza's uncle and aunt. In a few days the betrothal took place, in honour of which a ball was given. The Priest blessed the young couple before the company assembled, in the presence of the family only, and a few intimate friends. The ceremony is very short, consisting merely of a few prayers which the Priest reads before the picture in the saloon, after which the pair exchange rings, and kiss each other. This ceremony is not always observed, and seems to be gradually going out of fashion.

You seldom hear of a match being broken off in Russia, yet the numbers of hurried and precipitate engagements that take place are truly astonishing. After the betrothal, the bridegroom almost lives in the house of the bride, all his time being spent with her except that required for service. He goes home at a late hour, and makes his appearance at coffee (luncheon time) next morning. This is very pleasant for the parties themselves, but is sometimes irksome to the good mammas.

From the day of Liza's betrothal, the whole house was in a whirl of business. Workwomen were hired to make the trousseau, and joined the nurse in singing wedding choruses from morning to night. Polixena Matvéevna did nothing but cut out and give orders; and the doctor, who, like most Russian house-fathers, was an excellent purchaser, chose and bought all the linen, calico, muslin, and prints required—bargaining, as he himself expressed, "in the sweat of his brow." Aunt Zizi was applied to for the bonnets and dresses, and all those articles which come under the term "modes," two or three great boxes of which arrived through the post in six weeks' time after the money-letter was sent. Constantine Petrovitch, according to the old Russian custom, made his bride a present of her wedding costume, which his married sister sent, ready-made from a "body" of Liza's that was forwarded to her, from one of the first magazines at Moscow. He also presented her with various articles of jewellery, and with a watch, without any ornaments in particular, "but a good goer." This was Anna Martinovna's contrivance, for she and Leonoff were great friends, and he often used to consult her on little matters. Once she happened to relate to him her conversation with Liza on the evening of Gregory Gregoriévitch's proposal, and he instantly wrote for the best that could be found at D——, the nearest Government town, after much secrecy, whisperings, and mystery between him and the good old lady, who was as happy as a child on such occasions.

The dowry of a Russian maiden is a very serious thing; not only must she have a more than full wardrobe for her own personal use, but all the household linen, kitchen utensils, silver, tea and dinner services, carpets, and even curtains—

frequently the furniture of the bed-room and boudoir of the bride,—are provided by the parents.[1] A piano is indispensable with people in good circumstances, even if the bride be no musician. People in straitened circumstances begin to scrape things together for their daughters from their early childhood; and where a spare ten or five-rouble note turns up, it is sure to be laid out in linen or calico, or something of the sort, to be made up, little by little, as time permits. The amount of linen and plate that is sometimes given is really exorbitant, and the former by far too much for the ordinary lifetime of a woman." In such a case, it goes to her daughters. I know one bride, the wife of a person holding by no means an important position, who "carried off" *eight poods*[2] of plate in different forms, from the indispensable tea-spoon to a washing-basin and jug. All was solid silver; not one article was plated. The wedding presents, such as are made by relatives and friends to an English *ménage*, are seldom given, except when the parties are very poor, and then the richer relations *sometimes* help them.

Liza's dowry was handsome and plentiful, but not tremendous. The uncle had been a careful and conscientious guardian, and the little sum of money realized by the sale of her parents' effects at Moscow, which had been advantageously placed out at interest, was now made use of. Until then the whole expense of her wardrobe, &c., had been the Koupéeff's, since her father's death. Her mother's plate was almost untouched, and came to her just in the same state as it had to Nadine some twenty years before.

[1] Should the young wife die childless, her dowry can be lawfully claimed by her parents, except her bed, and the picture with which she was blessed.

[2] 288 lbs. avoirdupois.

Occasionally the young ladies of G—— formed parties, and came to help the bride make her clothes. I cannot say much work was done on these occasions, and Polixena Matvéevna had sometimes to unpick and re-sew the tasks performed by the noisy young sempstresses, who, however, were all firmly persuaded that they had been of great use. Polixena Matvéevna always grumbled as much over this as her nature permitted, for it is a popular belief that if any part of the dowry be unpicked the young couple will be sure to quarrel after marriage.

They were obliged to hurry the preparations, as the vacancy to which Leonoff had the promise of being appointed was to occur in June, and he did not wish to let it pass, as it was merely nominal, with the slightest possible business, and would scarcely interfere with his many duties as a landowner, but would conduce to his importance in the Government nobility. The engagement took place in April, and the wedding-day was fixed for the 1st of June. The Russians have a sort of superstition about weddings in May (founded on the resemblance in sound of the verb *to be worried*, to the name of the month), supposing them to be unlucky. And our worthy Koupéeffs were not free from the usual "beliefs" of their country.

Consultations had being going on during the whole time of the engagement concerning the guests of honour to be invited as "assistants" at the wedding. These are more numerous than those required at an English wedding, as the following list will show.

First, in importance, is the *Týsatsky*, or witness in the church books to the marriage. He is generally the grandest of the connexions, but not a very near relation; for instance,

not the father or grandfather of either of the parties. If the family list fail to find a person answering to the degree of importance required, viz., rank or position, age, and sufficient affluence to render the office unimportant to him in a pecuniary manner,—an acquaintance is invited. The Tysatsky pays for the lighting-up of the church—in some places the Priest's fees; but I think that his mere presence, especially if he have the heavy epaulettes of a general or colonel, and plenty of orders and medals, is the great thing aimed at. He has nothing to do at the ceremony, and is in fact merely *the* witness.

Next come the ladies of honour, who accompany the bride and bridegroom to church. In the absence of the godmothers of the parties, they are selected from among the nearest *married* relatives, aunts, sisters, &c. These failing, the most intimate acquaintance are requested to undertake the office, always having in view that the indispensable finery be not unsuitable to the age, position, or finances of the lady.

The *Schafers*, or bridesmen, have the greatest part to play as far as *doing* is concerned, the others merely *being*. They ought to be young unmarried men of lively and agreeable dispositions, good, and not idle dancers, able to take on themselves the office of masters of the ceremonies for the whole day. Their duties are many and various, but they have no actual expenses to meet, except indeed the purchase of sweetmeats (bon-bonnières) for the bridesmaids. The schafers, who are required both for bride and bridegroom, are generally two in number, but often they are doubled and trebled; and the more, of course the merrier.

Another personage, whose office must not be forgotten, is the *Boyarin*, who carries the picture to church; both bride

and bridegroom have one. He is generally a little boy from four to ten or twelve years old, though in the absence of so young a child in the family an adult frequently fills his place. These persons, who of course suppose that they form a very important feature in the ceremony, carry the pictures with which the pair have been blessed, face outwards, flat against their breasts, holding them on each side, and on their arrival at church deliver them over to the Reader, who places them leaning against the altar-screen, or takes them behind the royal gates, and leaves them, in either case, during the marriage service, when they are again given to the Boyarins to be taken home.

There is also an office which a person in an inferior station is always delighted to fill. The housekeeper, the dress-maker, the old nurse, or the bride's wet-nurse, sometimes a relative of lower degree, is invited to superintend the carrying of the dowry from the house of the bride's parents to that of her future husband, to arrange her room, and prepare everything for her private use.

The bridesmaids are not dressed alike in general, and not confined to numbers. They assemble at the bride's house, help to dress her, and accompany her to church. The only rule that seems to be observed concerning them is that the bride's schafer has the privilege of choosing one of them to escort to church—a distinction which, though often embarrassing to all parties, is in most cases delightful to one, and perhaps two.

Liza insisted on having the *devishnick* (farewell girls' party) without the presence of one gentleman, and on the eve of the wedding-day all the unmarried ladies of G——, from twelve or fourteen years of age to old Matrona Evgrafovna, the protopope's rich sister, assembled; they danced, sang choruses,

chased each other in the garden, and made a tremendous noise. Anna Martinovna was in her glory, and performed the *Kazatchok*, a national dance, with Nina Strjalkoffska, the apothecary's daughter, a lively, pretty, half-Polish girl of seventeen, to the delight of all beholders. Tea, ice-cream, sweetmeats and lemonade, were consumed to a frightful extent, and excited grave doubts in the mind of the doctor,—who was only allowed to be witness from the door of his cabinet,—as to the state of health the partakers would find themselves in the next day. Finally they sat down to supper, at which they scarcely ate anything, but in which figured a "Temple of Love," made of macaroons, with Olinka's doll, in the character of Cupid, sitting in the middle, crowned with flowers and with wings, bow and quiver, complete, all made of gilt paper. This was a surprise prepared by Anna Martinovna, who was great in fancy cookery, and it was hailed with screams of delight by the easily-pleased party, who forthwith demolished the temple with one accord, and then divided the ornaments as a remembrance of their frolicsome evening.

Liza was excited, and frisked with her young companions, played for their dancing, sang and danced with the rest as if she were still one of them; but when they were gone, the reaction was violent, and she sobbed on her aunt's shoulder as if her heart were breaking. The doctor became concerned, and gave her some drops, blessed her, and made her say her prayers in his presence. In a little time her sobs became less frequent, but he desired his wife not to leave her until she had fairly gone to sleep. Polixena Matvéevna sat by her bedside until her hand, which had been grasped in Liza's, could be gently disengaged from the now yielding fingers,

and whispering a blessing on the slumbering girl, she made the sign of the cross over her three times, and stole out of the room on tiptoe.

When Liza awoke the next morning, she saw Anna Martinovna standing by her bedside with a little parcel in her hand.

"From the bridegroom!" she exclaimed, "with his compliments, and a lady's maid, my golden Lizavetta Feodorovna! She arrived only yesterday afternoon from the estate, and is waiting to see you."

"A lady's-maid? How kind, how thoughtful of him! My dear, excellent, good Kostinka! how he does spoil me! Let's see her, Anna Martinovna!"

The good soul ran away for the maid, and Liza sat up in bed and unsealed the packet, which contained a morocco case, in which, on the delicate white velvet, lay a beautiful set of jewels, intended, doubtless, as an accompaniment to the wedding-dress; also a small but well-executed picture of her patroness saint, with a written paper to the effect that it came with the blessing of her affectionate mother Maria Leonoff.

In came Anna Martinovna, followed by a tall, stout, smiling girl of eighteen or twenty, smartly dressed, who approached the bedside with innumerable bows, and kissed Liza's hand, repeating what was evidently a prepared speech.

"Good morning to you, my beauty! my golden young mistress! my red sun! my lapooshka, donshinka, Elizavetta Feodorovna! Constantine Petrovitch desires his humble obeisance, and so does our mother Maria Vladimirovna, and our young lady Katerina Petrovna. I beg of you, my beauty, to love and pity me, your humble servant and true slave!" and she kissed Liza's shoulder as she ceased speaking.

"What is your name, my dear?" said Liza, rather confused.

"Prascovia, sudarinia. Parásha they call me. I would dare to inform you that Constantine Petrovitch's body-servant, Dmitry (Mitka Crooked-nosed they call him at our place), is my father. My born father, sudarinia."

Parásha laid stress on this relationship, as though it were a distinction.

"Oh, indeed!" said Liza.

"He was body-servant to Vavil Yakovlitch, our deceased master (the kingdom of Heaven be his), who was pleased to send me to Moscow to learn serving and dress-making."

"Ah!" said Liza, "that's very nice."

"Exactly so, my golden beauty! I lived with a *madame* seven years, and I learned the whole art, even to the cutting-out business, sudarinia; but when Constantine Petrovitch came to the estate, batioushka begged him to take me home, and so he left directions with Maria Vladimirovna to send for me, and then pack me off to you, my lady."

"Very well," said Liza, amused at the girl's talkativeness and the selection of long words which a half-educated Russian so loves to introduce. "But to-day I should like my old servant to attend me for the last time; we shall have time to get acquainted, Parashinka. You can go to the girls' room, my pretty, and they will give you some sewing to do."

Liza hastened to dress herself; long, long did she remain on her knees before the dear familiar picture of the Saviour, before which she had offered so many prayers of repentance, so many supplications that the cloud might pass, before she knew how generous and good *he* would prove, and so many of thankfulness when she found in what honest hands she had fallen. Long did she pray for strength and wisdom, for His blessing on her future husband, whom she now indeed did love—loved

and respected to adoration. Never did a happier bride rise from her knees on the morning of her wedding-day.

The old custom is for the betrothed pair to fast (eat nothing) on the day of their marriage until after the ceremony, which in the family of a noble almost always takes place in the evening. Polixena Matvéevna insisted on Liza's eating a good breakfast and dinner, and she very sensibly obeyed. Dr. and Mrs. Koupéeff, accompanied by the bride, attended early mass, and had a molében performed. At twelve o'clock, the schafers arrived. Constantine of course chose his most intimate comrades for the office; one was a very lively young man, with the reputation of a wit, but he had merely the faculty of making people laugh by the *way* in which he said things. On this occasion, however, he made quite a literary speech, as Anna Martinovna said, having tact enough to refrain from amusing anybody until the evening. The other was the handsome Pole, an unwearied dancer and a great favourite with all the ladies. Liza's schafers were the junior doctor, chosen merely because he was unmarried and Dr. Koupéeff wished it, and fancied that he would be offended if not invited, as he was, of all the bachelors, the most frequent visitor at the house. He, in his turn, accepted the office from the sole wish of not offending the Koupéeffs by a refusal. His companion was a wild young *junker* (cadet without rank in the army), a distant relative of the doctor's, who had been in love with Liza five distinct times, and five distinct times been cruelly refused; yet he continued on the best possible terms with her, and kept putting off the threatened blowing-out of his brains until a plausible opportunity, which, he announced to her, had now arrived.

"With God's blessing! Anatoly, you are incorrigible!" said Liza, vexed. He opened the piano and sang Schubert's

"Adieu," with exaggerated expression, and continued playing the part of a distracted lover the whole time, but the Koupéeffs were so accustomed to his extravagances that no one paid the slightest attention to his groans and sighs. He had pledged his woollen counterpane, a pair of winter goloshes, and an accordion, in order to raise funds to buy not only his share of bon-bonnières for the bridesmaids, but a beauty for Liza. His companion placed a large box of *caramel* on the table, with the brief information that it was for "the girls," and relapsed into a silent state of smiles, while the three others "did" the absurd, the gallant, and the necessary, *i.e.* concerning the arrangements about the carriages, who was to go with whom, and so on; coffee and a champagne luncheon followed, and they took their leave.

Polixena Matvéevna had been busy since early morning, preparing, arranging, and giving orders. She and Anna Martinovna had decorated the usual parlour as a dressing-room, Liza's little chamber being too small to accommodate so many young ladies. Polixena Matvéevna's toilet-table was placed between the windows, wreathed with flowers; the wedding costume, consisting of a handsome white brocade dress, with the usual wreath and veil, was spread out on the sofa, and all the rest of the garments to be worn by the bride, on a table. Here also lay a tea-tray covered with a napkin, and filled with what is called "maiden beauty," and supposed to be the cast-off attributes of girlhood, which the bride distributes among her companions. This is in imitation of peasant brides (or rather the keeping up of a custom that dates hundreds of years back), who, until their marriage, wear ribbons at the end of the plait of hair which hangs down their backs, and on their wedding-day cut them up and divide

them among their young friends. Immediately after the marriage ceremony the hair is braided into two plaits, and wound round the head, which for ever afterwards remains covered with a sort of tight cap tied behind, and leaving the ears exposed —or else with a cotton or silk handkerchief bound round the head, and tied behind in a bunch of ends.

In the saloon, on a small table, covered with a snowy napkin trimmed with lace, and looped up with orange blossoms, were placed a large picture of the Virgin, with silver-gilt platings and a handsome frame, a large bun-loaf at least two spans in diameter, and a silver salt-cellar, filled with salt, on the top of it. Before the picture was spread a little carpet, part of Liza's dowry. After the departure of the schafers, the Priest was sent for, and after a short molében these objects and the wedding-clothes were blessed solemnly. The family then dined, and soon after the young ladies began to assemble to dress the bride.

Nina Strjalkoffska was the first to come; she was very grave (for her), and only the sight of the bon-bonnières, and her being requested to choose which she liked best, roused her from her melancholy; she and all the young ladies of G—— were truly grieved to lose their amiable and affectionate companion. Little Olinka, who had been alternately crying for the loss of her angel, her archangel Lizotchka, or dancing with delight at the anticipation of seeing a wedding, was to distribute the "maiden beauty," which consisted of a handsome neckerchief or ribbon for each young lady. I need hardly say that the change of *coiffure* observed by the peasants or the *boyarinias* of old times does not take place among the nobles of the present day; but a married lady, however young, begins to wear caps and head-dresses from the day of

her wedding; and though she generally goes bareheaded at home and in a usual way, it would be considered strange were she to appear at ball, dinner, or theatre, in fact anywhere where she is so-called *dressed*, without something like a cap on; and even if she wears a wreath, the smallest scrap of blonde or lappet is added to show the dignity of the wearer.

By five o'clock all had arrived, and the junior doctor's box of caramel was fast emptying, when Katinka Berezoff, the most experienced of all the dressers,—for she had decked no less than seven brides,—took upon herself to begin the business by combing out Liza's hair, and each of the girls passed the comb through her long tresses; Olinka, and even little Varinka, aged eighteen months, made believe to do the same; Anna Martinovna, with floods of noisy but sincere tears, entangled the partings. Parásha and the nurse and workwomen sang part of the wedding song in the doorway:—

> "Ah, my braid, my braid of maiden hair,
> Ah, soon shall it be divided into two," &c.

Then Katinka solemnly set to work and dressed Liza's hair in a masterly manner; she was dressed, I should observe, in a garment half peignoir, half morning-gown, made of white brilliantine, trimmed with handsome embroidery and braiding.

I leave it to my readers to imagine the chattering, laughter, and noise that was going on all the time, the impossibility of deciding how the "front" hair was to be arranged when there were so many opinions, and each opinion so very decided and obstinate. Bandeaux, à la Pompadour, à l'Eugénie, à l'Impératrice were proposed; and at one time Katinka sat down, and said, "Until you have decided, mesdames, I may as well rest,"

which had the effect of their leaving it to her taste entirely, so she did it à l'Eugénie, because she was the most accustomed to it. Then they screwed Liza into a pair of white satin stays. All her linen and things were trimmed with lace and pink ribbons. Anatoly, who had arrived, put on one satin boot for her, with a ten-kopeck piece in it (from the depths of his treasury, he said); the other was put on by little Yashinka[1] Koupéeff, her boyarin, with a gold piece. Polixena Matvéevna as a "happy wife" put the new earrings into her ear with a whispered prayer. Good old Mrs. Stepanoff, who had always been fond of Liza from the time they met at Moscow, some fourteen years before, and who was now too infirm to leave the house, sent a tiny bag through Anna Martinovna, which that affectionate and zealous lady secreted in Liza's petticoats unknown to all. It contained a scrap of black bread, a pinch of salt, a morsel of yellow soap, a silver five-kopeck piece, and a prayer, written, printing-hand, in Sclavonic. This is a sort of talisman, supposed to attract the blessing of Heaven, plenty, and riches, believed in strictly by the auld-world and the peasants, but repudiated and laughed at by the so-called educated. Olinka, meantime, distributed the "maiden beauty," while the servants—much to the annoyance of Polixena Matvéevna, but by the secret instigation of the doctor, who adored every nationality—sang a noisy chorus to the effect that the bride must part with her virgin loveliness in like manner. The young ladies formed bows of their ribbons, and pinned them to their dresses. They were all, with one or two exceptions, in white; not strictly ball-dresses, but what would be worn at a small evening party in England.

Perfumes, pomades, and toilet requisites of all sorts had

[1] Jemmy.

been sent for the use of the bride and bridesmaids by Leonoff.

When completely dressed, the bride and her attendants adjourned to the drawing-room, becoming very quiet and silent all on a sudden. The little table before the sofa was covered with a white cloth, and loaded with glass dishes and vases of preserves, dried fruits, sweetmeats, &c. Polixena Matvéevna has dressed herself, too, in a new silk—a *new* dress being indispensable if one is about to bless anybody—the doctor in full uniform as a civil physician.

The lady of honour arrives. She is the police-master's wife, the beauty of G——, and is dressed in a lovely pink moire-antique dress and a little white lace *pardessus*, a tiny thing on her head made of flowers and blonde, and called a cap. Tea is handed, and the sweetmeats on the table partaken of.

In the meantime, festivities of rather a noisy description have been going on at the bridegroom's lodgings. He, however, has managed to keep sober; and let it not be supposed his guests are actually tipsy, but they are all in tremendous spirits, and ready for all sorts of frolic. They have dined with him, after accompanying him to the vapour-bath, where, having gone through the process of steaming and thrashing, just for the fun of the thing, he partook of champagne instead of kvass to refresh him, and of course his companions refreshed themselves likewise. At half-past six Gregory Gregoriévitch, his immediate chief, whom he had asked to be his father, as well as Týsatsky, on the occasion, and his pretty wife, who was to be lady of honour, arrived in their handsome carriage. G. G., with all his orders and medals on, and his hair pasted down on his baldness by means of Philocome,[1] looked

[1] A kind of bandoline.

very imposing. His wife was arrayed, notwithstanding the season and the hot weather, in a splendid velvet dress; and very handsome she looked, with her brilliant black eyes and enormous diamonds, but was as silent as a fish, as they say in Russ, and sat smiling, in a position like a beautiful *gravure de modes.*

Gregory Gregoriévitch's smart lacquey carried a large bundle wrapped in the softest, silkiest napkin; it contained a rich cake on a silver waiter, which, with the massive salt-cellar, was fit to be presented to the Emperor himself, with bread and salt; Gregory Gregoriévitch liked to do things handsomely, and he sent a clerk with post-horses to D——, on purpose for them, and for the most magnificent picture of the Saviour that he could find there, which was now carried by the boyarin. Leonoff had chosen a smart little gymnasist, who, with his hair curled, and in his neat uniform and white gloves, with a sprig of orange-blossom on his breast, played his part with the gravity and self-possession peculiar to Russian boys. (I must remark here, that a rude school-boy is a being next to unknown in Russia; the boys are decidedly gentlemanly.) Tea, of course, is handed.

The schafers having announced that all is ready at church, and that it is time to set off, the father and mother take their places before the picture in the corner, and after a short prayer said to themselves, the father takes the picture prepared for the purpose, and waves it crosswise over the bridegroom's head three times (he kneeling with bowed head), and presents it to him to kiss. He then gives it to the mother, who does the same. Then, taking the loaf, he waves it in a similar manner, with the salt-cellar on it,[1] but it is not kissed.

[1] It is considered a bad omen if the salt-cellar falls to the ground at this ceremony.

Nothing is said during this brief ceremony but the words, "In the Name of the Father," &c. The son kisses his parents' (real or invited) hands, they embrace him, and he immediately sets out for church with his lady of honour, the schafers preceding him, and the boyarin, bareheaded, going first of all, with the picture in his hands.

As soon as the bridegroom, with his attendants (the Tysatsky being one of them), has been left at church, the bride's schafers, who have been at either house alternately since morning, what with one thing and another, proceed to inform the bride's party that he is waiting for her. The same ceremony is performed with the picture and loaf that the Priest blessed in the morning;[1] the schafers raise the weeping bride from her knees, and she takes a solemn farewell of her parents, relations, young friends, and all who are in the house. This is a most affecting moment for all parties, and is particularly trying to the parents, who, as at baptism, are never present at the marriage ceremony, and who remain motionless in the corner, praying for the young couple, until one of the schafers arrives to tell them that the crowns are taken off. The bridegroom's parents observe the same custom.[2]

Leaning on the arm of her lady of honour, the bride is conducted to the carriage by her schafers, who perform the part of pages for her; and having slammed the carriage-door to, they leap into the equipage placed at their disposal, and tear off to church again (at any rate one of them does, if the

[1] In some families these loaves are taken to church to be blessed, with the pictures. Frequently they are made of rye-flour, that being the staple nourishment of the Russian, in preference to wheat-flour.

[2] To prevent misunderstanding, be it borne in mind that the persons who blessed Leonoff were not his real parents, and that they fulfilled a *double office.*

other has a bridesmaid to escort), in order to inform the bridegroom that the bride is coming, that he may have time to meet her in the porch. The bride's boyarin frequently accompanies her in the same carriage, his head always bare, and his face turned the way they are going. Little Yashinka, though only six years old, behaved with perfect propriety.

The young pair, followed by the attendants, but preceded by the Boyarin, in a scarlet silk shirt and black velvet full trousers and high boots, strutting bravely, his cheeks flushed with the exertion of carrying the heavy picture, proceed, hand in hand, to the body of the church, where a carpet is laid down, and a naloy, with the Cross and Gospels on it, placed thereon. The candelabra is immediately over the naloy, and, be it broad daylight or pitch-dark, it is always lighted. Here the bridegroom, his lady of honour and schafers, awaited the arrival of the bride, while the choir sings a long sort of anthem, which is called a *concert*, and which is not particularly striking as far as melody goes, while the words are completely unheard. This space of time, which lasts ten minutes or more, according to the distance of the house from the church, is a great trial to the young man, who stands the gazing-stock of some three or four hundred pairs of eyes, all eager and curious to see as much as can be seen (for a noble wedding in the interior always attracts the lower orders, not to speak of the acquaintance). Nor is the position of the lady of honour agreeable; she feels that her toilet is being criticised, priced, and torn in pieces by the lady-spectators,—fancies her hair is untidy, her cap one side, or something of the sort. The ladies of honour, I should observe, have nothing to do but to stand by the side of their respective charges during the service, and tell them what to do if they do not know.

On the arrival of the bride the choir sings a cheerful measure, the royal gates open, the young pair prostrate themselves three times, and they and the whole wedding-party cross themselves, while the Priest in his full canonicals appears, and, approaching the affianced pair, makes the sign of the cross over their heads, while they reverently bend. Two wax candles,[1] ornamented with flowers and ribbons, which the schafers have brought and placed on the naloy, are lighted, and placed by the Priest in their hands.[2] The incense is then waved, and the service of betrothal commences.

It opens with the usual beautiful Litany, followed by two short prayers, and then the Priest goes into the altar, and brings from thence two plain thick gold rings which have been worn during the engagement, and which, having been given to the Priest at the commencement of the service, have lain on the throne during the Litany and prayers. The Priest takes one in his right hand and makes the sign of the cross over the bridegroom's head with it, saying these words:

"The servant of God, Constantine, betroths himself to the servant of God, Elizavetta, in the Name," &c.

The ring is then given to the bridegroom.

The same words are made use of when he signs the bride, with the alteration of names. The second ring being left in her hand, the two exchange rings three times. This signifies that their future joys, cares, intentions, and actions should be mutual and in good agreement.[3] Sometimes they are

[1] It is the custom to observe which candle is the longest on its being extinguished; the one whose candle is shorter than the other will die first.

[2] In allusion to the lamps with which the virgins met the bridegroom (St. Matthew xxv.). At second marriages candles should not be given, but this rule is seldom observed.

[3] Bishop Benjamin.

exchanged by a third person, as for instance at Imperial weddings; but this is not a general custom.

A prayer follows to Almighty God for His blessing on the betrothal, the Litany for the Imperial Family, for the betrothed, and the blessing. Now comes the Sacrament of Marriage, called in the Sclavonic "Crowning."

The bride's schafer comes forward, and lays before the pair a large pink silk handkerchief, and the Priest, by a gesture, invites them to approach nearer to the naloy, so that they have to stand on the handkerchief. It is a popular superstition, which however nobody confesses to believing, that the one who steps first on this handkerchief will be *head* in the house. The Priest now chants Psalm cxxviii., "Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord," between each verse the choir singing, "Glory be to Thee, O Lord: glory to Thee."

The Priest then asks them if they are willing to take each other for husband and wife, as in the English ritual, with the addition of a question which may sometimes be rather awkward to answer,—"Have you ever promised yourself to another?" to which the ritual indicates the answer which is supposed will be made, "I have not promised myself, honourable Father."

The Litany follows again, and then three rather long prayers, consisting of supplications for the spiritual and temporal welfare, health, happiness, conjugal harmony, and ultimate salvation of the betrothed persons; and immediately afterwards the Reader appears with a salver, on which lie two gaudy crowns of plated silver, ornamented with little medallions of our Saviour, the Virgin, &c. One of these the Priest takes carefully in his hands, and making the sign of the

cross with the crown over the head of the bridegroom, says, loud enough for the whole church to hear, "The servant of God, Constantine, is crowned with the handmaid of God, Elizavetta, in the Name," &c., holds the medallion of our Lord to his lips to be kissed, and places the crown on his head: it is not, however, always left there; frequently the schafer holds it at a few inches higher than the head of the bridegroom, from behind, as these crowns are very large and heavy, and when the parties bow there is danger of their falling off, or at any rate dropping over the eyes. The strictly orthodox prefer wearing the crown on their heads,[1] and the common people always do so: to prevent its shaking at every movement a handkerchief is stuffed in at the back between the bridegroom's head and the crown; the bride's wreath, veil, and coiffure, generally render this unnecessary for her.

The same words are pronounced over the bride, with the change of names. The Priest then solemnly pronounces the following words three times, each time signing the cross before them, they answering by low bows, "O Lord our God, crown them with glory and honour!"

Then the Reader intones, in a deep voice, the latter part of the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, from the

[1] Nothing can be prettier than the wedding of a candidate for holy orders, if he be already a consecrated Reader. In the first place all the clergy present as guests or assistants stand in a row behind the pair, in their canonicals, and with lighted tapers in their hands. The bridegroom, in his alb of gold and silken brocade, the crown on his head, from beneath which flows his long, wavy hair, and the almost invariably very youthful bride in her white dress, and long veil hanging from beneath the crown, remind one of the old Tzars and their meek Tzaritas, and the whole ceremony partakes of a character peculiarly Russian, which the European costume of most bridegrooms renders imperfect in other cases.

twentieth verse, gradually raising it in a chromatic scale towards the last verse, which he reads very loud—"Let the wife see that she reverence her husband." This is followed by the Priest's reading the Marriage of Cana from the second chapter of St. John's Gospel; and when the Testament is unclasped for him to read from, the bride's schafer again comes forward and places on the page a ribbon as a marker. This, as well as the handkerchief on which they stand, remains as a perquisite to the clergy.

After some more prayers and short Litanies, a small sort of silver ladle, called the Common Cup, with a very short handle, is brought on the salver by the Reader. It contains wine mingled with water;[1] and the Priest, having blessed it, holds it to the lips of the pair, who sip it alternately each three times. This is in allusion to the Marriage of Cana, reference to which is made in the prayers preceding, as well as by the Gospel, and as a type that the husband and wife must share everything in joy or grief. It is also in remembrance of the custom of the primitive Church for newly-married persons to partake of the Holy Communion on their nuptial day, further allusion to which is made by the choir singing the Lord's Prayer, as during the Liturgy, immediately before the partaking of the Common Cup.[2]

Now the Priest, in sign of the indissolubility of their union, joins their hands beneath his stole, and followed by them, still hand in hand, walks slowly round the naloy three times, while the choir sings. This *circle* is a symbol of the eternity of their union, says Bishop Benjamin; it is also a procession

[1] It is popularly called *Union*, on account of its typifying the union of husband and wife by the mixture of water and wine.

[2] Michaïloffsky.

expressive of their joy. It is to be remarked that the ceremony can be lawfully interrupted until this procession takes place, but after it the betrothed are really man and wife.

These words are then addressed to the newly-married man, "Be thou exalted, O bridegroom, like unto Abraham, and blessed like unto Isaac, and multiplied like unto Jacob. Walk in peace, and do rightly according to the commandments of God." Having removed the crown and placed it on the salver again, he turns to the bride and says: "And thou, O bride, be thou exalted like unto Sarah, and rejoice like unto Rebecca, and multiply like unto Rachel. Rejoice with thy husband, and keep the ways of the Law, as is well pleasing to God."

A short prayer, as follows, is then read :—

"O God, our God, who camest to Cana of Galilee and blessed the marriage there, bless these Thy servants, who have now united themselves in holy matrimony according to Thine ordinance. Bless Thou their goings out and their comings in, prolong their days in goodness, record their union in Thy kingdom, that it may remain pure, undefiled, and unslandered for ever and ever. Amen."

The husband and wife are then desired to kiss each other three times, and the usual benediction concludes the office; but it is followed immediately by a tiny service of only a page in length. It is called the "Removal of the Crowns," and has the following history. In ancient times it was the custom for the newly-married pair to wear the crowns for a week after their wedding, and having finished all the feastings and rejoicings attendant on it, to appear before the Priest in order to have them removed, and to receive his blessing on their entering the routine of every-day life.

Immediately after the conclusion of the whole service the wedding-party and all the friends and acquaintances who may be among the spectators congratulate the newly-married couple, kissing cheeks or hands as the case may be, and offering good wishes.

They then go to kiss the pictures with which the altar-screen is adorned, the schafers attending, in order to assist the bride to rise after her prostrations. A molében follows; but it is frequently performed at home immediately on the return of the wedding-party from church, when the ceremony of benediction by the parents is again gone through. They are then seated on the sofa side by side, and champagne being handed in abundance by the schafers,[1] congratulations recommence.

As Leonoff's apartments were very small, there was no dancing, and the only guests were the actors in the ceremony and a few very intimate friends. During the evening, which passed very merrily notwithstanding, Gregory Gregoriévitch, who was a great lover of music, and who had sent to D—— for a band of musicians for the ball he intended to give in honour of his "son's" marriage, contrived to have them placed under the windows in the deaf widow's kitchen-garden, where they played various overtures and concertos, to the great delight of the hearers.

The next day Liza donned her cap for the first time, and looked very pretty in it, and her white muslin morning-dress with its pink ribbons. This costume is as strictly observed the first few days after the wedding as a white dress and veil are for the marriage ceremony.

Then came the first grand dinner at the Leonoffs'. The

1 In wealthy families a supply of white kid gloves is prepared in place of those the schafers may spoil in handing the champagne.

papas and mammas, real and unreal, all the relatives, the ladies of honour, tysatsky, and schafers are invited, and all the bride's riches in the shape of table-linen, plate, glass, and china are displayed to the best advantage. In a few days they make their visits to their acquaintance, Leonoff in full uniform, and Liza in a handsome blue silk dress, white shawl, and elegant light bonnet, with the inevitable feathers, permitted only to married ladies (on *bonnets*), according to the Russian laws of fashion in the interior. The same evening Dr. Koupéeff, who was perfectly in his element, and enjoyed the whole affair as only a Russian can, gave his ball, followed by a very grand affair at Gregory Gregoriévitch's; two days after which the young pair left G—— for their future home.

Tinkle, tinkle, go the horse-bells, as they approach their village, through field, forest, and meadow, and forest again. They are chatting happily together, when crooked-nosed Dmitry suddenly shouts from the coach-box, "Your nobility! Barinia Sudarinia! Glory to God, there's our church! we shall soon be at home!"

Both endeavoured to raise themselves from their half-recumbent position, and to look out at the sides of the *tarantass:* in the distance, from among trees, hay-stacks, and fields of rye and corn, lay a little village, with a green-roofed church in the midst. Kostia and Liza, at the sight of the cross on its summit, silently crossed themselves, but not without an unuttered though heartfelt prayer.

* * * * * *

Several civil laws exist in Russia respecting marriage which one cannot but approve; such, for instance, as the measures taken for the rendering bigamy next to impossible. Officers of the civil as well as military service, soldiers, sailors, and all

other persons in the employ of Government are obliged to ask permission of their commanding officer, which is certified in writing, and without which no Priest dares perform the marriage ceremony. The fact and date of the marriage, together with the full name of the wife, are inserted in the formulary list of service, and wherever that officer or servant of the Crown goes, even should he be retired from the service, the formulary goes with him, an everlasting certificate that he is a married man.[1] Should he become a widower, the date of his wife's death is inserted, as well as those of the births of their children.

The passports of merchants, &c. &c., serve as formularies for them, and the fact of their being married or single is added; which is especially necessary if they are in the habit of going to distant places, either with or without the intention of marrying.

Eighteen for the bridegroom and sixteen for the bride are considered years of discretion; younger than that they cannot marry; nor can men past eighty nor women past sixty.

Persons who have not attained civil majority (twenty-one years) cannot marry without the consent of their parents or guardians.

A fourth marriage cannot take place, and a third is considered rather improper, and demands a penance of five years exclusion from Holy Communion. A second marriage demands a penance of two years.

The degrees of affinity are divided into blood relationship and spiritual kindred. The former is far more strict than that of the English Prayer-book: cousins of every denomination, be they so-called *Scotch* cousins, cannot marry; connexion-

[1] Michaïloffsky.

ship is called kindred; and even the intermarriages of four members of two families, as yet unconnected, require the sanction of the Archbishop. I may bring forward two instances of the kind which, having occurred within my own experience, I can vouch are no inventions.

Mary and Elena G—— were first cousins. Elena was an orphan, and lived with her paternal uncle, Mary's father. Mary became engaged to Lieutenant O——, and his elder brother, during the engagement, had time enough to fall so seriously in love with Ellen (and she with him) that it became a question of honour whether to retreat altogether, and thus ruin the happiness of both, or to ask the blessing of the Bishop. Of course the latter was decided on by the lovers; but when Captain O—— made his formal offer, they found an impediment in old G——, who did not like the idea of the youthful Elena becoming, not only the wife of the elder brother, but of the superior office of his daughter's betrothed, and was obstinate accordingly. After much trouble, however, the blessing was given, and the marriage proved a very happy one.

The other was a more intricate affair, and included two impediments; the first being that the bride, a respectable lady of thirty-six, was the widow of a Priest, and although no *law* exists that a second marriage cannot be entered on by a Priest's or Deacon's widow, it is not approved of, not considered "the thing" by the clergy in general. But the lady in question was an excellent housekeeper, and just the very match for the suitor, a widower with two children; they liked each other, and both were tired of being lonely. Their connexionship stood thus.

Eugenia and Olga B—— were sisters. Eugenia married Mr. A——, and died after the birth of her second child.

Olga, many years after, married Mr. C——, whose sister was already a widow. It came into her head to unite her widowed brother-in-law with her husband's sister, principally for the sake of her little neices; but the trouble it gave her, and the noise that the affair raised in the family, among the clergy, and in the Consistory, was something remarkable. After an infinity of difficulties, however, real and imaginary, the permission came, and the marriage took place.

By spiritual kindred is meant the relations that exist between sponsors and their god-children, or the parents of the latter. A child's godfather cannot marry her or her mother, should she become a widow; and the sponsors cannot marry each other. For this reason the intelligent parents of an infant are careful to select such persons to answer for it as are not likely to take a fancy to each other.

An orthodox Russian cannot marry an unbaptized person; marriages with foreigners or persons of other forms of Christian religion are lawful, but the unorthodox party binds himself, or herself, by writing, not to make objections to the baptism of their children in the Greco-Russian faith.

Whatever may be the sect to which bride or bridegroom belong, the wedding cannot take place unless the parties have confessed and communicated during the past year.

When all formalities have been duly observed, and all needful inquiries made, the Priest feels at liberty to publish the banns, which must be called the three Sundays or holidays previous to the wedding-day. The whole affair is then written in a book, which the bridegroom and bride, and their witness or witnesses, sign before the ceremony takes place.

A marriage celebrated in secret and without witnesses is null and void.

There are times of the year and days in the week when weddings cannot take place. These are Tuesdays, and Thursdays, and Saturdays[1] throughout the year, and during the fasts. (See end of Communion and Confession.).

Should several couples appear at one time to be married, each service must be read separately; and if there are twenty couples, the service must be performed twenty times!

[1] As being the eves of Wednesday and Friday, the days on which our Lord was sold and crucified; and Saturday as being the eve of Sunday.

EXTREME UNCTION, FUNERAL SERVICES, AND REQUIEMS.

EXTREME UNCTION,

ETC. ETC.

"*Q.* In what does Extreme Unction consist?

"*A.* The sick person is anointed with oil, and healing grace is prayed for on his behalf."—*Short Catechism.*

THE Sacrament of Extreme Unction is administered to adults only (that is to say, to such as are of age to confess), to the dangerously sick who are in full possession of their senses, who are admitted subsequently to Communion of the Sick and its indispensable preparation by Confession. It ought to be performed by seven Priests (in remembrance of the seven Churches), but in those places (which are of course of far greater number in Russia than large towns) where there are not so many one Priest *can* perform it. A person in sound health is not considered eligible to it, because it is instituted for the *sick;* whatever mortal danger therefore a person may be about to be exposed to—battle, infection, &c. —he cannot prepare himself for death by this Sacrament if he be in good health. Insane persons, the unconfessed and unrepentant, are excluded from it. Persons of other religions may be anointed with Extreme Unction if previously confessed and anointed with the Seal of the Holy Ghost, according to

the Office of Conversion. Sickness, death, and grief, although the same in themselves, everywhere take different forms in different countries. Yes, people certainly do fall ill, take medicine, and die (or get better again, as it happens) quite differently in Russia to what they do in England. There is far less lying in bed, infinitely less physicking and fussing; but there is much more groaning and despairing on the part of the patient, and an apparent absence of very great solicitude on that of the friends, which, by those who are not intimately acquainted with Russian character, might be mistaken for indifference: it is founded, however, on their unbounded trust in the Almighty, and a sort of unbelief in doctors in general, which may be detected in the educated as well as in the lower classes. It is seldom that a peasant or workman makes up his mind to seek medical aid until he is past, or next to past, cure, when the timely advice of a physician might not only have saved his life, but also much suffering. If, however, he decides to ask advice, and receives some medicine for his complaint, he always takes it with the utmost reverence, crossing himself and asking God's blessing on it. A Russian mother or nurse never administers physic to a child or patient without murmuring, "Lord, bless!" and bidding the receiver cross himself. The lower orders have not an idea of dieting, and insist much on the sick person eating that which his "heart" exacts. Indeed the nobles seem to think this important aid to recovery rather nonsense and "invention," and submit to it more from respect to the doctor than from conviction of its beneficial influence.

The peasant women believe firmly in their baboushkas,[1] and follow blindly their frequently absurd advice. According

[1] Wise woman,—midwife.

to their opinion, the vapour-bath is the prime healer of all diseases, from small-pox to a simple cold; and for minor complaints, such as loss of appetite, lowness of spirits, restlessness in infants, &c., they have always the plea of bewitchment. To do away the effects of the evil eye, in which they are firm believers (I speak of the lower order, though many may be found among the nobles), the baboushka takes a vessel of tepid water, in which she puts a cinder or two, and a pinch of salt. If the cinders hiss very much, it is sign the first that "the servant of God, So-and-so," is really bewitched. Having said a preparatory prayer, she crosses the water, and begins to whisper another, of immense length and extraordinary mystery and incomprehensibility of language, holding the vessel up to her chin. The wonder is, how they contrive to commit such stuff and nonsense to memory; and, as they are almost invariably "unlearned and ignorant" women, how their teachers have the patience to drum it into their heads. In a few minutes she begins to yawn to a degree that astonishes and alarms the unaccustomed beholder;—sign the second of the presence of bewitchment. When at last the prayer is finished, she crosses the water again, and taking a sip of it in her mouth squirts it through her lips into the face of the patient three times, makes him drink a little, and finally washes his face and head (without soap) with the remainder. Strange as it may appear, the effect of this operation, particularly on little babies, is really astonishing. I have seen infants who have cried, or been sleepless for hours without any apparent reason, suddenly become quite composed after the squirting. Of course it is to be attributed to the shock occasioned, and which, I suppose, acts in some way on the nerves; the Russians believe it to be from the old woman's whisperings.

Of all the diseases that flesh is heir to, the ague seems to present to the Russian baboushka a field for the most varied and singular operations in the healing line of any that exist in her practice. It is surrounded by superstitious and mysterious convictions; it is called "the neighbour" (fem. gen.), "the friend" (fem. gen.), while its real medical name, *likhoradka*, or *likhomanka*, signifies spiteful joy or spiteful allurement, as though an unseen evil spirit took a spiteful delight in torturing his victim. There is a belief, too, that until it is frightened away it will continue to "bother" the patient; also, that when the complaint is coming to a favourable crisis, it appears in a hideous form in dreams. This is probably owing to the fact that horrible dreams certainly do trouble the ague patient when he is beginning to amend, as I can testify by bitter personal experience; and such is the derangement of the system, that it frequently happens that the dream continues after the sleeper has awakened, especially if he wakes in a fright. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if the horror-loving, superstitious peasant relates apparently absurd and impossible histories of such visions having appeared to him; of his struggles, battles, and victories over "the neighbour;" and of her being far more frightened of him than he of her, in the end.

Of course there is a prayer against ague, as well as for other complaints; as a general rule, I should observe, that it is the speciality of one or two baboushkas in particular, who have the reputation of being particularly fortunate in relieving people of this aggravating, wearying, mysterious complaint. The patient is generally taken to the bath, where the prayings and squirtings are performed; various herbs are given to drink in an infused state, and various cautions prescribed,—even a

diet to a certain degree insisted on (strange to say, for once in a way, it agrees entirely with that of the doctor),—it consists in total abstinence from milk, eggs, fish, and pork. Besides this, some charm or another (every baboushka having her own particular one, which she considers infallible) is recommended as indispensable. Of such, the following are a few of the most popular; they are, in most cases, worn round the neck on the same silken cord that the cross is suspended by, and are enclosed in a little bag, or simply tied up in a rag :—

1. Incense, or rather cinders that have been in the censer during three liturgies for the repose of some one's soul.

2. A curious prickly herb, something like an immortelle, the name of which I do not know either in Russ or English. It is prescribed by the *Ziryans*, a Christian tribe who live at the north of the Government of Perm. It is not known hereabouts, and is called simply the Ziriansky herb. It is placed at the bed's head, or under the pillow, and worn round the neck as well.

3. A blessed Easter egg that has lain on the Bojnitza (a little three-cornered shelf in the corner of a room for standing the pictures of Saints on) for three Easters. It is sewn up in a leather or oil-skin bag.

4. A live spider, confined in a thimble or a nutshell, and tied up in a rag.

5. The word Abracadabra, written thus :—

Abracadabra,
Bracadabra,
Racadabra, &c.

At each line one letter being missed to the last A. One word is cut off every day and burnt by the patient himself.

6. Passion Candle. This is a waxen taper that has been

used at the following services:—Matins on Palm Sunday; Holy Thursday, evening service; Good Friday, vespers; Saturday's Twelve Gospels; and Easter Sunday's midnight matins. It need only burn for a few seconds at each service; another taper can be held during the remainder of the time. The candle-end is worn round the neck, or a little of the wax dropped or stuck on the cross the patient wears.

7. Camphor, over which a certain prayer has been said by the baboushka.

8. Water, fetched at break of day, and taken from a running stream at one scoop, the way the water runs. Silence must be observed on the road to and from the stream, and on arrival at home the Lord's Prayer, Belief, and part of the 68th Psalm are said three times over the water.

9. A sure and certain way to get rid of ague is by making a rag doll, dressing it sufficiently smart to attract the attention of a child, and, having whispered some magic words over it, throwing it over a fence into some strange yard or garden where it is likely to be noticed. The person who picks it up will get the ague, and the maker of the doll be relieved therefrom.

Smile, as the English reader doubtless will, it is a fact that the use of one of these "sympathetic means," as the nobles call them, by acting on the imagination, or what not, of the patients, doubtless is beneficial; and I know numberless instances of persons of education, and with the usual contempt of such for superstitions, worn out and wearied with a tedious and obstinate visitation of "the neighbour," yielding to the persuasions of the nurse, cook, or a friend of the auld-world sort—submitting to a thrashing in the bath, and a course of cinders, spiders, or running water, and getting well.

The herbs that the baboushkas collect and prescribe are, without doubt, salutary; and it is not to be supposed that their medical treatment is to be entirely despised; but it occasionally happens that they make use of arsenic and other poisons, and sometimes with very melancholy results. As a class they are most kind, good-natured, sympathising souls, and by no means the mischief-makers that they might be. Every family has its pet baboushka, whose appearance is always hailed with delight by the children, to whom she brings hard-boiled eggs, turnips, sunflower seeds,[1] or some such luxury; the house-mother tells her of her own aches and pains, and of the children's ailments, and, whatever may be the time of day, treats her with tea, and a preparatory glass of *balsam*—favourite beverages with them all.

But there comes a day in every family when the doctor himself shakes his head, and the nurse openly declares that it is time to send for the Priest. The sick person is generally the first to insist on its being done; the friends feeling that this is the last resource, and naturally reluctant to believe that their dear one is really past doctor's skill. As I before said, the Russian patient is very despairing, and, in nine cases out of ten, fancies that he is going to die whenever he is ill, declaring his last hour has come, and imploring those about him not to let him die unconfessed. It is enough for a servant to get a splinter into her finger, and for the place to gather or become inflamed, for her to give warning, solemnly, with floods of tears, and to make up her mind that Anthony's fire, as they call mortification, is coming, and that she must make haste to prepare her shroud. In an hour or two, having persuaded her to wait some result that you invent to gain time, you find her

[1] Eaten as nuts.

sitting at table, eating black bread and kasha, with a truly enviable appetite.

"How are you getting on, Tatiana?"

"Thank God, barinia,[1] Alexéy got it out for me. But I thought my death had come."

"Well, glory to God! I told you so."

"Exactly so. Of course, barinia, you know best; you are 'learned;' you must know better than we fools."

"Then why did you not believe me at first? O Tania! Tania!"

When Extreme Unction is decided on, notice is given to the priest or priests, and to such of the relatives and acquaintance as are likely to come and join in the prayers of the family. In fact, it is considered a Christian duty to come unasked, much more if you are personally invited, and almost at every Unction may be found several persons who are utter strangers. The room is generally crowded with visitors, consisting principally of old ladies and baboushkas in all acceptations of the word.

When a person is dying of a complaint, such as consumption, that is known to be fatal, but which does not prevent his leaving the house, he endeavours to have this Sacrament performed in church, when the ceremony takes a solemnity that it never can present to such a degree in a private house. It is performed, after Mass, in the body of the church, the sick person in a chair with his face towards the royal gates, which are open during the service. In either case the letter is exactly the same; but, as by far the greater number of persons have it solemnized at home, we will take that instance as our example:—

[1] Mistress, my lady.

A table, covered with a clean white cloth, is placed before the picture (or a little naloy if at church, between the sick man and the Amvon), and on it a dish or plate of wheat-grains or flour;[1] on this flour is fixed a small empty lamp-glass or wine-glass, if there happens to be nothing else at hand. Round this are stuck in the flour seven little pointed sticks (about the length of an old-fashioned brimstone match), in honour of the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost; on the top of each is wound a little cotton wool. The Priest on his arrival arranges all this as it should be, pours a little oil, mixed with wine, in remembrance of the Good Samaritan, into the glass vessel, and hands a lighted taper to the other Priests, and to every person in the room. He then waves the incense round the table, and towards the people. Turning towards the picture again, he begins the service.

It is very long, and commences with prayers, canons, irmos, psalms (not the Psalms of David), followed by the benediction of the oil (which must not be confounded with that made use of at *Unction*, properly so called, and which is blessed by the Metropolitan himself). The prayer of benediction is as follows:—

"O Lord, who by Thy grace and bounty dost heal the infirmities of both our souls and bodies, sanctify this oil to the healing of him who is to be anointed therewith, to the laying low of all passions and impurities of the flesh and spirit, and of all other evil, that by him Thy most Holy Name may be glorified,—the Name of the Father," &c.

[1] The grain or flour is meant as a type of death and resurrection; for as the grain, though now dry, has within it the elements of life and fruit, so the sick man, exhausted and wasted as he now is by sickness, may, by the grace of God and the prayers of the assembled pastors of the Church, return to strength and vigour, and bring forth the fruits of a holy life.—*Michalioffsky.*

It is read in silence by the other assisting Priests, if present, and all the time the Reader intones various "Voices," as certain verses of a meditative nature are termed. The Deacon then reads the first epistle, which is taken from James v. 10—16; and the first or principal Priest reads the Gospel of St. Luke x. 25, the story of the Good Samaritan.

Several prayers and a little Litany follow. When the last prayer is read the first Priest takes one of the little sticks, and dipping the end wound with cotton in the oil, anoints the sick person with it, of course using the sign of the cross, on his forehead, nostrils, cheeks, lips, breast, and hands, while he reads a prayer for his recovery, which begins thus, the patient crossing himself devoutly all the time :—

"O Holy Father, the Physician of our souls and bodies, who sent Thine only-begotten Son our Lord Jesus Christ to heal our sicknesses, and to save us from death, heal also this Thy servant (So-and-so) of all his spiritual and bodily infirmities," &c.

This is done seven times, and each time a fresh stick is used, and by a fresh Priest if there are seven present, by turns if there are two or more, and by the *one* Priest only if there is but one. The rest of the service is but a mere repetition of the former part, but with different Epistles and Gospels for Unction, viz. :—

Second.—Romans xv. 1—8. St. Luke xix. 1—11.

Third.—1 Corinthians xii. 27, to xiii. 8, ending with the words "Charity never faileth." St. Matthew x. 1—9.

Fourth.—2 Corinthians vi. 16 ("For ye are the temple") to vii. 2. St. Matthew viii. 14—24.

Fifth.—2 Corinthians i. 8—11. St. Matthew xxv. 1—14.

Sixth.—Galatians v. 22 to vi. 3. St. Matthew xv. 21—29.

Seventh.—1 Thessalonians v. 14—24. St. Matthew ix. 9—14.

The Priests each read a different prayer after the Gospels. The book of the Holy Gospels is then held open over the head of the sick person; if there are seven or several Priests, they stand on either side of him, each holding the book open, while the one who has the seniority of age or place reads a beautiful prayer to the same effect as that in the Visitation of the Sick in the Book of Common Prayer, "O most merciful God," &c.; a few other prayers, various in expression but to the same purpose, follow, and the service concludes by the patient asking the blessing and *personal* forgiveness[1] of the Priest, and of all present, which is, I need hardly say, a heartrending ceremony for the friends of the dying person.

The service for Confession and Communion of the sick is the same, in effect, as the usual form, only greatly abridged. There is, however, a distinct service which does not exist in the English ritual, although there is, it is true, a "commendatory prayer for a sick person at the point of departure." It is called in the Sclavonic Prayer Book, "A form of prayer to our Lord Jesus Christ and to the most pure Mother of our Lord, at the separation of the soul and body of every orthodox believer."

It opens by the Priest making inquiries exactly similar to those in the visitation, with the additional question as to whether the sick person has confessed; all are made when the Priest and patient are alone, the friends being sent out of the room; when answered they are recalled, and the prayers, or rather hymns, begin. They are very short, but many in number, and consist of *Irmos*, or the first verses of Psalms, *Kondaks*, or short psalms, all greatly resembling the Psalms of

[1] See Confession—"Pardoning Day."

David, or texts of Scripture. For instance, "My soul, my soul, arise; why sleepest thou? The end is nigh, and prayer is needful for thee. Begin thy work, then, and may the Lord Christ, who is everywhere Holy, and who filleth all things, have mercy on thee."

The "form" concludes with the real commendatory prayer, which resembles that in the Commination, "O most mighty God and merciful Father," but concluding more like the prayer "for a sick person when there appeareth small hope of recovery." The Virgin is not mentioned or referred to in it.

The Priest is generally sent for to read this prayer when a great and apparently serious change takes place, such as the limbs becoming cold, the eyes fixed, or other symptoms of approaching death making themselves apparent. When the friends see that he is going, they lay a Saint's picture at the back of his pillow, and stick a lighted taper at the head of the bed. The poor lay the dying on the bench "under the Saints," or picture in the corner. When a child is expiring the father or mother takes it gently on a pillow, and holds it, crossing and blessing it repeatedly all the time, under the picture, while it sighs its innocent breath away. . . .

And all is over! The parted lips remain parted, the sigh that you expect yet once more comes not. Breathless the anxious relations gaze at . . . . is it possible? *the body!* it is no longer father, mother, wife, son, but a body only! The one of the family who has the greatest firmness quietly lays a hand on the eyelids, while the rest still cross themselves and ejaculate in tearful whispers, "Lord! receive his spirit!" "Lord! remember him in Thy kingdom!" then sink sobbing to their knees, kissing the dear hand which but a few minutes ago made its last movement by devoutly, though hardly per-

ceptible, signing the heaving breast. The mother and father stand by the bedside of their little child, cross it again and again, and pray that its sufferings may be shortened. The men of the family sob quite as violently as the females; a friend, or a more distant relation, or even one of the servants, seeing the inability of the master and mistress to think of such painful matters, sends for a baboushka (or if the deceased were a man, for one of his own sex) to lay the corpse out.

I cannot find out the reason, but a mother is not allowed to wash and dress her dead child, nor to carry it to the grave; all my inquiries on this subject have proved vain. The common people say mysteriously, "How can such a thing be, matoushka barinia?" and the nobles, "I don't know, really, but it is not the custom with us." Most ladies, and many men, especially those advanced in years, prepare their grave-clothes themselves,[1] together with all the velvet, brocade, muslin, calico, and linen required at a funeral. Young married ladies are frequently buried in their wedding-dress. The usual grave-clothes of a lady or a well-to-do person, consist of the usual underclothing of European womankind, the dress she has been accustomed to wear at communion, a net cap if married, curled hair, and flowers if a maiden.

Persons in his Imperial Majesty's service, from the general to the private soldier, from the actual councillor of state to the humblest of writers in the civil service, all in fact who wore it during their lives, are buried in *full uniform*, with their orders and medals pinned to a cushion which is placed near them while they lie in the house, and which afterwards plays a part in the funeral procession.

Little babies have their smart christening-shirts put on over

[1] See Confession.

another, stockings, and new shoes (new shoes, boots, or plaited bark-shoes for the country peasant class, or the rigorously-religious of the better-to-do of the lower orders, are indispensable in all cases). Children who have outgrown these tiny garments, are dressed in a long sort of wrapper, made of white muslin, with a full frill round the neck and wrists. A little boy's wrapper is bound round the waist and confined at the wrists by blue ribbons; and an amber, wooden, or stone cross—no matter, so that it be not silver or gold—is hung round his neck by a blue ribbon. A little girl's dress is the same, but with pink ribbons.

When washed and dressed, with many a prayer and pious ejaculation, the corpse is carried into the saloon and laid on a table, which is placed cornerwise, with the head towards the picture. Sheets are laid on the table, and pinned neatly at the corners, so as to hide the legs. Pillows are placed under the head of the deceased, the hands crossed on the breast, and the fingers of the right hand bent, as though in the act of making the sign of the cross. A taper is sometimes placed in the hand; and if the person be married, the remains of the wax candle he held during the marriage ceremony is used, and for this melancholy occasion carefully kept under the glass of the blessing picture from the day of the wedding. A small picture of the Saviour or a Saint is placed on his breast. The body is covered with a piece of broad new calico, and over it is laid what I suppose I must translate by the word *pall;* for a grown person in good circumstances, two or three breadths of brocade (*partchá,* a material of very varied species, from the rich velvet embroidered with gold, to the coarse silk and worsted stuff with gold or silver flowers interwoven; one or the other are always of a gaudy, showy pattern) are used,

or a few breadths of satin-turc; for children, a blue or pink silk handkerchief, such as are worn by the peasant-women on their heads; they are about a yard square, and as they are cut from the piece as required, two may be bought undivided if wanted. Palls ready-made, with a cross of gold lace sewn on them in the middle, of various degrees of handsomeness, are kept at churches, and let out to those who cannot afford a new one, and the pay is added to the funds of the church.

In the meantime, they have sent to the church for the crucifix and four tall candlesticks, also for a supply of tapers, while another messenger has been despatched for the Priest and Deacon to perform a requiem, and for a Reader to read over the corpse. This last person is sometimes only a peasant or burgher, who gets his bread by reading over the dead; women very frequently perform this dismal office, and deformed or painfully-plain girls of humble rank are brought up for this express purpose, as a sure means of gaining an honest livelihood. In wealthy families a Church Reader is almost always employed. In either case, he has an assistant who reads while he sleeps and takes his meals, and the two live in the house all the time the corpse remains unburied; they read the Psalter over and over again, interspersed with prayers, and the never-ceasing, low, monotonous sound of their voices is inexpressibly mournful and tedious. The Reader has a little desk, like those which violinists use, covered with a towel, on which his Sclavonic Psalter, bound in strong brown leather and fastened by uncouth brass clasps, rests. The burgher or peasant Reader is generally an old man unfit for work of a more laborious description. He stands by the side of the table where the deceased lies, with his face towards the picture.

The crucifix, which is about a yard and three-quarters in height, is placed in the corner beneath the picture, before which, of course, the suspended lamp burns; and the four candlesticks, which are higher than the table itself, are placed on the floor at each end of the table. They have draperies of muslin or calico tied round them like petticoats; the ribbon with which they are tied is black for an elderly person, and blue or pink for the young; a sort of scarf, also of muslin or calico, is twisted round the crucifix.

If the family wish to inform any of their friends or relations of what has happened, they send a messenger, who communicates the intelligence in these words :—

"Michael Alexandrovitch (name of deceased) desires his compliments to you, and wishes you may live long,"—which means that he has ceased to live himself. The hearers after expressing their sorrow, regret or surprise, always cross themselves and exclaim, "The kingdom of Heaven be his!" If, in large towns, it is wished to publish a death in the newspaper, it is done in the following form, and in a separate paragraph, among the advertisements. Births, marriages, and deaths are not printed in Russian papers as in England.

"Sophia Conradievna Gourieff informs her friends and acquaintance, with grief, of the demise of her husband, the Secret Councillor, Pavel Petrovitch Gourieff, which occurred on the 11th instant, and begs such of them as desire to show respect to the memory of the deceased, to assemble at her house on the day of his funeral, Tuesday next, the 14th instant, at nine o'clock in the morning" (or at such and such a church).

All the looking-glasses in the room where the body lies (the Russians are very fond of mirrors, and hang them in every pier

if they can afford it), and in the rooms leading out of it, are covered with sheets or table-cloths.

All these arrangements are made in a very short time—an hour or two at most. The bedstead of the deceased is taken into the yard, the pillows and bedding into the loft, a light and very airy place, having openings at each end to produce a thorough draught; in winter it is used for drying the freshly-washed linen, and it is a general receptacle for everything that requires airing. The ladies of the family put on any black gown that they may happen to possess, or in its total absence the darkest one that their wardrobe contains, until a new black one is made.

In due time, and frequently before all is brought to order, and the first burst of grief and bewilderment subsided, the Priest arrives with words of comfort and kindness, and sings a requiem, which is observed twice a day during the time the body remains at home, and evening-matins every afternoon at five or six. The most remarkable feature in the requiem is the chanting of "Everlasting Remembrance." The Priest says, after several prayers for the repose of the deceased's soul, and for the forgiveness of all his sins, voluntary and involuntary:—

"With the Saints let the soul of Thy deceased servant, O Lord, rest in peace, and keep him in Everlasting Remembrance." The choir take up the last words and sing them to a mournful strain several times. This is sung at every requiem and funeral, and always makes the mourners weep violently.

It is considered a Christian duty (James i. 27) to visit the bereaved in their affliction, and it would be taken very ill if they were to shut themselves up and refuse to see their friends, who, however unwelcome, mean kindly, of course. A mere inquiry, on the other hand, unless the friend were ill

or infirm, would be thought strange and unkind by the mourning family. There is, of course, no ceremony in such visits: the acquaintances put on the nearest approach to mourning that their wardrobe permits, and after a silent prayer before the picture, bow to, and frequently prostrate themselves before the corpse, reverently lift the covering from his face, and kiss either his forehead, hand, or the picture on his breast, according to the terms of relationship, friendship, or acquaintance on which they felt themselves with him and his family. Condolements are the same in every language, but there is one phrase that is *invariably* to be heard, and which is peculiarly Russian, "We shall all go *there* (meaning the grave, I presume), only not at the same time." On the whole, I should say the mourners are more than resigned to these visits,—they are truly thankful for them.

The gates (in provincial towns and villages) of the yard are thrown open, any who chooses being free to come in to take a look at the deceased, make their obeisance to him, and pray for the peace of his soul. One of the family is always in the room to attend to the candles and act as watcher. The Reader never leaves off his quiet monotonous reading.

The house is teeming with business; mourning must be got ready for the funeral, which takes place three days after death; and preparations made for two dinners, one for the Priests and friends and such of the acquaintance as have been so kind as to attend the funeral, the other for any beggar who may choose to come, and which is served in the kitchen, or, in the summer, in the barn or coach-house if there are a great many guests.

Alms are distributed every day to the beggars that wait for charity at the church porch before and after Mass, with the

injunction to pray for the peace of So-and-so, merely mentioning the Christian name.

In a few hours the coffin is brought, but it is not always quite ready; in some houses they have it covered with velvet, or some other material, at home, but I think this custom is going out. The more distant relatives or intimate acquaintance employ themselves in decorating the interior by pinking muslin and making ruches of it to go round the edge of the coffin, making the pillow, &c.[1] They never have a feather pillow for the coffin; it is stuffed either with wadding or with the refuse of flax. The common people say it is a sin to bury a person with a down pillow; the educated class do not know why—"but it's not the custom"—the usual answer. They have an idea, too, that if there is a pigeon's feather amongst those with which the pillow is stuffed on which a sick person lies, he will not be able to die until it is taken away; and if anybody is a long time dying they change every pillow in the house under his head, fancying that in each there must be a pigeon's feather. The pigeon or dove, being the emblem of the Holy Spirit, is greatly respected in Russia, and is seldom eaten, in fact never, by the rigidly orthodox.[2]

[1] This is speaking of the interior, where there are no undertakers, properly so called, and where a joiner makes the wooden part of the coffin.

[2] An English friend of the writer once sent her a present of four pigeons that he had caught in his yard. The cook very reluctantly plucked them, and grumbled a good deal at making a pie of them; but when the mistress of the house came with the usual bag for feathers, in order to dry them before making them into a pillow, nothing could induce the cook to add those of the pigeons to the stock. "God forbid, sudarinia," she said; "if it were to happen that one of the orthodox were taken with his death-sickness on the bed or pillows that you intend to make, the sin would rest on my head that he could not give up his soul! No, sudarinia, as you

The coffin is not like an English one. It is broad at the head, and gradually narrows towards the feet; it is very shallow, and has a deep lid; it stands on four little round feet like a tea-caddy. The very poor have a log hollowed out; the better class plain deal, sometimes painted; but the nobles always have it covered with some kind of material, varying in richness according to the means of the family. Cotton velvet, black, violet, red, or blue, is the most used, but frequently silver cloth, brocade, glacé silk, &c. It is trimmed with gold tinsel lace, which is very effective and extremely cheap; a long cross is formed of it on the lid: there is no name-plate. The inside is lined with calico and muslin, and trimmed round the edges with the ruches before mentioned, and it is remarkable that every scrap of calico, velvet, muslin, or lace, or any other material that has been used for the grave-clothes or coffin, is put into the latter to be buried with the corpse,—not a snipping is left: if it be a very large remnant it is given away in charity, but it is not suffered to remain in the house, for they fancy that if it does it will "come in" for another corpse. If the deceased be limp, or if his eyes open, it is considered a sign that he is "looking out" for another to follow him. I remember one instance of the sort which made a deep impression on a nurse of ours. Her father-in-law died, and, as she said, "not all the kopecks in the house could keep his eyelids down." She was of a melancholy disposition, and this circumstance evidently preyed upon her spirits. Two or three months afterwards her brother-in-law,

please! I will buy a pound of down out of my own wages in the place of the pigeons' feathers, if you are vexed with me. It is a pure bird, sudarinia." Of course the matter was given up, seeing the woman's earnestness, but the opinion does not seem to be *universal* in Russia.

the son of the deceased, was drowned, and we heard of nothing but *batioushka's*[1] open eyes for some time, with histories of similar occurrences, more or less remarkable.

There are always two or three old women in the house at this time, people who have some sort of relation with, or interest in, the family; the cook's mother, the washerwomen, the old baby's wet-nurse, and the new baby's baboushka. They condole with the mourners, relate dismal histories of deaths, funerals, supernatural appearances, and complaints, some of which are extraordinary and impossible, as the "hairy sipples," "green asthma," and "brown creatures" of the English poor. As one goes another comes, and to each the servants or mourners describe the dying moments of the deceased, accompanying the narrative with copious tears and with prayers for the repose of his soul.

On the morning that the funeral takes place the house begins to fill at about nine o'clock, and when the bell for Mass begins to ring the Priests and Deacons, accompanied by the Readers and choristers, come to perform the last requiem, and to accompany the funeral procession to church. The body is frequently put into the coffin, which is blessed and waved over with incense by the Priest, at this time, or at one of the previous requiems, and the nearest relative does it, assisted by the others. It is never left to the undertaker or servants to do. Sometimes the body is removed from home to church the day before burial, so that the persons invited to the funeral assemble at church the next day; but they are requested also to be present at the carrying of the body from home. In such a case the ceremonies are exactly the same as when done on the

[1] Father.

morning of the funeral; the corpse remains in the church all night, and the Reader reads there as he did in the house.

The house is open in the strictest sense of the term, the saloon and entries crowded. All the officers and *employés* invited come in full uniform, the ladies in slight mourning. The female members of the family, little girls and all, wear black stuff dresses, large capes bound with white, and little caps of black crape or net. Bonnets are out of the question. The Priests wear black cotton velvet canonicals with silver lace. Soldiers, forest-guards, or other persons without rank under the command of the master of the house, are requested (or more strictly speaking, request to be allowed) to come and help to carry the coffin, lid, cross, &c. If the family have no dependants of the kind, a relative or friend frequently offers the services of the men under his command.

Having waved the incense, the Priest begins, "Blessed be our God," &c. When the words come in the Litany, "Let us pray for the peace of the soul of the deceased (So-and-so), and for forgiveness of his sins, voluntary and involuntary," the friends prostrate themselves, and the ladies cry bitterly at the mention of the *name.* The service in the house is very short, and at its conclusion the relatives kiss and take leave of the deceased *at home.* Let it be understood that the lid of the coffin is not put on yet, and that the face on every occasion of requiems, &c., is fully exposed to view; but, when the bearers take up their burden, the pall is drawn over the head. One of the male relatives holds the handle at the head, others those parallel to the elbows. I say *handles*, but more correctly it is a long piece of home-spun linen, passed through the handles and under the coffin, that is held.

First of all goes the bearer of the cross; then the lid, on

which, if the deceased was an officer, are placed his sword, its sheath, and his hat. If he had orders and medals, they are carried by the youngest officer of the funeral party, on a cushion. Immediately preceding the coffin walk the Priests, and with them the rest of the clergy and the singers, chanting at short intervals; the men with the candlesticks are near the coffin, and the friends follow it; all the male followers, including the Priests, &c., are bare-headed, even in the severest frosts.[1] The procession, if procession it can be called when there is not the slightest notion of order and which moves briskly enough, is accompanied by a long and broad motley crowd. When they arrive at church, Mass begins; the coffin is placed in the body of the church before the royal gates, on a sort of box without a bottom, and covered with black velvet or calico; the lid is placed on a stool by its side, the attendants stand about the head. Tapers are handed to every one who wishes to hold one, besides the actual guests and family, but they are not lighted until the Burial Service begins. Three tapers are stuck to the coffin, one at the head and the others parallel to the shoulders of the corpse.

After Mass, the service commences with the first part of Psalm cxix., followed by the Litany, a number of psalms (not of David), irmos, and hymns, interspersed with prayers and litanies. There is a great deal of repetition.

Then come the Beatitudes, with a little prayer after each; more hymns, and constant supplications for the repose of the soul of the deceased.

[1] On meeting a funeral the Greco-Russian always takes off his hat until the procession has passed; and all men, women, and children cross themselves with an ejaculation for the repose of the deceased, be he known or unknown to them.

The Epistle is 1 Thessalonians iv. 13—18, and the Gospel from St. John v. 24—31, after the reading of which the tapers in the hands of the Priests and others are extinguished.

Before the corpse is taken to its last resting-place the Priest reads aloud a printed paper in the Sclavonic language, which he afterwards places in the dead man's hand. It is a prayer, and not, as I have read in certain books of travel in Russia, a *passport* to the next world. The custom appears to be exclusively Russian, and had its origin in the following manner:—

In the very early days of Christianity (which was introduced, and even made compulsory, by St. Vladimir, a Grand Duke, in the year 988) there lived a very holy man at Kieff, Theodosius by name, who was the founder of monastic brotherhoods in Russia, and became abbot of the first band of monks that established themselves in the celebrated caves of Kieff. A follower of Duke Iziaslaff, the then reigning monarch of Kieff, became a great admirer of Theodosius, and profited by his counsel on all important occasions; and having the highest opinion of his worth and piety, he begged him to confess him, and write down the form of absolution that he used. St. Theodosius complied, and the Prince, after carrying the document about with him wherever he went during his subsequent life, requested, when he felt that his end was approaching, that it might be buried with him. Ever since that time (1032—1074) the imitation of this pious fancy has been kept up. The prayer, or rather absolution, is printed on a large sheet of paper, with small medallion-like vignettes of the Saviour, His mother, and St. John the Baptist. It reads as follows, with a space (. . . . .) left for the Christian name of the deceased to be written in:—

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, by His Divine grace and gift,

when He bestowed on His Holy Apostles and Disciples the power to bind and loose the sins of men, said, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.'[1] From whom this power being conveyed by succession even unto us, through me be spoken the absolution of this ghostly child (. . . .) of all sins that are committed by man against God, by word, deed, or thought, willingly or unwillingly, consciously or unconsciously. And if he were under the curse or excommunication of a Bishop or Priest, or under the curse of his father or mother, or if he broke his own vow, or in any other way sinned as a man, but repented of all with a contrite heart,—be all these sins and bonds absolved to (him or her), and as a weakness of our nature be consigned to oblivion, for His mercy's sake, through the prayers of our most pure and most blessed Lady and Mother of God, the eternal Virgin Mary, of the Holy Ghost and of the most laudable Apostles and all Saints. Amen."

On the brow of the corpse is placed a sort of band called a *coronet;* it is sometimes put on before the commencement of the service; it is about two inches in width and long enough to go round the head, and is made of glazed paper or white satin. Cherubim are printed on it in gold and colours, and a text or prayer, such as "O death, where is thy sting?" &c., in golden Sclavonic characters.

When the prayer has been put beneath the cold, motionless fingers, the "last kiss" is given. The little picture that lay on his breast is placed on a naloy at the foot of the coffin, and each person, before he approaches the deceased, crosses himself before it: first in order, the Priests, Deacons, and

[1] St. John xx. 22, 23.

the rest of the clergy; then the mourners and their friends, and afterwards any one else who wishes to show this last mark of love, respect or forgiveness towards the deceased, the choir singing appropriate hymns all the time. The picture on the naloy is then taken by one of the assistants, who holds it while the principal Priest reads a short prayer, and subsequently carries it before his breast in front of the procession to the grave.

The painful ceremony of kissing concluded, the coffin is carried, as before, to the churchyard, and placed at the brink of the grave; the pall is taken away by an officiating Reader, and remains as a perquisite to the Church, and the lid fitted on, seldom nailed down, but merely secured by means of two square pegs, with corresponding holes in the coffin. Two long pieces of home-spun linen (which is very narrow, not more than fourteen or fifteen inches in width) are passed under the coffin, and thus it is lowered into the grave, which is by no means deep, sometimes bricked, and frequently, in summer-time of course, lined with green turf.

The Priest takes a handful of earth and throws it on the coffin, with the words, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof, and the wide world, and they that dwell therein."

If the deceased were anointed with Extreme Unction, they throw the lamp or wine-glass in which the oil and wine were poured, with what may remain in it, into the grave; also the ashes from the incense then used. This seems to be in remembrance of the "spices and ointments" prepared by the holy women to anoint the body of the buried Saviour. A very short canto is then sung, the blessing given, and all is finished. Each member of the family throws a handful of

earth on the coffin, and the family does not leave the margin of the grave until it is quite hid from human sight.

In the meantime business has been going on actively in the house of mourning. As soon as the funeral procession has left the yard, three or four women appear with pails of hot water, and bunches of bass, their garments tucked up, their feet and legs bare, and they vigorously set to, to wash the floors of the whole house, which they perform standing, not kneeling, and the very sight of which is enough to make one feel apoplectic. Then tables are brought in, and laid for dinner, and preparations made in the kitchen or coach-house for entertaining the beggars.

The dining-table for the nobles is laid much the same as all continental tables are; two plates for each person, with knife and fork, spoon, napkin, and glasses; down the middle of the table are castors, decanters of kvass, mead, beer, and water, and black bottles of foreign wines and native nalivka.[1] No table-spoons or carving-knives are visible on the table.

The tables for the beggars are covered with coarse white, or striped blue and white cloths of home-spun linen; heaps of wooden spoons, painted yellow or red, a salt-cellar, and a *jban* (a sort of wooden jug with a cover, and gaudily painted) filled with kvass, are placed at intervals, and all round are laid small loaves of wheaten bread and slices of rye loaves for each person.

The guests, in which I include the beggars, who are all, more or less, known to the family from having constantly

[1] Prepared thus? an immense bottle, containing from two to eight or ten gallons, is half filled with fruit,—raspberries, currants, or mountain ash, &c., and on them poured vodka. The bottle is kept in the sunshine for a certain period, and then the liquor is strained off, sweetened, and bottled for use.

received alms from them at the church porch or at the house, accompany the mourners home; and the first thing to be done is, to wash one's hands and face immediately on entering the house, for which purpose water, soap, and towels are prepared by the hostess, who, having performed this ablution herself, sets about ordering tea and coffee for the drawing-room guests. The Priests and Deacons, in fact all who serve at Mass, never eat or drink until it is over, and many religious persons, especially old ladies, do the same. As soon as this is over, the beggars' dinner, or rather the prayer which precedes it, and which is immensely long, begins.

"My dear Ivanovna," says the mistress to one of the old women who are lingering about, "do be so good as to see if Nicephorovitch is come, and if there is plenty of incense, and a candle before the picture, all as it should be. Run, my dear mother."

Nicephorovitch, the corpse Reader, *is* there, and all is ready. The family, and any of the guests who choose to go, repair to the place prepared, to see what is to be seen and help to entertain the company. Some forty or fifty beggars, without their wallets, and all *clean*, and attired in the best of their patched-up garments, are assembled in groups, some sitting on the benches, some lounging about the yard, but all quiet, unobtrusive, and civil even to courteousness; the family invite them to table, inclining the head each time, and using affectionate or respectful diminutives to them all; not as if they were kindly feeding them out of charity, but treating them as *guests*. Nicephorovitch lights the taper before the picture, puts hot coals into his little brazen censer, and begins a fatiguingly long prayer, on the conclusion of which the guests cross themselves, and take their seats. The family, assisted by the

servants and the old women before mentioned, wait on them. Large fish pasties, cut up in goodly portions, are brought from the kitchen; then enormous wooden bowls of cabbage-soup, to which five or six help themselves with the wooden spoons straight from the bowls into their mouths—there are no plates; then *kasha*, that is, grain of some sort—millet, barley, buck-wheat, &c., boiled in milk or water to a smash; *lapshá*, an imitation of macaroni, made of flour and eggs mixed and rolled out very thin, then cut up in shavings and boiled in milk; fried dough, korovaï, made of hundreds of little bits of dough like nuts, first dipped in oiled butter, and then packed into a shape to be baked, and many other dishes. All these dainties are served with oiled butter in little pots, into which the guests dip their bits or spoons; everything is plentifully salted, and washed down by deep draughts of kvass and beer.

When, towards the end of the repast, a dish called *kissel* (potato-flour boiled in kvass to the consistence of paste, and much resembling it in appearance) is served, Nicephorovitch lights his incense again; all rise and join in another prayer and "Everlasting Remembrance." Then they sit down and eat the kissel, with honey diluted with warm water. After dinner they cross themselves, and thank the family for their good cheer. They are requested to attend Mass during the forty days that are observed after the death of a Russian, and invited to another dinner at the end of that time. The beggars reiterate thanks, with blessings and ejaculations for the health and salvation of their entertainers and the repose of their deceased relative, and quietly disperse.

"Bring up dinner," says the master, on his way to the house or saloon; "and sharply, my brothers."

The rest of the company have been waiting the return of

the family, and thinking what a wearisomely long history it all is; but the mistress asks them to take their places, and the second repast begins.

The inevitable fish pasty, soup, a made dish or two, roast birds of some kind, turkey or partridges or young fowls, with what is called salad (boiled potatoes are never given with roast meat). This salad, in the absence of green-meat, is salted or pickled something—cucumbers, apples, pumpkins; sometimes mushrooms or gherkins in vinegar, and even cherries and currants, tied up in little bunches; preserves, and a mixture of beetroot cut small, and bogberries boiled with honey, a little cinnamon and cloves: then pancakes, with preserves and sugar, and a great dish of what looks like shaky blanc-mange, but it is in fact nothing more than *kissel*, only made of milk. When this appears, the Priests and Deacons get up from table, stand before the picture, and begin to chant "Everlasting Remembrance." All the company rise, and the mourners break out afresh. On its conclusion they sit down again and eat the said pancakes and *kissel*, "in remembrance" of the departed.

I never yet met with an educated Russian who approved of this extraordinary custom. "One has just begun to get a little composed," said a sobbing girl, who had but that morning seen her mother laid in the grave; "one knows that nothing can bring them back; one tries to be cheerful for the sake of the rest—when all at once those tiresome Priests get up and tear one's feelings to pieces with their mournful singing. As if——" and she suddenly stopped and fell to crying more bitterly than before.

"But it is for the last time, dear!" I ventured to observe, though I fully agreed with her.

"The last time! and the ninth day! and the twentieth! and the fortieth! But you foreigners can't understand anything!"

"Ah! yes, I forgot. It is rather difficult to remember all these customs."

And so at first it is, indeed. After dinner a waiter is brought in full of glasses, and a large tureen full of warm honey-water. This is ladled out by the Deacon, he and the Priest singing all the time, and then handed by him to the company, who take a sip or two of the sickly beverage "in remembrance," and soon after disperse.

People whose circumstances permit it have evening-matins and Mass performed every day for forty days after the death has taken place, and distribute trifling alms to the beggars each time. Besides this, special requiems are sung on the ninth, twentieth, and fortieth days over the grave, and the Priests are generally, but not always, entertained as on the day of the funeral. At any rate, they are invited to the fortieth day: on the first two occasions a "lunch" (which consists of as good a dinner as you could wish to eat, only without soup) is prepared for them. On the fortieth day[1] the funeral is almost acted over again; a requiem, dinners, Nicephorovitch, *kissel*, and "Everlasting Remembrance" being again on the scene.

Immediately on return from church on all these occasions, and on the name's-day and anniversary of the death of the deceased, the family eat a spoonful of what is called *koutià*; it is boiled rice and raisins, sweetened with honey. They take it to church in a sugar-basin or butter-dish, and place it, with a taper stuck to it, on the little black naloy before which re-

[1] If the deceased have left a will, it is not read until the fortieth day, after the mass and requiem.

quiems are sung. This is repeated at every requiem, and is done "in remembrance" of the deceased, but in what manner this dish can bring to memory a departed friend is more, doubtless, than any of my readers can suggest. It is, however, thus explained by Bishop Benjamin: "The rice (or, as in ancient times ordained, wheat-grain) typifies the deceased Christian, who will hereafter rise again like the buried seed (John xii. 24). The honey implies that on resurrection a sweet and delightful existence awaits us in the kingdom of heaven. The raisins, dried up as they now are, will, on coming up, be beautiful and lovely, as the glorified Christian will be (1 Cor. xv. 43, 44)."

On the name's-day and anniversary of the death of a person, requiems are religiously observed by the friends, and dinners frequently given, *à la* fortieth day, but without Nicephorovitch.

Every family has what is called a "remembrance book"—a little pamphlet in which are written not only the Christian names of the actual relations, but of the acquaintances, old servants, beggars who have been accustomed to receive alms at their hands, &c., in fact everybody for whom the owner of the remembrance book bears a kindly feeling. When a requiem for one particular person is performed, the names of the rest are distinctly read through by the Priest and Deacon several times during the course of it. They are also read during Mass.

Requiems are not performed for little children, as they are considered sinless until of age to come to confession; and in the Burial Service for Infants, which is distinct from that of adults, though not greatly different, the deceased is styled "the innocent (or *guiltless*) babe, So-and-so," and not "the servant of God." In the remembrance books they are called "the Babe

Ardalion," or "the Babe Nadejda," and not simply Ardalion or Nadejda, as it would be written were they adults.

The office of Burial of a Priest is distinct again from the offices for adults and babies, though still without any great difference. Priests, Deacons, and Readers are buried in their canonicals, the former with a book of the Holy Gospels in his hand, and with face covered with the silk napkin used for covering the Sacramental Cup, the whole time of the service.

Tuesday week after Easter Day and Saturday after Ascension Day are especially devoted by the Russians to the memory of the dead, and of their parents in particular, from which they are called the Parents' Days. The orthodox religiously observe the established offices and customs with regard to the dogmas inculcating prayers for the dead, but they seem to be particularly impressed with the conviction that alms are peculiarly beneficial and comforting to the souls of the departed. If they have but five kopeckas to dispose of, they prefer changing them into twenty poloushkas (4 poloushkas = 1 kopecka, ⅓d. sterling), and distributing them among the beggars that stand in a double row at the church doors, to having a requiem performed, but if their means permit it they observe both customs. The alms are of course given with the injunction to pray for the soul of John, Mary, or Peter, whatever the name of the deceased may be.

I had heard much of the feastings and lamentations that take place in the churchyards on Parents' Days, and at last determined to satisfy my curiosity by going on purpose to see them; I found an opportunity too, by accompanying a young orphan relative who was desirous of having a requiem sung over her parents' graves, and who was too timid and inexperienced to go alone on such an errand.

Followed by Sascha, the laundress, who carried the koutià, tied up in a napkin, we set forth early in the morning to the cemetery, which is admirably situated on a hill of considerable height, and thickly planted with beautiful birch and pine trees. I was struck by the number of beggars who were standing or sitting by the road-side waiting for alms, and asking for them "for Christ's sake," "for your parents' sakes." Each was provided with a capacious wallet, and a *loukoshko*, a sort of pail made of lime bark, but incapable of holding liquids. The nearer we got to the church the more numerous were the beggars and the more clamorous for charity. We gave nearly every one small coin, of which we had previously prepared an immense quantity in bulk, though trifling in value. The common people principally bestowed eggs, coloured and raw, cakes of fried dough, or curd tarts, for which the wallets and loukoshkos had been prepared. The beggars were mostly old, blind, or crippled, and there were a great many children who called themselves orphans; but I am inclined to think that the curd tarts and eggs had attractions for some few rogues whose fathers and mothers little suspected where they were that morning.

Crowds of women and girls in their second-best holiday attire were wending their way by the different streets and lanes towards the cemetery, at the gates of which were erected half a dozen or more booths, with cakes, nuts, and other dainties, presenting the appearance of a fair. Here and there might be seen schoolboys, who, having laid in a little stock of small pieces of writing-paper, a pen and a bottle of ink, stood ready to write down the names of the deceased relatives of such persons as had no remembrance book, of course for a trifling "consideration." The little cemetery church, where

Mass was going on, was so full that we renounced all attempts at entering it, and proceeded to the family enclosure of graves, there to wait for the Priest who had been requested, the evening before, to perform the requiem. The mourners were rapidly filling the churchyard, and the lamentations were already beginning; but I took them for a distant song, and felt disappointed in the reality, after having heard so much of the heartrending cries that are uttered on this occasion. But it was the commencement only, the *tuning up*, in fact.

The early spring morning was fresh almost to sharpness, and we deemed it prudent to take a little exercise in order to warm ourselves; we knew that we had plenty of time, for the "Dostoyny" bell was only just ringing, so we proceeded to a little crowd surrounding a grave whence certain doleful sounds proceeded.

The women respectfully made way for us, and there, on a recently-formed mound, with a plain pine wood cross, on which was carved the date "1859," and nothing more, lay a female figure, in a smart gown, a violet satin-turc paletot, and a bright-coloured cashmere handkerchief on her head. The voice was that of a young girl, and a few phrases served to inform us that she was *howling*—as the peasants say very correctly—for her mother. I confess that it seemed to me too *perfect* to be sincere, and the endless chant she kept up proved that affliction had not affected her memory. She would fling herself violently on the grave, howling, roaring, and hiccoughing between each phrase in a tone indescribable, and chanting a lament which is next to untranslatable, but was to the following effect :—

"Oh, my dear Mammika !—My red Sun !—Why didst thou

leave me?—A bitter orphan!—Who will care for me?—My own born Mother!" &c.

Between each phrase she would bang her head on the mound, tossing her arms wildly; the screams were too loud and forced to be affecting—that is, to us; but several tender-hearted women were shedding real and copious tears. At last an elderly woman came up to her, and endeavoured to raise her, but in vain; she flung and howled more than ever.

"That will do, Pashinka; enough, my pigeon!" she said; "thou wilt cry thine eyes out, weeping at home, and shrieking here! Get up, matoushka!"

But Pashinka was not to be persuaded, and the woman, after several essays, left her. She was getting quite hoarse, and we quite tired of looking at her, and of hearing her mournful repetitions, but I wanted to know the end of it, and was soon gratified; for when another woman, with a great bowl full of curd tarts tied up in a coloured handkerchief, approached her with nearly the same words as the first woman, she got up, groaned once or twice, blew her nose, looked about her, sniffed violently on one side, and went with the crowd to look at another orphan, as if she had never howled in her life.

This was a family group,—three sisters at the grave of their father. The eldest stood, stooping towards the grave, and chanted in a piercingly screaming voice, absolutely painful to listen to, a long and really touching lament, in which she described the comforts they enjoyed during his lifetime, and the hardships and cares they experienced since his death. She seemed really distressed. The other two were on their knees, with their heads and arms on the grave, and they cried and sobbed, and screamed, in a manner impossible to describe or imagine, the whole time I stood by.

We were thoroughly weary of the scene, when we saw our Priest approaching our enclosure, and we hastened to join him. Several of our acquaintance joined us; the koutià was placed on one of the graves, and the requiem was hurriedly and unimpressively performed. At the conclusion the following prayer was read:—

"O God of spirits and of all flesh, who conquerest death and the devil, and givest life to the world, grant, O Lord, repose to the souls of Thy departed servants (such and such names), in a peaceful place, in a bright place, where there is neither sickness, nor sorrow, nor sighing; and all the sins committed by them in thought, word, or deed, forgive them of Thy mercy and love to mankind, for there is no man living that sinneth not. Thou alone art without sin; Thy truth is for ever, and Thy Word is truth. O Thou who art the Resurrection and the Life and the Repose of the souls of Thy departed servants, O Christ, our Lord, we praise Thee, with Thine Eternal Father and Life-giving Spirit, now, henceforth, and for ever." "Everlasting Remembrance" of course follows, and with it the requiem ends.

After receiving his fee the Priest left our enclosure, and was immediately surrounded by mourners, all begging him to sing at some particular grave.

At every enclosure (by this I mean a family group of graves, surrounded by a little paling), there stood a relative or several relatives waiting for a Priest, and at most of the humbler mounds also.

The better class merely had a requiem performed, and immediately returned home, unless they joined a friend in the same pious duty; the working men's wives and daughters remained to "commemorate" their relations, and made a sort

of table of the mounds by spreading a handkerchief like a table-cloth, and laying gingerbread, eggs, curd tarts, and even vodka, on it. When the weeping, which continued for about two hours after Mass, had ceased, the mourners set to to commemorate the departed by partaking of his favourite dainty; and if he were fond of a glass, the vodka was sipped, with the ejaculation: "The kingdom of Heaven be his! he loved a drink, the deceased!"

It is not only in low life that the Russian remembers his lost ones at table. They all have a habit of saying, "When I die, remember me by coffee," or green peas, pistachio nuts, or any favourite eatable or drinkable, and is sometimes merely a Russian way of expressing a liking in particular for anything. For months after the death of a dear friend of mine I could not drink coffee without tears, even in the house of an acquaintance, and at home could not abide the sight of the coffee-pot, the canister, or the mill. I recollected how she enjoyed making it, how she used to hide the cream-pans, in order to make sure of having thick fresh cream, how we used to laugh over those coffee-drinkings, and what a pleasant meal it was for us all until that sad blank in our party was made; and to this day I seldom see the table prepared for it but I think, with a sigh, "Dear M——! how fond she was of coffee!"

Besides the two days in the spring, there is another in the autumn, which has been observed in Holy Russia for several centuries. It is not kept by the common people, but is marked by a requiem on the Saturday that falls nearest to the 26th of October, and was instituted in remembrance of those who fell at the great battle of the Koulikoff Field, so famous in Russian history. It took place in 1380, during the reign of the brave, wise, and pious prince, Dimitry of the

Don, who may be called the King Arthur of Russia, and who, next to his ancestor, St. Alexander Neffsky, is decidedly the favourite hero of the Russians.

This battle was remarkable not only for the signal victory gained over the hated and hateful enemies of Dimitry and his subjects,—the Tartars,—but for the deep piety which distinguished the undertaking of it, and the thankfulness to Almighty God which the success called forth. The river Nepriadva lay between the Russians and Tartars, and the question was, who was to cross it? Dimitry was undecided what to do,—to bide his time and await the coming of the enemy, or to be the first to begin the fight,—when a letter was brought to him from St. Sergius (the abbot of the Trinity monastery near Moscow, which still flourishes), a very holy man, whose counsel and blessing were highly valued by Dimitry. "Be strong!" said the epistle, which Dimitry took as an encouragement to act decisively; and, full of faith and hope, he lost no time in giving orders to his followers to cross the river. He desired that his own black, princely banner, with the representation of the Saviour on it, should be unfurled before him; and while his 200,000 men were crossing the Nepriadva, he continued "on his bones," *i.e.* knees, at the brink of the water, praying for blessing and success.

This was in the evening. The next morning,—8th September,—the Feast of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary, rose dull and foggy, and the hearts of the soldiers were down, but Dimitry rode through the ranks at break of day, encouraging them, calling them his dear brothers, and exhorting them to "be strong." "We are ready!" they cried, inspired by his words; "and if we fall for our country, do thou desire that the Church

may remember us, and do thou keep up our remembrance in the hearts of our children." He gave his word, and kept it sacredly. So did the brave warriors, when the sun broke through the mist, and displayed to their eyes the field before them covered with countless Tartar forces. Dimitry crossed himself, and with the shout, "God is our refuge and strength!" rushed to the combat, and his people after him. On the vast space of ten versts the adversaries fought desperately for three hours, and the advantage was rather on the side of the Tartars, when Prince Vladimir, the cousin and counsellor of Dimitry, came to his aid with a reserve, and made the enemy fly. Mamaï, their Khan and leader, who with five of his nobles was witness of the fight from a hill, groaned aloud when he saw the flight of his army, and ejaculating, "Great is the God of the Russians!" turned and fled also.[1]

The pious prince nearly lost his life in the fray; but he lived, not only to institute the "Dimitry's Saturday," as the day is still called on which the requiem for the Koulikoff warriors is celebrated, but to found a church near the field in remembrance of his victory; and his wife, also in memory of the same, established a convent for nuns at Moscow. By other accounts it was founded by the mother of Prince Vladimir, Dimitry's aunt, the Princess Mary, who became a nun, and was buried in the church attached to the convent in 1389.

[1] Zolotcff's "History of Russia."

CHURCH BELLS.

CHURCH BELLS.

"Funera plango, fulgera frango, sabbata pango,
Excita lentos dissipo ventos, paco cruentos."
(*Inscription of an Ancient Bell.*)

PROBABLY the following little sketch would never have been written had not the new excise laws on vodka[1] lately come into force. Until 1863 the manufacture of that article was not allowed to all parties, and its sale was limited to the few who were rich enough to purchase the privilege of retailing it. At the present time the price of intoxicating liquors of all kinds has become much lower, and the number of *kabaks* or small taverns has increased to an astonishing degree. Here, where we have twenty thousand inhabitants, there are upwards of ninety kabaks, and in every tiny hamlet in the neighbourhood you are sure to see one, if not two or more log huts, with the inscription over the door, "Sale of wine, on the premises, or to be carried home. *Koupetz* (merchant) So-and-so."

"In the days of Noah," said a patriarchal old man, the watchman of the Government dam belonging to the iron

[1] A kind of whisky.

works, as he stood before us while we were resting on the rocking-bench on the boulevard that ornaments the said dam, "it was just the same as it is now;" and he pointed with the long staff on which he was leaning, looking like Noah himself, to a basket-cart full of tipsy workmen, who were driving past at a furious rate, and singing in drunken falsettos at the top of their voices. "The Bible says so," he continued, evidently supposing that the Scriptures were utterly unknown to us; the assurance with which he spoke awakened my curiosity, and I encouraged him to go on.

"Twenty years, sudarinia, did Noah preach to the people, but nothing could induce them to give up vodka. And when the Lord sent the mighty Deluge, they climbed up into the pine-trees, sudarinia, with *shtoffs*[1] and *pol-shtoffs*[2] in their bosoms, and drank there until the water reached them. And so it will be again."

"But the writings say that there never will be a deluge again, grandfather!"

"All the same! When the great day comes, how will it fare with those who do as the people in Noah's time did?"

All this was said in reference to what had happened in Easter week that year.

On Wednesday, the 6th of April, I was sitting at the window reading, that is with a book in my hand, but more often glancing at the groups of gaily-dressed women and girls with their kaftanned cavaliers, wading their way through the mud to the swings and merry-go-rounds at the other end of the town, than at its pages. The thaw itself was over, leaving behind it dirt indescribable, but the weather was glorious overhead, and it was really provoking to be compelled to sit indoors.

[1] A quart. [2] A pint.

Suddenly, the clanging of the church bells (which are rung incessantly during Easter week, except in the night, and while Divine Service is going on) ceased; and when, a few minutes afterwards, it was resumed with redoubled vigour, I observed a great difference in the tone of the Great Bell. It had become much weaker, and had a strange cracked sound. I opened the *was ist das*,[1] and listened attentively, but sat down again undecided as to what had happened. The next day, however, I was told that the sexton had allowed some *tipsy men* to ring the bells, and that they had broken the great one in question, which accounted for its altered tone.

Soon after, a book was brought to me by the churchwarden, with a request that I would write my name down as a subscriber towards the purchase of a new bell, which was to be ordered at Slobodskoy, a town of considerable commercial importance in the Government of Viatka, where there is a bell foundry; but I was too indignant with the church authorities for allowing such disorders in the House of God, to consent; and intimated to the abashed warden that it was not fair to make the parishioners answerable for the mischief every tipsy man might create. But a handsome collection was made without my dole, and the new bell ordered, but many months passed before we heard any further tidings of it, and in the meantime we had become thoroughly accustomed to the cracked voice of our old friend, and hailed each Sabbath and holiday as heartily when warned by it, as we did when its sound was clear and strong.

Russian bells are infinitely larger than those in England, and are sonorous in proportion, but the art of ringing as practised in Great Britain is, as far as I am aware, unknown here.

[1] A ventilating pane in the window.

During a residence of nearly a year in St. Petersburg I never heard anything resembling a chime, and at different periods I have noticed the same at Moscow and Kazan. Once only I heard something like a *tune* in the tolling of the bells in the cathedral church at Ekaterinburg, the capital of the Oural, but it was marred by the incessant booming of *the* great bell. They are not rung, but struck; that is, the clappers alone are moveable.

Notwithstanding the sameness of the Russian ringing, an accustomed ear can easily distinguish the meaning of the various sounds produced by the numerous bells that usually hang in the smallest belfry; for instance, the every-day peal for Mass, matins, and vespers is composed of the second bell in size, which summons the orthodox to Divine Service in the following manner:—First, three solemn tolls, with the interval of about a minute and a half between each, following by an even and uninterrupted repetition of the same, but *allegro*, for about twenty minutes. This, for Mass, is followed by a complete silence of ten minutes' duration or thereabouts, and concluded by a grand clanging and clashing (called a *trézvon*, or treble peal) of all the other smaller bells, which lasts for two or three minutes more. This signifies that service will begin immediately. For matins and vespers, it is nearly the same, but with smaller intervals, and of less duration. At that part of the Liturgy where the choir sings, "It is worthy and meet to bow down to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, to the Trinity Consubstantial and Indivisible," the great bell on holydays, and a lesser one on week-days, ring for about three minutes, until another hymn beginning also with the words, "It is worthy," and sung to the Holy Virgin, is commenced. From this circumstance the peal is called

Dostoyno, *worthy*, the word with which the two hymns begin. This seems to be peculiar to the Russian Church, as it does not exist in other branches of the Greek Church, and to have been introduced about the middle of the seventeenth century. It was ordained in order that those who were unable to join their fellow Christians at church might at any rate lift up their hearts with them at the sound of this bell, for it precedes immediately the Transubstantiation of the Elements—the most solemn and important moment in the Liturgy. On the conclusion of Mass, if there be an Imperial molében for either of the members of the reigning family, it is preceded and followed by a noisy trézvon.[1]

On Sundays and great holidays the order is as above, except that the largest bell in the belfry is used for the tolling, and that the second comes into use with the rest of the smaller ones in the trézvon.

Wedding-peals are utterly unknown, and tolling for the dead also; but the bells clang in a particularly mournful manner as the funeral procession approaches the cemetery. On the death of a Priest, however, the great bell is tolled all the time they are laying out the corpse, which is done with a certain ceremony by the brother Priests.

When the Archbishop of a diocese is on his way to visit a

[1] On the accession of his present Imperial Majesty, he proposed to the Metropolitan to shorten in a measure the Liturgy, but his Eminence said that in no manner was it possible but by abridging the litanies for the Imperial family, in which each member was fully named and titled several times during the course of the service. The words, "and all the Imperial family" were consequently substituted after the full titles and names of the Emperor and Empress, the Heir and Heiress. Formerly, too, every birth-day and name's-day of the Grand Dukes and Duchesses was observed by a molében, but it is now celebrated on the Sunday following.

place, a tremendous trézvon is kept up from the time that his carriage is within hearing of the bells, until his Eminence has reached and entered the church, which he always does before going into any other house,—straight from his carriage, with all his suite; the Archimandrite, Proto-deacon, Sub-deacons, choristers, &c. After a short service he returns to his carriage, and proceeds to the house prepared for him, to the sound of a trézvon similar to that which announced his arrival, and which is repeated every time he goes anywhere from home during his visit, and when he finally leaves the place.

From Easter to the 14th of September, the Feast of the Discovery of the Cross (called in the Book of Common Prayer "Holy Cross Day"), matins are performed in the interior on the eve of Sundays and great feasts, and not on the morning of the days in question. The booming of the great bell at six o'clock on such eves has a peculiar charm, and I cannot understand why this arrangement should not remain during the whole year. From the 14th of September to the following Easter, the orthodox are called to matins at five or six in the morning, and sometimes still earlier; and it is saying much for the religious feeling of the Russians to acknowledge that the churches are almost invariably crowded at matins on Sundays and holydays. Let it be remembered that here, in the Government of Viatka, from November to March we have frosts varying from 10° to 35°, and even 40° (though of rare occurrence), Réaumur, with occasional days of *comparative* warmth, which, however, are very "few and far between." Such a state of cold, as the latter figures intimate, is positively incomprehensible to an inhabitant of Great Britain. Fancy getting up at five o'clock, and proceeding on foot in the dark, with 20° or 30° of Jack Frost! Let me add that no true Greco-Russian

would think of preparing himself or herself for such a cool walk by a cup of hot tea or coffee.

On New Year's Day, 1864, when the congregation left the church after Mass, they were agreeably surprised by the sight of the new bell, which had arrived during the service, and was left under a sort of gallows in front of the church, which had been prepared for it in the autumn. In out-of-the-way places like this, there is so little in the shape of novelty and news, that this circumstance formed subject for conversation during all New Year's Day: conjectures as to its weight, tone, and price; narratives of other bells; the history of its cracked predecessor, and reminiscences of the Priests who had charge of God's little flock here when it was brought from Slobodskvy nearly thirty years previously—were heard on every side. My curiosity was aroused, and I went to look at the new bell a week or so after its arrival, when it was hanging in the gallows before mentioned, while the pulleys and other contrivances required to raise it to the belfry were being prepared at the works.

It was a very handsome piece of workmanship, bronze, with bands of bright brass, and its shape very elegant. It is eight feet some inches in height, weighs 10,950 lbs. avoirdupois, and cost upwards of 5,000 silver roubles (about 800*l.*), at eighteen silver roubles per pood. On its four sides are bas-reliefs representing the principal pictures in the church for which it was destined, namely—that of the Saviour, the Holy Virgin of *Vladimir* (that is to say, after the manner of a celebrated picture at Vladimir), St. Dimitry Rostoffsky, Metropolite in the time of Peter the Great, and St. Nicholas, the miracle worker, who lived in the third century.

Besides these bas-reliefs, which are very fairly executed, the bell is richly ornamented with arabesques in the Russo-

Byzantine style, and between the brass bands are the following inscriptions :—

1. "O let the earth bless the Lord; yea, let it praise Him. O ye Heavens, bless ye the Lord." (Song of the Three Children.)

2. "In the evening, and morning, and at noon-day will I pray, and that instantly: and He shall hear my voice." (Ps. lv. 18.)

3. "I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (St. Matthew xvi. 18.)

4. "For the cathedral church of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin in Votkinsky Zavod, from the devouter frequenters of that House of God. To the Lord God are known their names."

This description of our bell will give the reader a sufficient idea of those of Russia in general; but perhaps a little further information on the subject may not be without interest.

Let it be borne in mind that the largest bell in England, that of Christ Church College, Oxford, weighs but 17,000 lbs.; the Great Bell of St. Paul's, London, 11,474 lbs.; and the celebrated Tom of Lincoln, 10,854 lbs., *less* by 96 lbs. than the new one at Votkinsk, which is but a Government zavod (or manufacturing town, important only for its works, which produce wrought iron, cables, anchors, and iron ships). But the bells in large towns, especially in St. Petersburg and Moscow, are infinitely larger than any of those above mentioned.

The original Ivan Viliki (Big John) of Moscow, for which no belfry could be built strong enough, weighed 432,000 lbs. It still exists in the enclosure of the Kreml, with a large piece like a door broken out of its side. Its size is enormous, and a hermit might live in it very comfortably.

The Ivan Viliki, which succeeded the former one, weighs 216,000 lbs. and hangs in the belfry of the Church of St. John the Great, at Moscow.

In the magnificent cathedral of St. Isaac, at St. Petersburg, which was completed and consecrated two years after the accession of his present Imperial Majesty, Alexander the Liberator, after nearly twenty years building, is the largest and most sonorous bell in that city. It weighs 53,072 lbs. and is ornamented with a large picture in bas-relief of St. Isaac of Dalmatia, to whom the cathedral is dedicated, and with five medallion portraits of its Imperial builders (for it was begun several times), viz. Peter I. (the Great), Catherine II., Paul I., Alexander I., and Nicholas I. It contains a considerable portion of gold and silver.

Bells have always been in great favour with the Russians, and are regarded by the peasants with a superstitious reverence. They are not, however, christened, as I have heard it affirmed; but, as we shall see in the sequel, merely consecrated, as is every other article that is to belong to the House of God.

We read in Russian history, so rich in episode and characteristic anecdote, that the Tzar Ivan Vasilievitch, surnamed the Terrible, who lived contemporary with Queen Elizabeth (and made her an offer too, by-the-by) and whose religious fanaticism was almost equal to his dreadful cruelty, was very fond of ringing for matins[1] in the monastery which he had formed in the precincts of Moscow for himself and three hundred of his chosen boyarins.[2] At three or four o'clock in the morning he used to go into the belfry with his two sons, and Maliutka Skouriatoff, a favourite of his, and assemble the

[1] "Paco cruentos" (?) there is an exception to every rule.

[2] Ancient Russian nobility.

rest of the singular fraternity by his doleful pealings. Woe betide the unfortunate boyarin who failed to attend the summons! During Divine Service Ivan performed such fervent prostrations, that he always had marks, and frequently bloody ones, on his forehead, from the blows he inflicted on it by banging it on the stone pavement. Yet, not unfrequently, he would give his most terrible orders during the Liturgy.[1]

When Prince André Kourbsky, once the friend and favourite of Ivan, fled in terror from his barbarous sovereign, and joined the bitterest enemies of Russia, the Lithuanians, he resolved to write a letter to the terrible Tzar and tell him his reasons for dealing thus treacherously, and "to open his soul," says the chronicler, "which was filled with bitterness and indignation." But, how to send the epistle? Of course no post existed at that time, and the Prince was at a loss how to get the letter conveyed. His faithful follower and servant, Vasili Shibanoff *Stremyanoy* (stirrup-bearer), the only one of all his retainers who had accompanied him to the Lithuanian camp, and who had already proved his devotion to his lord by insisting on his taking his horse when that of Kourbsky was overcome by the weight of its runaway rider, and unable to go further, offered his services, though he well knew that his fate was next to certain on appearing before the "threatening eyes" of the bloodthirsty tyrant with such a commission. Kourbsky gladly availed himself of Shibanoff's offer, and gave him money, which the fine fellow indignantly refused.

At the time of his arrival at Moscow we are told that the "Tzar was humbly ringing the bells," but when Shibanoff was brought into his presence in the Red Vestibule of the Palace, and delivered the sealed packet with the bold words, "From

[1] Karamzin's "History of Russia."

my master, and thine exile, the Prince André Kourbsky," he struck him so violently on the leg with his sharp sceptre (probably the very same with which he subsequently killed his darling and innocent son) that the blood *poured* from the wound; but the gallant Vasili, resolved for his master's sake to endure whatever torments might be in store for him, stood silent and unmoved.

The letter was a very threatening one, and foretold all sorts of calamities for the Tzar, who was now anxious to ascertain the particulars of Kourbsky's flight, and especially if he had any companions of his own nation; but although the heroic servant was subjected to tortures which only Ivan the Terrible could invent or insist on, nothing could be elicited from him but "praises of his master," and expressions of readiness and gladness to die for him. Even the cruel Tzar himself, in his answer to Kourbsky, seems touched, for he upbraids the Prince with the fidelity of Shibanoff. "Let thy servant Vaska shame thee!" he writes; "he preserved his truth to thee before the Tzar and the people; having given thee his word of faith, he kept it even before the gates of death."

"And thus died Shibanoff Stremyanoy!" concludes the poet,[1] in his charming ballad on the subject. The torture-masters worked hard from early morn till late at night, one succeeding the other when the first was tired out; yet Vasili's last words were to implore the forgiveness of God for his master's treachery.

Our bell remained in its temporary place of suspension for a fortnight, during which time a considerable sum was collected from the workmen and peasants who wished to hear its sound, which they fancied was beneficial for the soul and conducive

[1] Count Th. A. Tolstoy.

to salvation. Each stroke cost three kopecks (about a penny), but many of the orthodox offered more, and the ringer indulged the poor for less or for nothing. Women brought flax and home-spun linen of their own handiwork, and this, as well as the money, all went to the church treasury. On the 15th of January, at eleven o'clock, we were warned by a grand clattering of the lesser bells (the old one having been removed to make room for the new one), that if we wished to see the raising of the bell—a religious ceremony—we must make haste. It was a glorious day, "blue and golden," with no wind, consequently the 28° were endurable. We found a considerable crowd outside the church, and feared that it would be double inside, but were agreeably surprised by the contrary, and I was astonished to find only one lady and two little boys of the nobles among the whole congregation. One of the Priests was reading an acathistus to the Virgin, while the others gradually dropped in, and disappeared behind the altar-screen.

In the body of the church before the royal gates, stood a low naloy, on which were two candlesticks with burning tapers, and a large pewter sort of tureen containing holy water, or rather water that was destined to be blessed. There was a good deal of going backwards and forwards among the Readers and sextons, and evident preparation. At last the High Priest—who, in by no means so handsome canonicals as I had expected on this occasion, issued from the royal gates, followed by three other Priests and the Deacon, and placing himself before the naloy, with his back to the greater part of the congregation, and his face towards the Gates—began a molében, and blessed the water by plunging the cross in it three times, each time holding the same, on taking it out of the water, over another smaller vessel, which the Deacon held, and allowing the drops

to fall from the cross into it: with these drops the bell was afterwards sprinkled.

The congregation now approached the naloy, and each, as he kissed the cross, which the High Priest held, was sprinkled by him with water from the first vessel. This is performed by dipping a sort of brush, very like those used for whipping creams, into the water, and by a sharp movement of the wrist dispersing the drops on the heads of the congregation.

A procession was immediately afterwards formed, consisting of the clergy and Readers, churchwardens and sextons, each with something in his hand. Two Readers went before with the church banners; two sextons followed with horrid, dull, waxed dropped lanterns containing tapers, as candles in the usual tall candlesticks would be liable to be blown out. The congregation pressed forward, eager to obtain the nearest possible position to the High Priest; we lingered purposely, and had the best view of all the proceedings from the top of the church steps, which are upwards of twenty in number. At their foot, with a quantity of linen wound round it to prevent its rubbing when it entered the belfry, lay the bell, a mystery of cordage and pulleys twisted about it; and when I looked at the immense mass, I felt nervously doubtful as to whether the means prepared were strong enough to raise it. My companions experienced the same dread, and we moved to the left, lest the 10,950 lbs. should fall on our heads.

The High Priest read a few prayers on reaching the bell, not a word of which was audible, and then proceeded to sprinkle it in the manner I have described, walking round it as he did so. The choir, with the remaining Priests, sang psalms and irmos, but the sound was completely drowned by the hum of voices and the shouts of the workmen to each

other as they arranged the cordage; a dozen or so of men were in the belfry, and *five hundred* in the street below, ready to pull at the cords; and when the service, which did not occupy more than five minutes, and which was by no means striking in any respect, was concluded, a great noise ensued, which ended in the signal to begin pulling being given, and in a few seconds the huge mass began to move. The blocks, however, were imperfectly arranged, and they were obliged to lower the bell again while they were being put to rights, and we had to stand an extra ten minutes in the frost.

"And now with many a rope suspending,
Come, swing the monarch's weight on high,
By our last toil its throne ascending,
To rule the azure canopy.
Stretch the pulley—now he springs!
Yet another—now he swings!
Let him bid the land rejoice,
Peace be on his earliest voice!

That offspring of consuming fire
And man's creative hand,
High from the summit of the spire
Shall murmur o'er the land;
Shall tell of sorrow to the sad,
Reflection to the wise,
And peal on rapt Devotion's ear
The sounds of Paradise.
And all his changeful fate brings down
On suffering man below,
Shall murmur from its metal crown,
Or be it joy or woe."[1]

When it begins to ascend again the shouts ceased, and the crowd made the sign of the cross devoutly, while the melodious

[1] Lord Leveson Gower's translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell."

singing of the choir, now agreeably audible, accompanied the bell on its rapid progress to its place of final destination.

A great crashing of the lath and plaster about the opening of the belfry rather alarmed the crowd, and an attempt at a rush was made, but no harm was done, and in a few seconds the object of our interest was safely deposited perpendicularly on the temporary floor prepared for it; but it could not be hung for several days, owing to the contrivances required for lifting it in that limited space being out of order, and it was not until the Sunday following that we heard its real tone. I cannot say by what law of acoustics it rang more clearly and sonorously in its gallows than in the belfry, but such is the fact; everybody was disappointed in its strength and sweetness, but its "voice" is pleasant enough, and of course infinitely preferable to that of its cracked predecessor.

My extract from Schiller's poem reminds me of the fate of that ill-fated old bell. If I am not mistaken, the old bell is represented by Moritz Retzsch, in the last of his charming outline illustrations of that charming song, as lying overgrown with brambles and grass in the churchyard. Our authorities are more practical—our old friend was immediately taken to the works, on its removal from the belfry, and there broken into small pieces, so that it might be the more readily transported to Slobodskoy, there to be refounded.

No authority seems certain as to the exact date of the introduction of large bells into Christian churches, but the general opinion appears to be that they were invented by Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, a town near Naples, about the year 400; but their use was not general until the sixth century. It is to be supposed that their introduction into Russia should date from the time of Vladimir's conversion, 988, though they were not

universal; for we read of certain wooden, iron, or brass plates, suspended in the entrances of churches, being beaten for the purpose of calling the faithful together to prayer. Even where there were real bells, they were only rung on Sundays and great feasts, and the plates made use of on week days. Little bells, however, were known in the time of Moses, B.C. 1491, as may be seen in Exodus xxviii. 33-35; and, in imitation of Aaron's robe, the Bishops of the Greco-Russian Church have little tinkling things on their copes and mantles to this day. They are mentioned also by Zechariah in the fourteenth chapter of his prophecy, twentieth verse, as attributes of war horses.

Valdaï, a town not very far from St. Petersburg, is celebrated for its bells, the sweetness and depth of the tone of which are unsurpassed.

The use of small bells in the harness of post and country horses is universal in the Russian empire.

THE FOURTH OF APRIL.

THE FOURTH OF APRIL.

THE fourth of April, 1866, and the twenty-fifth of May, 1867, have become important dates in the history of Russia. On both those memorable days it pleased Almighty God to save the life of the Emperor from "the arrow that flieth by day." The particulars of the event at Paris are doubtless as well known in England as in Russia: it is to the former attempt therefore that I would draw the attention of the reader,—a history so strange and exciting that I cannot but relate it just as it came to my own knowledge.

When first the report that there had been an attempt on the Emperor's life reached us (15th April, O.S.) everybody *here* said, "Of course it is those Poles again." "It must be some wretched Pole who is tired of his life:" the bare possibility of the criminal being a Russian never entered our heads; and this was the feeling all over Russia, as may be plainly seen by the expressions of the various addresses of congratulation to the Emperor that are published in the newspapers. This was on Friday evening, and the next day everybody was trying to know as much as they could about the shocking event; but as nothing more than a telegram from the Archbishop of Viatka to the High Priest had been received, and as, in consequence

of the thaw, the post is always delayed a week or so at that time of the year, we had to wait as patiently as we could; and in the meantime came the 17th April, of a *triple* holiday for Russia this year. First, it is the birthday, of our beloved, amiable, philanthropic Alexander II.; secondly, the silver wedding of their Imperial Majesties was to be celebrated on the 17th (the real wedding-day being the 16th); thirdly, on that day the great new reform of public tribunals, which has been so much talked of and wished for, was solemnly established by the Emperor himself in presence of the senate, the ministers, and other high authorities, in the Senate Hall at St. Petersburg.

We arrived at church on the Sunday in question in very good time, as we supposed; the church doors were wide open, and the building crammed with people; many were standing on the top of the stone steps outside the doors; the staircases, windows, and an addition to the church which is not completed, were packed in every possible place. The choir singing "Mnogia leta" (many years), and the High Priest waving the best great cross at the amvon, just as I reached the door, made me suppose that we were late, as a Tzarsky molében is generally performed after Mass; and a confused idea of clocks and watches being wrong, disappointment and curiosity mingled in my mind as I asked, "Are we late or early?" At this moment, however, the High Priest, addressing the congregation, said, "We have just been praying to God in consequence of the Emperor's birthday. After Mass there will be another molében, the occasion of which will then be explained to you." A murmur like the rustling of leaves in a great forest ensued: it arose from the whispers of one-half of the congregation to the other half: "Ah, that will be the thanksgiving

molében for the Emperor's preservation;" and everybody seemed to brighten up with the hope of hearing something further of the exciting news.

Nothing more, however, was heard then. On the conclusion of Mass, when the clergy had taken their places in the body of the church, one of the Deacons ascended the amvon, and read in an aggravatingly weak voice the said telegram, which stated the facts already known in as few words as possible, and desired the thanksgiving of the congregation for his Imperial Majesty's wonderful preservation. The High Priest then read a very short address, which contained nothing more than an earnest exhortation to love and honour the Emperor, and to thank God with all our hearts and souls for preserving the Liberator to us. After this the molében began.

The thanksgiving service of which I now speak is not composed on purpose for every extraordinary occasion, as for instance similar "Forms of Prayer to Almighty God" are in Great Britain. It is to be found in every molében book, and may be made use of by any person. For instance, if I hear of the recovery from sickness of a dear friend, of his safe arrival from a journey or voyage—in fact, on any occasion that gives me peculiar joy and gratitude—I go to church; and after service inform a Reader, Deacon, or Priest, whichever I may happen to meet first, of my wish. The naloy is placed in a convenient part of the church, and the Priest comes out from behind the altar-screen with his book and the cross in his hand. When the Gospel is read, the Priest turns towards me, and I and my companions bend very low, while he holds the Testament over our heads, and intones rather loudly. My Christian name, "The servant of God, Peter, *or*, the handmaid of God, Ekaterina," is made use of throughout the service,

when I am alluded to; at the conclusion I kiss the cross, and place a fee according to my ability in the Priest's hand.

This is a private service; but what we have to do with now is the solemnly official molében for the Emperor and the members of the Imperial family. It is the imperative duty of all officers in any branch of the service, civil or military, to attend in full uniform; soldiers, cozacks, Government clerks—in a word, all who are in his Imperial Majesty's service—should be present also. After Mass the royal gates are not closed, and as many Priests, Deacons, and Readers, as the parish contains,[1] issue from them in a procession, generally dressed in their most gorgeous canonicals, and take their place in the body of the church; the High Priest with his face towards the royal gates, and the others on either side of him, facing the north and south doors. One Deacon stands, stole in hand, a little behind the High Priest; the other a little in front of the *side* Priests, with his face towards the royal gates; a Reader stands at a little reading-desk, ready to intone the Psalm, Epistle, &c. Other Readers (as candle-bearers) stand about ready to perform their duty.

The High Priest begins by saying, "Glory to the Holy, One, and Indivisible Trinity, always, now, henceforth, and for ever and ever."

Reader.—"Amen. O God of Holiness, Might, and Immortality, save us! Our Father, &c. Lord, have mercy on us." (*Twelve times.*) Doxology. "O come and bow down to our Lord God." (*Three times.*) And Psalm cxviii.

Then the choir sings, "Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah! glory be to Thee, O God!" which is followed by the foremost

[1] Such molébens take place in the principal or Cathedral Church of the town, and the Mass is performed in the other churches earlier than usual.

Deacon chanting the usual Litany, to which are added several petitions adapted to the occasion; and especially to implore Almighty God to graciously receive our hearty thanks, and to "hear our present prayers, to assist us in carrying out our good intentions, and to send His grace on us and on His Holy Church." Between each sentence the choir sings, "Lord, have mercy upon us."

"We beseech Thee to preserve Thy Holy Church, and Thy servant (So-and-so, *or*) our most pious, autocrat, and puissant Emperor Alexander Nicholâevitch of all the Russias, and all of us, from all grief, misfortune, wrath, and necessity, and from all enemies visible and invisible, and to grant to Thy faithful servants, health, long life, peace, and the Angel of the Lord tarrying round about them for ever."

Choir.—"Lord, have mercy upon us."

Here follow several short prayers of thanksgiving, interspersed with responses from the Deacon or Reader, after which the latter intones the Epistle.

For general occasions they read Ephesians v. 8; beginning with "Walk as children of light," to "the fear of God."

On Imperial birthdays the second chapter of the First Epistle to Timothy is appointed, from the 1st to the end of the 6th verse. On the anniversaries of victories, Romans viii. 37—39 is read.

The Gospel is then brought from the altar with great ceremony; it is carried by the Deacon, accompanied by two Readers with enormous lighted tapers in their hands, and he places himself before the High Priest with the great book in his arms, it resting against his breast. The High Priest takes off his kamilávka, a high hat without a brim, made of violet

velvet, and reads from the seventeenth chapter of St. Luke, 12th to the end of the 19th verse.

Now follows the Special Litany for the Imperial Family, with a repetition of the petitions made in the former Litany; and then comes a prayer, read by the High Priest, in which the congregation join on their knees. Be it borne in mind that the Russian ordinarily prays standing, and only in moments of peculiar fervour goes down on his knees; this, then, is considered an extraordinary occasion.

"O Lord Jesus Christ, our God, the God of all mercy and bounty, whose goodness is boundless, and whose love to mankind is unfathomable; we fall before Thy Majesty, and with fear and trembling as unworthy the beneficence and compassion Thou hast shown to Thy servant (Such-an-one, or to Thy handmaid So-and-so), now humbly bring to our Lord, Governor and Benefactor, our praise, honour, singing, and glory; and again falling before Thee, thank Thee, and humbly pray for Thy boundless and unspeakable mercy towards us. And as at the present time Thou hast received the prayers of Thy servants, and mercifully answered them, so do we now implore Thy infinite love to guide us to true virtue, that Thy faithful servants may continue to receive Thy benefits; that Thy Holy Church, and this town, may be preserved from all evil, and kept in peace and quietness by Thee, with Thy Eternal Father and Thy Consubstantial Spirit, to Whom all thanksgiving and praise be said and sung."

Immediately after this the choir sings either "We praise Thee, O God," or "Glory to God in the highest." The Deacon goes to the altar, and brings from thence the cross, which the High Priest meets at the amvon, and holds it before his breast in both hands; while the Deacon, as soon as the hymn is

finished, chants in a very loud voice, ascending in a chromatic scale, the petition for "many years" of health and happiness, on behalf of the Emperor and the Imperial Family. (This is omitted in private molébens.) It ends with the words, "Preserve him (or them) for many years," and the choir takes up the last words and sings them to a cheerful melody nine times, during which time the High Priest signs the people with the cross, also nine times, towards the west, the south, and the north, each three times. He then kisses the cross; the clergy approach in order of seniority, and after them the congregation, to do the same.

The people were deeply affected, many shed tears, many wept, and several sobbed, crossing themselves devoutly, and prostrating themselves very frequently. Our place is 2,000 versts from the capital, and I do not suppose that one-thousandth part of the population (except the officers) have ever seen the Emperor.

On that same Sunday came the post; and little by little, as succeeding posts came in, and private letters were received from St. Petersburg, our curiosity became in a degree satisfied; but I do not expect any one will be quite easy until the fate of the would-be regicide is decided, and the conclusion of the whole matter known. And this is the beginning of it.

On Monday, 4th April, a young journeyman cap and hat maker left his home to perform a molében for his own health and prosperity at a little chapel that has long been established in the log-house that Peter the Great built for himself when first he began to found the new capital of Russia. It was the young man's *name's-day*—that is, the holiday of the saint whose name he bears, "St. Joseph the Psalm Writer," and he had of course been allowed to absent himself from work. On

arriving at the bridge that leads to the island on which the log-house stands, he found that it had been removed in consequence of the expected break-up of the Neva, and that his expedition to the chapel was out of the question. He therefore turned his steps along the Palace Quay, and when he reached the gates of the Summer Garden, a favourite place of resort in spring, he saw one of the Imperial carriages standing there, and guessing rightly that the Emperor was walking in the garden, he strolled in to get a glimpse of him. All his endeavours, however, were fruitless; for when he entered one alley, the Emperor turned into another; and if he waited at the corner of a third, his Imperial Majesty would take a short cut by a fourth. So he went to the gates, and established himself as near the carriage as he could, so as to see him when he came out of the garden.

It was about four o'clock. There was a little crowd already waiting also, and among them was one young man who particularly annoyed our cap-maker by pushing and crowding him. He was dressed in the style that has lately become popular with extra-national young men of the fast description—a red shirt, trousers stuffed into his boots, and a grey paletot, in the front pocket of which he kept his right hand all the time. Shortly afterwards the Emperor appeared, accompanied by his nephew and niece, the Duke of Leuchtenberg and the Princess of Baden. He stood for a moment at the steps of the carriage to put on an upper coat, and just then a shriek was heard, followed instantaneously by the report of a pistol. The young man in the grey paletot had shot at the Emperor, and the cap-maker had been the instrument of the Almighty in averting the death-blow. The villain attempted to run, but was of course caught immediately, and the crowd fell on him with

cries of fury and indignation, tearing his clothes, hair, and beard, and dealing him blows with stick or fist; but this was only for a few seconds. The Emperor, with the calm presence of mind that distinguishes him, went up to them, putting them aside with the words, "Leave him alone, children;" and every hand fell, except those of the police, who had already secured him. "Who art thou?" the Emperor asked of him. "A Russian." "A Russian?" repeated the Tzar; "then why did you want to kill *me?*" "Because you took away our land." He wanted to play the part of a peasant, but of course failed. Beneath the red shirt was another of the finest Holland linen, and in the pockets of the grey paletot were found papers that led to the arrest of upwards of a hundred persons. The Emperor ordered him to be led away immediately to the Chief of the Gendarmes; and he himself drove straight to the Kazan Church, to return thanks, by a private molében, to Almighty God for his escape from death. The Duke of Leuchtenberg and his sister went to the Winter Palace, and walked straight into the Hall of Imperial Council, where there happened to be a meeting of its members, and informed them of what had happened, and they assembled in the private chapel that is attached to the palace to return thanks on their part. In the meantime his Imperial Majesty had returned home, and immediately after the molében the members offered him their congratulations; he then went a second time, accompanied by the Empress, and their Imperial family, to the Kazan Church. On his second return home he had an impromptu. reception of the generals, adjutants, and other officers on duty in the palace; ministers, senators, and in fact everybody who has admission to court, and who had heard of the event of that memorable afternoon. The first words that

the Emperor spoke after the usual acknowledgments of their enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty, were to ask who was his preserver. General Todtleben (the Sevastopol hero), who was with the Emperor in the summer garden, had taken the cap-maker under his protection, seated him in his carriage, and brought him to the palace, and he now presented the bewildered but delighted young man to the Emperor, who embraced and kissed him three times, thanking him for his good service, and turning to the assembled multitude, said, "Gentlemen, I cannot but make the preserver of my life a noble. What do you say?" to which they replied with shouts of hurrah in hearty assent. They then learned that his name was Joseph Komisároff (Osip Ivanovitch they call him in Russ), that he was a former serf of Baron Kister, that he was born in his former owner's village of Molvitino, in the Government of Kostroma, not more than twelve versts' distance from Domnino, the birthplace of Susanin, who, by a noble act of the most complete self-sacrifice that exists in the pages of any history, saved the life of the founder of the present reigning family of Romanoff, in 1613.

He was made to tell his own tale, which he did with a modest self-possession that much pleased his listeners; these are his own words :—

"I do not know, and cannot tell what it was, that made my heart beat in an unusual manner at the sight of *that man*, when I observed him pressing towards the front of the crowd. I could not keep myself from watching him, though I forgot all about him when I saw that the Emperor was approaching, until he pushed me roughly aside, and left me just behind his right arm. Then I saw that he drew a pistol out of his pocket and aimed it at the Emperor, but I knocked his arm up just

as he must have let the cock fall, for he shot in the air. After that I cannot remember anything at all until I felt myself being kissed by a general;[1] but still I was confused and stunned, and my tongue would not serve me. I only came to my senses fully, and recovered my speech, in an hour or two afterwards."

Is not truth *always* stranger than fiction? What is fiction but an imitation of the truth? He who left his humble lodging (which he shared with several other fellow-workmen) in the morning only a poor foreman to a cap-maker, returns to his frightened young wife a noble! kissed, embraced, and thanked in the warmest terms by the Tzar himself, by all the grand dukes, ministers, senators and generals; laden with promises, favours, and gratitude. An hour or two after he had been brought to the palace he was sent with two aides-de-camp for his wife, in one of the Imperial carriages. When they arrived (it was evidently a preconcerted plan between Komisároff and his companions) Osip Ivanovitch waited in the corridor with one of the officers, while the other entered the lodgings. The fellow-workmen, surprised, and probably alarmed at the sudden appearance of such a dazzling spectacle as that of an Imperial aide-de-camp, started from their seats, and stood still like posts.

"Does Osip Ivanovitch Komisároff live here?" asked the aide-de-camp.

"Yes, your High Nobility," answered one of the men; "but he is not at home. He went to church this morning, and has not returned yet."

"I am sorry to hear it, because I want to see him very much. Where is his wife?"

"She's gone to bed."

[1] Todtleben.

"May I trouble you to wake her?" said the aide-de-camp.

"Directly, your High Nobility;" and the speaker went to rouse the unconscious sleeper, while the other men stood staring at the visitor.

Mrs. Komisároff soon appeared; she did not know what to conjecture on beholding such a guest, but supposed that something dreadful had happened, particularly as her husband was so long from home. She answered the questions put to her by the aide-de-camp; but the last must have seemed very strange—"Do you love your husband?"

"Of course I do, your High Nobility," replied she, sincerely and simply; "he is *my husband*, and we live very comfortably together."

"Well, if you love him so much, go and open the door for him." She obeyed instantly, and Komisároff and the other aide-de-camp entered the room. On seeing her husband in such company the poor girl became alarmed, supposing he was under arrest for some unheard-of crime. "*Tchto ti eto nadélal?*" she exclaimed in horror; which may be translated —"What have you been and gone and done?"

"Nothing, nothing, Lisa," said he soothingly; "but dress yourself quickly and come with us." He would not answer any more questions until she was ready. She hurried on her "things;" but when she got into the street and saw the grand carriage, the footmen and gendarmes that accompanied the party, she fainted away with fright. But she was finally brought to the palace all right, and led into the most splendid room imaginable.

"Here they placed us side by side," relates Komisároff, "and we could not come to our senses for delight; when all at once the doors opened and the Emperor and Empress came in and

walked straight up to us, the Emperor to me, and the Empress to Lisa, and kissed us in the most affectionate manner. 'Thou savedst my life,' said the Emperor, 'and for that I make thee a noble.—I think, gentlemen, that he deserves it,' said he, speaking to the people present. And they all, when they heard these gracious words, began to shout hurrah." A few days afterwards they were again summoned to the palace, and this time Lisa was dressed in the national costume of a Boyarinia of the Government of Kostroma: the Empress granted her a pension for life as a token of gratitude towards Komisároff. To distinguish him from others of the same name, the Emperor desired the additional name of Kostromskoy (in allusion to his native Government, which has, by a curious coincidence, given two preservers to the Tzars) to follow that of Komisároff. Louis Napoleon sent him the Cross of the Legion of Honour; and other sovereigns of Europe have conferred marks of their distinction on him. A subscription was immediately got up in St. Petersburg to enable the new noble to take his stand among his fellows. Nine thousand silver roubles were collected in a few hours. Contributions, some of the most substantial kind, others, the touching originality of which cannot but provoke a smile, poured in from all corners of the Empire. Countless towns presented Osip Ivanovitch with the freedom thereof; a landed proprietor, who owns a vast estate near Molvitino, made him a gift of 780 désiatins[1] of land; a merchant gave him a house; the society of a certain town, the name of which I forget, sent him a *troika* of horses; the workmen of the Government factory at Toula sent him a magnificent gun of their own workmanship; Ekatrineburg sent a seal of the

[1] A désiatin is equal to two and a half acres.

most exquisite mountain crystal, with Susánin engraved on it; and a boot-maker at St. Petersburg announced his intention of keeping Osip Ivanovitch shod gratis.

This favourite of fortune was consigned to the care of General Todtleben by the Emperor himself, to be taught to be a gentleman, and ultimately made an ensign in his Imperial Majesty's regiment of Shooters. The wife was a peasant girl, and at the time we are speaking of they had one little child, a baby girl of eight months old.

It would be a hard task to enumerate one-fiftieth part of the number of deputations, dinners, demonstrations, and addresses that the Russian papers chronicled in connexion with this affair. The poor Moscow students, for instance, miserable and enraged to hear, on publication of the examination of the criminal, that he had *wished* to be one of them during the past year, and had even written his name on the university books, though he had never attended any of the lectures, got up a regular sight of themselves. They went in a body to have a molében performed in the church of our Lady of Iver, and then formed a procession and marched about the old city, chanting the national hymn, and endeavouring to show to the utmost their loyalty and their deep gratitude to God for the preservation of their beloved sovereign. Of course they sent him an address. At the theatres no piece could be performed at St. Petersburg or Moscow without the Hymn preceding it, the audience joining in enthusiastic chorus. The excitement of the play-goers was at its highest pitch when the Emperor, a few days after "the 4th," appeared at the Great Theatre: on this occasion the Hymn was sung nine times, and a very popular Russian opera was given, as being *à-propos* to the feelings of the public. It is called "Life for the Tzar," and has for its subject the story of Susanin. Osip

Ivanovitch, with his wife and relatives, occupied a box when the second representation took place, and was soon recognised. That was enough for the excitable Russians, and nothing would do for them but to have him out. The noise became so intense that the manager went to Komisároff Kostromskoy's box and begged him to humour the public, as he did not know how to quiet them otherwise. He assented, and presently appeared among the actors and actresses, all eager to press his hand; the shouts and applause increased rather than otherwise, and Osip Ivanovitch, "unaccustomed as he was to public" appearing, was quite distressed at this demonstration. The curtain was lowered, but as the row became still greater it was obliged to be raised again. Fresh transports! It was too much for his nerves, and he exclaimed, "I shall faint!" as, seizing his temples with both hands, he rushed from the stage to give way to a burst of sobbing. The manager informed the public that Mr. Komisároff Kostromsky was indisposed, and the piece went on quietly. But they would not let the second act be performed: they were brimful of patriotism, and the scene of the second act is laid in Poland, with Polish dances, &c. (the music of which, by-the-bye, is exquisite). In conclusion, when the last chords of the beautiful finale died away, the audience were treated to a demonstration on the part of the actors. They disappeared for one instant, merely while the curtain fell and rose again, and entered the stage carrying a large portrait of the Emperor, which they placed in front and then sang the Hymn, to which all, actors, actresses, and audience, joined their voices; absolutely going down on their knees in their ecstasy of loyalty, for the Hymn is, in reality, a *prayer* for the Emperor.

Having made so frequent allusion to Susanin, and as perhaps his name, so famous in Russian story, may have

been mentioned in connexion with that of Komisároff Kostromskoy even in the English papers, it seems almost imperative to tell the tale how *he* saved the life of a Tzar.

Russia had been in a miserable state for many years. Ivan the Terrible had long finished his terrible course; his little son, St. Dmitry, had been murdered at Ooglitch; and a long train of disorders, civil wars, and their attendant troubles, with several changes of Tzars chosen from the connexions of the true Ruric race (St. Dmitry being the last of his line), not one of whom gave complete satisfaction to his subjects, brought things to a crisis; and at last, by the vigorous efforts of Prince Pojarsky's sword and eloquence, order was in some degree established, and the real heir, a youth of sixteen, traced out and invited to be Tzar. Educated in a monastery, Mikhaël Feodorovitch hesitated for some time ere he accepted the arduous task; but when the boyarins proved to him beyond a doubt that he and his father were the nearest heirs, and that, as his father was a monk, the choice must fall on him, he submitted; and bidding farewell to the Hypatieffsky monastery, took up his abode at an estate in the Government of Kostroma.

The Poles, who even then were on unfriendly terms with Russia, were vexed at the nomination of Mikhaël to the throne, because they hoped to take advantage of the unsettled state of the country, and to get possession of it, which they had long been trying to do. A band of clever fellows was sent to Kostroma, to murder, as quietly as they could, the youthful Tzar, as the surest and shortest road to gaining their ends. On reaching the neighbourhood of the city they separated into small parties, with the intention of asking their way to the Romanoffs' estate, and meeting there to accomplish

their mission. The party that happened to take the *right* road met with a peasant of the village of Domnino, Ivan Susanin by name, and they addressed themselves to him for the needful information. The man was a sharp fellow, and instantly guessed, by their dress and pronunciation, that they were Poles, and knowing that the people were no well-wishers to Russia he suspected at once foul play, although they told him that they had been sent to the Tzar on important business. He pretended, however, to undertake the guidance of the party to the estate, which he represented as being a long way off, though it was not more than a verst or two. It was in the winter, bitterly cold, and a dreadful snow-storm was drifting; he persuaded them first of all to enter his house, where he regaled them to the best of his power, gave them strong drinks to induce sleep, and in the meantime contrived to send a faithful messenger to Mikhaël, to warn him of danger, and to recommend his leaving his present residence secretly. Well warmed, fed, and refreshed by a few hours' sleep, the ruffians soon after midnight set forth with Susanin, whom they promised to load with gold if he led them in safety to the Tzar. He conducted them by by-paths into the thickest and most impenetrable part of the forest, and, having thoroughly exhausted them, began to express a doubt of finding the right road. As day dawned, they got out of patience with him, and accused him of deceiving them. Susanin, now quite sure that the Tzar was in safety, and knowing that it was next to impossible for the Poles to find their way out of the forest, boldly replied, "No, you deceive yourselves! You thought I would sell my Tzar to you. But God has strengthened me, and the Tzar Mikhaël is saved." Hereupon the ruffians began to torture him, and in fact literally chopped him to pieces; but his last

words were, "I would rather die than be a traitor, and God will receive my soul." Most of the party died in that forest, of cold, hunger, and fatigue, and the few that crawled out alive told this tale of heroism. Mikhaël Feodorovitch richly rewarded the family of his preserver. He gave a large tract of land to the daughter and son-in-law of Susanin (he had no son), and to their heirs for ever. They are called to this day the Belopashtzi—the name that was then given them, and they still enjoy the privileges then granted them. They pay no taxes, and are exempt from military service. Their numbers at the present time amount to about four hundred persons, who are employed principally in agricultural pursuits.

The similarity of the merits of these two men of course consists merely in the fact that both were instrumental in saving the life of a sovereign; but as to comparing the mere instinct that compelled Komisároff to knock up the assassin's arm to the noble self-sacrifice of Susanin, it is of course out of the question, and the particulars I have related are merely meant to show how strongly and loyally our Alexander II. is loved and valued by his people, as is proved by the manner in which they honour his preserver. At the same time I cannot but express my conviction that, had Osip Ivanovitch *known* that the bullet he turned from the Emperor must pierce his own heart, he would not have hesitated one instant, nor any other man, woman, or child in Holy Russia!

As for the mistaken, unhappy, guilty wretch who dared raise his hand against his sovereign—and *such* a sovereign as Alexander the Liberator is—it is, alas! alas! too true that he really was a Russian—a pravoslavny[1] Russian subject. How the newspapers did try, to be sure, to prove that he was of

[1] Orthodox.

Tartar origin! and we have, at any rate, the satisfaction of tracing his name "Karokozoff" to two Tartar or Turkish words,—*karo*, black, and *koza*, an eye or a sheep; (so that in English his name means *a black sheep!*) which combination, like many Tartar and other foreign names, have, in the course of time, and by the addition of the *off* (sign of the genitive plural masculine) become *Karokozoff*. The Tartars are in the habit of giving each other a nickname, in accordance with personal appearance or peculiarity, and it is doubtless such a cognomen that is the root of this now unhappily notorious name. The kind-hearted Emperor expressed his intention of conferring another name on the relatives of the would-be assassin, and on any other persons who may bear the same; furthermore he strictly enjoined that no slights, insults, or injustice may be shown towards such persons, as they are wholly exempt from all participation in the crime of their relative.

The son of a landed proprietor, and left an orphan at the age of two years, Dmitry Vladimirovitch Karokozoff, having completed the course of education in the Gymnasium, was placed in the university of Kazan, from whence he was expelled for "unlawful proceedings." From Kazan he went to Moscow, and entered his name there as student, but as he did not attend one university lecture, nor even complete all the formalities, the Moscow students may with truth deny that he was of their number. He appears to have been of a gloomy and hypochondriacal disposition, and was so disgusted with life a few months before the event in question that he asked an acquaintance for some opium. He arrived at St. Petersburg from Moscow on the 2d April, and took a small room in the well-known hotel called Znamensky, where he left, on the 4th,

a small mahogany box and some upper clothing. On the floor was found a letter torn up to the minutest shreds—not so minute, however, but that they were re-united. It was addressed to a distant relative of the writer, and he was sent for with all speed from Moscow. The poor man was utterly at a loss to imagine what he could be wanted for at St. Petersburg, and still more so when informed that his testimony was required towards clearing up some facts relative to the 4th of April. He protested that he did not know anybody at St. Petersburg, "except, indeed, a young relative who went there a little while ago." That young relative was the criminal! When he was brought into the room where Karokozoff was confined, he burst into tears, trembling from head to foot, and exclaiming, "Oh, Dmitry! is that thou? My God! is it possible?" He had been carefully kept in ignorance of the probability of the "young relative" turning out to be the principal actor in the events of the day. The investigation of the whole affair was entrusted to Count Mouravioff, the brother of the well-known hero of Kars, who said, on receiving the important commission, "I will get at the bottom of it, if I have to lay down my bones in the attempt." He *did* get to the bottom of it, but alas! he had to lay down his bones for it! On the 29th of August following, a few days before the final sentence was pronounced on the chief actor in the affair and a supposed accomplice, Count Mouravioff suddenly expired; and though it was not officially announced that his death was caused by poison, *vox populi* unanimously declares such to be the case, and, as no official contradictions of the report were published, it is received by most persons as an undisputed fact. His body was brought from his country seat to be buried in the cemetery of St. Alexander Neffsky, at

St. Petersburg, and the Emperor paid the high respect to his memory of attending his funeral, commanding the soldiery himself, and conversing with the Count's widow in the kindest manner.

On the 31st of August, Karokozoff, proven guilty of attempted regicide, and of belonging to a society contrary to religion, government, morals, and human nature, was condemned to death by hanging. At the same time sentence was given concerning the supposed accomplice—by name Alexandre Kobylin, a young medical man attached to a military hospital at St. Petersburg. He was accused of knowing of Karokozoff's intention, and of concealing the same; also of having supplied him with a horrible poison, that would not only kill him instantaneously after the committal of his crime, but completely disfigure his face. Karokozoff at first maintained so obstinate a silence that he might have been supposed to be a mute; all endeavours to take his photograph were unavailing, on account of the hideous grimaces by which he disfigured his countenance; but he found his tongue when questioned about this poor young man, and told so many fibs concerning him, that at one time it was thought he was indeed implicated in the business, but it turned out in the course of the examinations that Karokozoff had introduced himself to Kobylin under a false name, and under the pretext of requiring medical advice, and that he *stole* some poison that Kobylin had brought from the hospital for the purpose of making some experiments on animals. This poison was submitted to analysis, and found to be incapable of killing a man instantaneously, or of disfiguring his corpse, and, in a word, the unfortunate young doctor, whose only fault was not demanding the passport of his patient, and who for several months had

been regarded by all Russia with the horror and indignation due to his supposed crimes, was completely cleared of all implication in Karokozoff's business, and set at liberty without a stain on his character.

Not so, however, the regicide's real accomplices, who, to the number of thirty-four, were traced out, brought to judgment, and ultimately condemned to divers degrees of punishment, according to the extent of the guilt of each. All, with the exception of two, described as "teachers," *i.e.* masters,—one of whom was fifty, the other thirty-three years of age,—were under thirty, and twenty-six of the number varied from nineteen to twenty-three. Almost each one was accused of some one crime in particular, but the principal accusation against them all in general was their participation in the formation of a society called by the awful name of Hell,—an appellation perfectly in accordance with its detestable principles,—regicidal, revolutionary, socialistic, murderous, and godless to the last degree. It had been forming ever since 1863, but its doings were principally confined to making plans only, which fortunately were not all put into execution. Nothing was too shocking to religion, morals, and the human heart, for it to seize on as means of attaining an end; two instances out of the many will suffice for the English reader to comprehend, in a degree, the wickedness of this secret society.

1st. A plan for the liberation of four of the most dangerous Polish ringleaders of 1862-3; of political offenders, and in particular of a certain Tchernischeffsky, who was also the author of a novel entitled, "What is to be done?" which made an immense noise at the time of its periodical publication, and did worlds of harm to the rising generation by its immoral and

socialistic tendencies. Strauden, one of the members, was to go to Siberia for this purpose, provided with false passports, poison for the prison or mine keepers, &c., and to raise means for these and other horrible plans.

2d. A wretched boy, named Victor Feodosieff, a noble, undertook to poison his own father, and actually procured the deadly drug for that purpose, in order that he might come into his inheritance without delay, and be at liberty to help the society with it!

Each of the conspirators was provided with a small quantity of deadly poison, sufficient to cause speedy death should he fall into the hands of justice. It was concealed in a hollow button, and worn among the hair. Not any of them, however, availed themselves of it, as far as I am aware,—at any rate none of the thirty-four.

The one who distinguished himself as being actor in all the crimes of which the society was guilty, was a young citizen, Nicholas Ishutin by name, who was condemned to be hanged, the rest were sentenced to various degrees of transportation, from penal servitude in the mines of Siberia for life, with deprivation of all rights of birth and position, to the merely nominal punishment of being under the surveillance of the police.

The 4th of September was fixed for the execution of Karokozoff. The place appointed was a vast plain almost at the extremity of St. Petersburg, called the Smolensky field, close to the cemetery of that name. In the midst stood the gallows, and a little distance from it the scaffold, surrounded by a balustrade, and with the pillar of infamy in the middle. Soldiery stood around them, and beyond the soldiers a vast concourse of people—several hundred thousand, they say. Two

executioners, in grey kaftans, from beneath which might be seen their red shirts, moved to and fro in the space between the scaffold and the gallows.

At a quarter to seven in the morning the procession approached the Smolensky field with the prisoner. Karokozoff was in a carriage with a Priest, but on arriving at a certain point he was taken out and placed on a cart of infamy with his back to the horses. He was dressed in a black coat and cap, and grey trousers, and on his breast hung a black board, with the words "State Criminal" written in white letters. He was deadly pale, and appeared extremely agitated; if he had not been bound to his seat he must have fallen inevitably, and every turn of the wheels made his body sway to and fro. The cart was surrounded by a convoy of gendarmes with drawn swords in their hands. On reaching the foot of the scaffold he was released from his bonds by the executioners, and on rising from his seat he took off his cap and crossed himself twice; but strength of mind and body again deserted him, and he was almost carried on to the scaffold.

A deadly silence reigned over the vast multitude, when a functionary ascended the scaffold with the sentence in his hand. It was interrupted, however, by the drums of the soldiery, which beat to the march for a few seconds before the functionary began, in a loud and distinct voice, to read from the paper which he held in his hand. It was the official sentence of death. Karokozoff stood, violently agitated all the time; his head now drooping on his breast, now on his shoulders, his mental agony depriving him of all power over his muscles. Where was now the contempt of death and the disbelief in a future state that would have dictated suicide a few months before? where the strength of will that was to

enable him to swallow deadly poison on the alarm only of approaching justice?

The spectators listened to the reading of the sentence with heads bared, in respect to the law that dictated it, and the soldiers presented arms; on its conclusion the functionary retired, and his place was occupied by a Priest, in black canonicals, and with a cross in his hand. The condemned man instantly fell on his knees, and on the Priest's approaching him began his last confession. The Office of Absolution being performed, and the Commendatory Prayer read over him, he rose from his knees and kissed the cross. The Priest having made "the sign of man's redemption" over him once more, left him, and the executioners began their duty. Supported by them, Karokozoff bowed on all sides to the crowd by way of taking leave of his fellow-countrymen, and asking their pardon for his crime. Having led him to the pillar of infamy, they proceeded to remove his coat, bound his eyes with a white handkerchief, and dressed him in a sort of shroud, the sleeves of which, very long, were tied behind like those of a strait waistcoat. Here again his heart failed him, his knees bent beneath him, and he was again almost carried to the gallows. When the noose was placed on his neck, the people took off their hats and crossed themselves, while the drums began to roll.

At ten minutes past seven all was over; the body was placed in a coffin and taken immediately to burial. Before the crowd had dispersed, not a trace of scaffold or gallows remained on the Smolensky field.

Exactly a month afterwards preparations were made for executing the sentences on Ishutin and ten of his companions, who were to be publicly deprived of their rights of birth and

position, at the same place and the same hour of the day. St. Petersburg was on its feet at an early hour, wending its way towards the Smolensky field, and the crowds that assembled were even greater than on the former occasion. The preparations were exactly similar, except that there were several pillars of infamy instead of one. The melancholy *cortége* having arrived, the criminals were placed in a row on the scaffold and the sentence publicly read. There were two orthodox Priests and a Pater for the Roman Catholics, and on the conclusion of the reading one of the former proceeded to the gallows, followed by Ishutin. The same offices were performed as in the former instance, but when the cross was held to the lips of the prisoner to be kissed, he clung to it so long, and with such tenacity, that the Priest, distressed and perplexed, knew not what to do. To wrench it from his eager, despairing grasp, was almost as impossible as to allow the painful scene to be prolonged. Each time that he endeavoured to remove it from the lips of the condemned, he fell to kissing it with still greater fervour. He desisted at last, however,—the Priest signed him, and left him to the executioners.

The other Priest, on the platform, was speaking to the remaining prisoners while they dressed Ishùtin in his shroud, and otherwise prepared him for death ; the rope was round his neck : one more instant and he would have been suspended in the air, when a movement in the crowd, a murmur, which instantaneously became a shout of joy. "A messenger ! a State messenger ! Pardon from the Emperor !" arrested the executioners' hands.

In the distance, with difficulty moving through the dense crowd, which however did its utmost to make way for it, was a droschky, on which stood a State messenger, waving a

white paper over his head. In a few minutes he arrived at the foot of the scaffold.

All heads were bared immediately. The bandage was torn from Ishutin's eyes, the shroud hastily taken off; the Priest again presented the cross to his lips, and he clang to it, even kissing it more passionately than before. The rope was drawn from the ring, and its noisy fall on the floor of the little platform beneath the gallows called forth joyful shouts from the spectators. The commutation was then read aloud — it granted life to Ishutin, and a mitigation of punishments to the other offenders.

Thus ended the last act connected with the memorable event of 1866. But the loyal feelings of the people required a demonstration that would outlive the momentary though sincere effusions of joy and gratitude that I have before described; and when it was proposed to erect a little chapel on the spot where the deliverance took place, and a subscription for the purpose opened, offerings poured in, from the widow's mite to the thousands of the millionaire. In the short space of one year—I say short, advisedly, for the distance of Russia from Italy, and the frozen state of the Baltic from November to April, present difficulties that other countries more southern have not to contend with—a beautiful little edifice was completed, in which native Serdobolsk granite, Carrara marble, of the species called *bardiljo*, labradorite, and lapis lazuli, all highly polished, are mingled with exquisite taste. The general style of the architecture employed is that known as French *rococo* of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with garlands of sculptured flowers in white marble, shields, and other favourite ornaments of that period. On each of the four sides on the shields are colossal heads, painted by Professor

Sorokine, representing, on a golden ground, the Saviour, the Holy Virgin, St. Joseph the Psalm Writer, and SS. George and Zosim, the memory of whom is celebrated by the Church on the 4th of April, as well as that of St. Joseph. Above each arch are appropriate texts in brilliantly gilt and glistening letters; that facing the Neva, and consequently just over the place where Providence preserved the life of the Emperor, is "Touch not Mine Anointed," Psalm cv. 15. On the two other sides are "The power of the Highest shall overshadow thee," Luke i. 35. "My heart shall rejoice in thy salvation," Psalm xiii. 5. The cost of this chapel was 67,000 silver roubles, which is said to be very reasonable, when the value of the materials is taken into consideration. The chapel occupies the site where the gate formerly was, [and forms, with the celebrated grating of the Summer Garden, a great ornament to that part of the Quay.

The principal objects of interest of the interior is a large picture of St. Alexander Neffsky, the patron Saint of the Emperor, in a frame of white sculptured marble. On either side of it is a cross formed entirely of the pictures presented to his Imperial Majesty by various towns, villages, and private persons in remembrance and in testimony of heartfelt congratulation on his wonderful deliverance. These crosses are each fifteen feet in height; and as the pictures are all decorated with silver, or silver-gilt platings (Rizas), and some even with precious stones, they form a very brilliant and effective whole.

On the 4th of April, 1867, immediately after Mass, a molében was sung at the Kazan Church, and on its conclusion the Metropolitan, Isidore, with other members of the clergy, and accompanied by the choirs of the Kazan Church, and the

Alexander Neffsky Monastery, proceeded on foot to the Summer Garden, where they were joined by the Emperor and his Imperial sons, brothers, and nephews. The whole party now moved towards the chapel, the Emperor walking by the side of the Metropolitan. The Grand Duchesses, with their ladies and maids of honour, the Ambassadors with their wives, the Diplomatic Corps, Members of the Senate, Governors of cities, and a vast assemblage of the elegant public, were accommodated with seats on a platform covered with crimson cloth, that surrounded the building, which was covered with a veil, and of course the surrounding garden and road were crowded with the less fortunate of the population of St. Petersburg.

On the removal of the covering the ceremony of consecration was performed, which in most respects is the same as that for a church; but as there is no altar, of course there were no washings, &c. The termination of the ceremony was marked by the firing of cannon from the Fortress of SS. Peter and Paul on the other side of the river.

Then followed the Thanksgiving Service. During its performance the Emperor desired that Osip Ivanovitch Komisároff Kostromskoy, who was present, should approach him, and on his obeying the summons he shook the hand of his deliverer in a friendly and hearty manner, on the very spot where a year before that hand had turned away the instrument of death; and when the choirs chanted in joyful "*Mnogia leta!*" he was evidently affected, and again turning towards Osip Ivanovitch he embraced him affectionately, which movement of spontaneous and grateful acknowledgment brought tears to the eyes of all spectators.

ADULT UNCTION.

ADULT UNCTION.

THE PRINCESS DAGMAR'S ADMISSION TO THE GRECO-RUSSIAN CHURCH.

FROM the first time it was rumoured, now about three years ago, that a marriage was proposed between the heir to the Russian throne and the youthful Princess Dagmar of Denmark, a feeling of universal satisfaction was evident. It arose probably from the popularity of the Princess of Wales, and the natural supposition that her sister would be equally deserving of a people's affection. Even the sad event at Nice did not seem to damp the general feeling that "Dagmar is *ours*," and that sooner or later she would be the Heiress, although more than a year elapsed ere the renewal of the question was hinted at in the newspapers. It was well known, however, that the gifts which the Grand Duke Nicholas had presented to his royal bride, and which are said to have cost a million and a half of roubles, were sent back to the owner when she returned them to the Imperial parents, and experienced people said that that was a sure sign of a second engagement. It was said also, that the deceased Heir expressed a wish on his death-bed that his brother might be his successor in every particular; and from his affectionate appreciation of the

excellences of the one, and his deep love towards the other, it is easy to believe this report, proving, as it does, the amiability and loving solicitude of the dying youth, whose goodness of heart was so well known, even out of his own immediate family.

The bride of a Russian Grand Duke *must* be a member of the Greco-Russian Church; a thorough course of instruction, therefore, is indispensable, previous to the marriage, if she be a Protestant or Roman Catholic. Teachers of modern Russ and Sclavonic, and a Priest of high standing, are sent to her in order to prepare her for this important step. The Princess Dagmar proved herself a very apt pupil, as will hereafter be seen, and she had more time to perfect herself than other Imperial brides.

The husbands of the Grand Duchesses of Russia are not obliged to follow the above rule, nor are their children compelled to be Greco-Russians, as are those of a Russian subject of the orthodox religion and a foreigner.[1]

All preliminaries being concluded, the Princess Dagmar, accompanied by her brother the Crown Prince, and a numerous suite, among whom were her religious instructor and her governess, left Copenhagen on the 10th of September last (old style), amid the tears and blessings of the Danes. All that affection and respect could devise to amuse and please her during her voyage was prepared for her, and the little fleet that accompanied her presented fresh surprises every evening—

[1] On the marriage of a Russian with a person of different religion, the unorthodox party is required to sign a paper, by which he or she promises that the children who may be born to them shall be baptized and educated in the Greco-Russian faith, and binding him or herself not to lay any difficulties in the performance of their religious duties.

now a display of fireworks, now a beautiful illumination; either of which, from the originality of the place, or the beauty of the reflection in the calm water, must have presented a certain charm.

On arriving off the first Russian post, the officers came forth to greet their future Heritress, bringing with them the usual offering, bread and salt, on a silver dish; and she delighted the hearts of the givers by reading off fluently, and with an excellent pronunciation, the little inscription that was engraved on the dish. It was not very long, being simply to the effect that the bread and salt came from the officers of such and such a fortress, with the date of presentation. The latter must have been the test of her Russian attainments.

A few miles off Cronstadt, the Danish squadron was met by his Imperial Majesty, the Grand Duke Heir, Alexander Alexandrovitch, his brothers, and nearly all the male members of the Imperial family, accompanied by a perfect armada of steamboats, filled with persons anxious to witness something like the first meeting between the bridegroom and bride. On this subject, however, History is silent; but she records that the Princess kissed the Emperor's hand, that he kissed her forehead, and that she looked up into his face with tears in her sweet eyes, but a smile on her sweet lips; that she is of middle stature, *châtaine*, with a lovely rosy complexion, and is exquisitely graceful and winning; that she was dressed very simply, in a grey skirt and black velvet jacket, and a small round hat. Leaning on the Emperor's arm or hand, she was conducted from the Danish frigate to the boat that conveyed the Imperial party back to their yacht, and then proceeded to Peterhoff, an Imperial residence on the Gulf of Finland,

about twenty versts from St. Petersburg, where she was met in the most affectionate manner by the Empress and the Grand Duchesses.

After a few days' rest, the grand entry into St. Petersburg took place. It was the 17th of September—a day of almost universal festival in Russia, for it is dedicated to the very popular saints, Sophia, Vera, Nadejda, and Lubove;[1] and as there is scarcely a family but has one or two (and sometimes all the four) members who bear either of these names, it may truly be called a national holiday. I do not suppose that the day was selected in particular, but the circumstance was very pleasing to the public; and the veteran writer, Raphael Zotoff, in allusion to the name by which the Princess has hitherto been known, and which is said to signify "Day-dawn," says, "On the day which is observed by a countless multitude of name's-day keepers all over the vast empire, a new Dawn, beaming over our fatherland, promises us long and happy days of peace and prosperity, and shines on us with new Faith, Hope, and Love."

The weather was exquisite, like a warm bright June day; a mass of people, extending from the railway station to the Winter Palace, and edged by a living framework of brilliant soldiery, awaited the procession from an early hour. Wherever space permitted, platforms were erected for spectators to sit on, decorated with carpets, flowers, flags, and other ornaments. The houses of the aristocracy were elegantly ornamented with plants, flags of either nation, with draperies suggestive of the princely titles of the owners, mantle-like, with ermine trimmings. Others, again, had day illuminations, stars, &c., which shone with a thousand prismatic colours in the bright sunlight.

[1] Faith, Hope, and Love, or Charity.

I need not say that every window and balcony was crowded, and that the house-tops were covered with people. At about twelve o'clock, a distant murmur, which grew nearer and nearer, louder and louder, as the news became general, proclaimed that the train had arrived, and in due time the gorgeous procession appeared (in strict accordance to the ceremonial published the day before), amid the shouts of the delighted crowd.

First came the outriders, then the Police Master of St. Petersburg (a Lieutenant-General of his Imperial Majesty's suite), and the gendarmes, all on horseback, followed by his Imperial Majesty's Own Convoy, which is unlike any other regiment in any other country, being composed of picked Circassians, in velvet caps, and with chased drawn swords, mounted on exquisite horses, with rich trappings in the Eastern style, and broad silver stirrups. Then followed the court servants of various degrees: the out-runners, with tall feathers on their heads; blackamoors in red jackets embroidered with gold; hunters in green clothing; the Emperor's stirrup-bearer in a fur cap, and a broad scarf on his breast; masters of the ceremonies in open phaetons, and dressed in splendid uniforms, and with wands surmounted by the two-headed eagle in their hands, followed by innumerable Cossacks, equerries, squires, &c. At last appeared *the* carriage; gilt, the upper part nearly entirely of glass, carved, and lined with velvet, and with a painted ceiling. It was drawn by eight milk-white horses, richly adorned, and each led by a smart man in a cocked hat. Here sat the fair young Princess, in the national dress, which is the court costume of Russia. On this occasion it was of blue velvet, and is described as being extremely becoming to its wearer. Her future mother-in-law

was with her. On either side of this carriage rode—the Emperor; the happy Heir, who constantly turned towards the carriage to answer a question or make an observation to the Princess; his Imperial brothers and uncles; the Crown Prince of Denmark, &c. Between this carriage and others containing the Grand Duchesses and the ladies and maids of honour, all in court costume, were office-holders and military in different uniforms, a moving mass of floating feathers, gold embroidery, glittering epaulettes, swords, and helmets.

The Nevsky Prospect is a broad handsome street of great length, from five to five and a half versts; at one extremity is the station, at the other the Admiralty and Palace *Places*, where, between the latter and the lovely Neva, stands the Winter Palace, a town of itself. It was along this Nevsky Prospect that the splendid procession moved. Half-way down, to the left of a large *Place*, stands the Kazan Church; here the *cortége* stopped, and the Princess and the Imperial family got out of their carriages or off their horses, and entered the church to perform a molében. They were met at the door by the Metropolitan Isidore, and numerous clergy in full canonicals. All the other persons who took part in the procession remained stationary in the street during the special service. On its conclusion the *cortége* proceeded further, and finally reached the Winter Palace, when a salute of all the cannons at once, in the Petropavloffsky Fortress (which is on the other side of the river, not quite opposite the palace), announced the entry of the Imperial bride into the home of her father and mother in law.

Here another crowd awaited her: the maids of honour of less degree, the pupils of various educational Institutes for the daughters of nobles, with their teachers and inspectresses,

the cadets of the Government military academies, pupils of various lyceums, academies, &c.

The Princess ascended the marble staircase with the Empress leaning on her arm, and shortly afterwards had to show herself on the balconies to the shouting people below, always in company with the Empress.

In the evening—which is described as being quite Italian from its warmth and loveliness—there was a magnificent illumination in the city, and the Imperial family went forth in their private carriages to see it, accompanied at every turn by the pleased and excited throng.

The next day they went in state to the opera, and sat in the State box, of the size and magnificence of which people who have only seen the shabby, dirty, inconvenient theatres of London can have no idea. It is like a splendid drawing-room; and the house itself is on a piece with it. The performance lasted only two hours; it was merely to give the public an opportunity of seeing their future Heiress.

The space of time between the entry and the wedding, with its preparatory ceremonies, was passed principally at the Emperor's country residence at Tzarskoé Seló (Tzar's village).

The programme of the ceremonial attendant on the Sacrament of Unction was published October 10th, and the Office itself took place on the 12th, the Betrothal on the 13th.

Admittance to Communion in the Greco-Russian Church is attainable only by receiving previously the Sacrament of Unction, which forms the third part of the ceremony of Baptism;[1] but, the actual Sacrament of Baptism being required only once[2] in the life of a Christian, it is not

[1] See Baptism.

[2] "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." (Eph. iv. 5.)

considered necessary to repeat it on entering the bosom of the Eastern Church, though Unction is indispensable. On this occasion, too, if the person do not bear a name that is strictly Russian—that is, one borne by a saint that is acknowledged by the Greco-Russian Church—he receives a new one. For instance: the wife of the Grand Duke Michael, a princess of Baden, whose name was Cecilia Augusta, was re-named Olga, on becoming a Greco-Russian, although both names are translatable into Russ, and have representatives in the Calendar; but being uneuphonious, and what in English we should call queer (Kekilia Avgoosta), they were laid aside. Besides, the Imperial family have a set of names that seems to be popular with them, and from which they seldom depart; these are Maria, Alexandra, and Olga, and they occur several times in the present reigning family. There are, however, the Grand Duchess Elena Pavlovna, and the little Grand Duchesses Vera and Anastasia; the former was born during the Crimean War, and was probably named with regard to contemporary events: and these are the only exceptions.

In the present instance, however, the baptismal names of the Princess Dagmar include two that might be bestowed on a Russian infant—Maria and Sophia. Of these the former was selected, which, with the patronymic "Feodorovna,"—taken also from the numerous names of King Christian (Christian, again, being not in the Calendar),—forms the name of an empress who was greatly beloved and highly respected during a very long lifetime, and deeply regretted when that life ended. She was the wife of the Emperor Paul, and grandmother to Alexander II. It was doubtless in affectionate remembrance of her that the name "Maria Feodorovna" was composed for the young Heiress,

and the Russians seem to consider it a good omen for her and for them.

At ten o'clock in the morning on the day appointed, when all the people who were expected to be in attendance, or who were permitted to be in the palace during the ceremony, had assembled, the Minister of the Court announced to the Emperor that all was ready. A procession was formed, according to the programme, and began to move through the spacious halls and apartments of the vast palace, all of which were filled with spectators, who on such occasions are allowed to stand in places allotted to them. For instance: in one room are generals; in another, nobles and their wives and daughters; and in a third, merchants; and so on.

Slowly the procession proceeded towards the palace chapel, which is within the building itself; the Emperor and Empress together, followed by the generals-in-waiting, the Minister of the Court, &c.; then the Princess, looking most charming in a simple dress of white satin, trimmed with swan's-down, without any ornament on her head, and no jewels save a cross.

On reaching the chapel door they were met by the Metropolitan and other clergy; and the Emperor, taking his future daughter-in-law by the hand, led her to the former, when the following Office commenced, previous to the actual Sacrament of Unction, the Princess still standing at the door.

Metropolitan. Wilt thou renounce the errors of the Lutheran Church and its falsities?

Answer. I will.

The Metropolitan lays his hand on her head, and the Deacon intones, "Let us pray to God;" answered by the choir, "Lord, have mercy upon us."

M. For Thy Name's sake, O Lord God of Truth, and that

of Thine only Son and the Holy Spirit, look down on Thy handmaid Maria, now desirous of being worthy of reception into Thy Holy Orthodox Church, and of the shelter of her wings. Deliver her from all her former errors, and fill her with true faith, hope, and charity; grant that she may walk in the way of Thy Holy Commandments, and do that which shall please Thee, which if a man does them, he shall live by them. Write her name in Thy Book of Life; unite her to the fold of Thy heritage, that in it she may glorify Thy Holy Name, and that of Thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ, and of Thy Life-giving Spirit. And may Thine eyes look graciously on her for ever, and be Thine ears open to her prayers; make her to rejoice in the work of her hands, and in the confession and praise of Thy High and Holy Name, and that she may glorify Thee all the days of her life.

The choir sings a Vozglas.[1]

M. Turn thyself to the west, and sincerely, and with thy whole heart, renounce the errors of Lutheranism, and confess the true Orthodox Faith.

She turns towards the west, with outstretched arms; and the Metropolitan asks her,—

"Dost thou renounce all the errors of Lutheranism? and dost thou reject all that is contrary to God and to His truth, and that is damnable to the soul?"

A. I renounce all the errors of Lutheranism, and reject all that is contrary to God and His truth, and that is damnable to the soul.

M. Dost thou renounce all convocations, traditions, and statutes, and all Lutheran teachers and their teachings, which

[1] Sort of Doxology.

are contrary to the Holy Eastern Orthodox Church? and dost thou reject them?

A. I renounce and reject them.

M. Dost thou renounce all ancient and modern heresies and heretics, which are contrary to God? dost thou reject them and condemn them to anathema?

A. All ancient, &c.

The novice then turns to the east.

M. Hast thou renounced all the errors of Lutheranism?

A. I have renounced them.

M. Dost thou desire to unite thyself to the Orthodox Greco-Russian Church?

A. I desire it with my whole heart.

M. Dost thou believe in One God, who is worshipped and glorified in the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost? and dost thou worship Him as thy God and King?

A. I do believe in one God, &c.

A prostration follows; and the convert, on rising, repeats the Nicene Creed.

M. Blessed be our God, who lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Repeat to us the dogmas, traditions, and ordinances of our Orthodox Church, which thou holdest.

(Here follow the ten Articles of Religion, which, from their length, I should suppose the Princess read aloud, as it would be a difficult task, even to a native Russian, to repeat them by ote, for they of course are in Sclavonic.)

A. THE APOSTOLIC and ecclesiastical ordinances which were stablished at the Seven Councils,[1] and the rest of the Greco-

[1] The seventh Council was held at Constantinople in 754, and afterwards convened at Nice in 786. It is known by the name of the Second Nicene Council.

Russian traditions, statutes, and rules, I accept and confess; also the holy writings and the prayers that the Holy Eastern Church has acknowledged and acknowledges, I accept and acknowledge.

I BELIEVE and confess that the seven Sacraments of the New Testament—to wit, Baptism, Unction, Communion, Confession, Ordination, Marriage, and Extreme Unction — were instituted by Jesus Christ and His Church, as the means of receiving the grace and influence that they convey.

I BELIEVE and confess, that in the Divine Liturgy[1] the true Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ is verily received in the form of Bread and Wine, for the remission of sins, and for the obtaining eternal life.

I BELIEVE and confess, according to the understanding of the Holy Eastern Church, that the Saints in Christ who reign in heaven are worthy to be honoured and invoked, and that their prayers and intercessions move the All-merciful God to the salvation of our souls. Also, that to venerate their incorruptible relics, as also the previous virtues of their remains, is well-pleasing to God.

I ADMIT that the pictures of Christ our Saviour, of the Holy Virgin, and of other Saints, are worthy to have and to honour, not for the purpose of worship, but that by having them before our eyes we may be encouraged to devotion, and to the imitation of the deeds of the Righteous Ones represented by the pictures.

I CONFESS that the prayers of faith addressed to God are accepted favourably by the mercy of God.

I BELIEVE and confess that power is given to the Church by Christ our Saviour, to bind and to loose; and that what is

[1] Mass.

bound or loosed by that power on earth, shall be bound or loosed in heaven.

I BELIEVE and confess that the Foundation, Head, and Supreme Pastor and Bishop of the Holy Greco-Russian Church is our Lord Jesus Christ; and that from Him all Bishops, Pastors, and teachers are ordained; and that the Ruler and Governor of the said Church is the Holy Ghost.

THAT THIS Church is the Bride of Christ, I also confess; and that in her is true salvation to be found, and that no one can possibly be saved in any other except her, I believe.

TO THE HOLY Synod directing, as to the Pastors of the Russian Church, and to the Priests by them ordained, I promise to observe sincere obedience, even to the end of my days.

The Metropolitan, satisfied that the convert is well prepared, now places the end of his omophorium[1] in her hand, and proceeds to the body of the church, tendering her, as it were, to the amvon, while he says the following:

"Enter thou into the Church, leaving the errors of Lutheranism far behind thee; examine thyself, that thou free thyself from the nets of death and eternal misery; reject from this time all the errors and false teachings which thou heldest hitherto; honour the Lord God our Father Almighty, Jesus Christ His Son, and Holy Spirit, the one true and living God, in the Holy Indivisible and Consubstantial Trinity."

Having by this time arrived at the foot of the amvon, where a naloy stands with the Gospels and cross, she lets go the omophorium, and the choir sings the sixty-seventh Psalm —on conclusion of which, the Metropolitan desires her to prostrate herself before the Gospels, while he says a short litany.

[1] Bishop's stole.

M. Send down Thy Holy Spirit, and the face of the earth shall be renewed.

Choir. Lord, have mercy upon us.

M. Turn Thee, O Lord, and be gracious to the words of Thy servant.

Choir. Lord, have mercy upon us.

M. The crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.

Choir. Lord, have mercy upon us.

M. Lord, save Thy servant, who putteth her trust in Thee.

Choir. Lord, have mercy upon us.

M. Be thou to her a strong tower from the face of the enemy.

Choir. Lord, have mercy upon us.

M. The enemy shall not come nigh unto her, neither the son of perdition harm her.

Choir. Lord, have mercy upon us.

M. Lord, hear my prayer, and let my crying come unto Thee.

A most beautiful and touching prayer follows the litany, imploring the blessing of God on the new member of the Orthodox Church; after which, the Metropolitan says to the still kneeling convert,—

"Rise, and stand firm; stand in fear."

She rises, and says: "This true Orthodox Greco-Russian Faith, which I now, of my own free will, confess and sincerely hold, I will confess and hold, with the help of God, whole and undefiled to my latest breath, and will teach and inculcate the same as much as lies in my power; all its rules I will strivingly and joyfully perform, and will endeavour to keep my heart in virtue and innocence; and in token of this, my true

and sincere confession, I kiss the Word and the Cross of my Saviour."

The Metropolitan presents the Gospels and cross to her to kiss, and pronounces a blessing on her. It should be observed, that though a formal confession of sins, "from earliest childhood, as far as can be remembered," has been observed previous to the Office of Conversion, the penitent cannot receive absolution from the Priest until renunciation of the former religion and profession of the orthodox faith has taken place, according to the above form. At this part, therefore, the Metropolitan says,—

"Bow thy knees before the Lord God whom thou hast confessed, and receive absolution of thy sins."

The Princess prostrates herself, with her forehead on the ground, while he reads the form of Absolution, which is about the same length as our own English one; on its conclusion, he says,—

"Rise, Sister; and as a faithful servant of Jesus Christ, pray to Him with us, that thou mayst be worthy to receive, through the Unction of Holy Oil, the grace of the Holy Spirit."

The Office of Unction, slightly different from that used at Infant Baptism, now commences. The oil which is made use of on this and other occasions is prepared and blessed by the Metropolitan himself, and is only made at St. Petersburg and Kieff, and from thence sent to the different dioceses, to be distributed to every church in the empire. It is boiled in the chapel attached to the Synod, in presence of other ecclesiastics, and with a ceremony and form of prayer for the occasion. It is composed of the finest and purest vegetable oil, and various spices, myrrh, mastic, incense, &c., and the atom of a relic.

I am told that it is extremely difficult to prepare, as a very little over-boiling spoils it.

One of the Priests or Deacons present now brings out of the altar the vessel containing the holy oil, a sponge, a little clean stick with a morsel of cotton wool wound round one end (or a feather), and a little vessel of warm water; these he places on a small low table prepared for the purpose, and with them the Gospels and cross just made use of. Two lighted candles, in immense candlesticks, are placed before it, between it and the royal gates. When the preparations are complete, the Metropolitan bows to the congregation three times, and the service commences with a doxology and the Hymn to the Holy Ghost; then the full Litany, with several clauses relative to the person about to be anointed. The Metropolitan then reads aloud this prayer, which is nearly the same as that used at Infant Unction :—

"Blessed art Thou, O Lord God Almighty, the Fountain of Goodness, the Sun of Righteousness, shining on such as are in darkness, with the light of salvation, by the coming of Thy Only-begotten Son, our Lord; and granting to us, Thy unworthy servants, purification by Holy Water, and Divine sanctification by Unction; and who hast blessed Thy handmaid Maria by turning her from the errors of heresy, and to the knowledge of Thy truth, that with repentance she may turn to Thy mercy, and unite herself to Thy chosen flock; and the absolution of whose sins, and the dissolution of whose oaths, I, Thine unworthy servant, have given. Grant her, O Lord and merciful King, the Seal of the Gift of Thy All-powerful and Adorable Spirit—the Communion of Christ's Holy Body and Blood. Preserve her in Thy holiness, strengthen her in the faith of the Orthodox Church, deliver her from the Evil

One and all his snares, and keep her by Thy saving fear in purity and righteousness of spirit, that by every deed and word she may be acceptable to Thee, and become Thy Child, and the Heritress of Thy Kingdom. For Thou art our God, the God of mercy and salvation; and to Thee be glory! to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, now, henceforth, and for ever."

Immediately afterwards the Unction takes place—preceded, of course, by the Princess crossing herself devoutly. The Metropolitan turns towards her, and proceeds to make the sign of the cross, with the splinter or feather dipped in the oil, on her forehead, over her eyes, nostrils, lips, ears, breast, hands, and feet,[1] with the words at each sign, "The Seal of the Gift of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Deacon. Let us pray to God.

Choir. Lord, have mercy on us.

Then follows a short prayer, to the same effect as the preceding.

The Metropolitan then takes the sponge, and dipping it in the warm water, wipes the places anointed, saying, "Thou art justified, thou art sanctified, thou art purified, by the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by God's Holy Spirit; and thou

[1] The soles of the feet are anointed at baptism; the Imperial brides are therefore provided with slippers of a peculiar form, which are partially slipped off, while the wearers kneel. This rule, however, seems to be not always observed thus; for an old lady, a German by birth, who was anointed immediately before the ceremony of her marriage took place, told me that the "Seal" was put on her knees, and that her lady of honour raised the skirt of her dress for the purpose. A priest informs me that when he receives *raskolnitzas* (female schismatics) into the Church, he always anoints their knees. Neither forms are *de rigueur*, for the word *Noga* means the entire limb, leg and foot; so that whichever is anointed, the letter is observed.

art anointed with oil, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, now, henceforth, and for ever. Amen."

A secret prayer, a short litany, a doxology, and the blessing conclude this office.

Divine Service followed immediately; and when the choir commenced singing the pre-Eucharistic Hymn, the Empress led the Grand Duchess Maria Feodorovna to the pictures in the altar-screen, which she kissed; and on the re-opening of the royal gates, when the Deacon comes forth with the Cup, intoning, "With the fear of God, and with faith, approach ye!" she conducted her to the steps of the amvon, when, for the first time, she received the Communion according to the rites of the Orthodox Church.

The exquisite clearness and perfection with which she pronounced the Confession of Faith (not the Creed, but a short form) before the Holy Elements were administered to her, as well as the answers and professions in the office of Conversion, struck all present with delight and astonishment: it was listened to with breathless interest; and in another second the neighbouring apartments and halls echoed with the eagerly given and received information of the Imperial bride's acquirements.

The Emperor, too, seems to have been equally delighted; for while the Grand Duke and Duchess were receiving the congratulations of the clergy, he was pleased to call aside the Priest who was entrusted with the Princess Dagmar's religious instruction, and thanked him in the warmest terms for the excellent manner in which he had fulfilled his task.

ADOPTION.

ADOPTION.

"CAN you imagine anything more distressing than not knowing one's own mother? Pity me, then, for that is my case, Fédinka!"

"You'll get accustomed to it," replied Fédinka, a young officer in the Cavalier Guards, the playmate in childhood and companion in youth of the first speaker, who had been the *protégée* and god-daughter of his great-grandmother, the Baroness Schenkendorf, recently deceased.

"The thing is, that I am the most useless creature imaginable! Mamasha is very poor (that is, she thinks so, but Lukeria Gregorievna says that three hundred and fifty roubles a year is plenty to live on), and is not accustomed to occupation. Dear godmamma! oh, how grateful I am for that one teaching—that I am useless! I know it, and that is one step towards mending. Godmamma always told me the truth."

"Don't cry."

"I wish people would let me have all my cries out as you do, Fédia," she said, after sobbing for some minutes, and putting her handkerchief into her pocket, and her hand into his. "You'll write to me very often, won't you?"

"Of course, darling."

"And tell me all about Inna, just as you used before, here, in the dear, dear old house? and about Ivan Pavlovitch's quarrels with Simon Alexéevitch? and how the dear students get on: mind, Fédia!"

"Yes, my soul."

"Particularly about Inna, and yourself. Oh, the idea of my being miserable at going home to live with Mamasha! What a wicked creature I must be! But why did she give me up to godmamma? why did she let me get accustomed to all this——" and she waved her hand round her, indicating the rich and elegant appointments of the room they were sitting in.

"I tell you you had better stop with us. Inna would be as glad as I."

"No, Fédia; she is my mother. She is getting old, too, and I must do my duty by her."

"Listen, Agrafena! has your mother done her duty by you?" (He did not like Madame Mordvinoff, if the truth must be told, and forgot caution in his affection for her daughter.) "You say, why did she give you up to grandmamma? Because she was idle, Grousha;[1] because she thought it would be a fine thing. (You'll excuse me.) She is highly educated, you know, and could have taught you herself every bit as well as our Lukeria Gregorievna—but idleness is the root of all evil! And what are its fruits? That her own child is breaking her heart at returning to her roof! That she loves comparative strangers better than her own brothers and sister! Who was it, I should like to know, that asked her, only yesterday evening, which was the elder brother, André or Nicholai? I am astonished that you remember their names!"

[1] Dim. for Agrafena.

"What's to be done? Groaning and moaning over the past is of no use. We must try to be wise at the present time in order to be less regretful in future. I'll do my best—with God's help."

"At any rate, stay with us until you go to Q——. Have you quite made up your minds?"

"Mamasha does not know her own. She wants to be comfortable, you see, and yet wishes to stay here. I proposed getting pupils, just to help a little, but she won't hear of it—she says they would distract her—I have made up *my* mind, if I have any voice in the matter, because Nicholaï Nicholaïevitch, when he proposed our going to Q——, wrote that living there is nearly half as cheap again as at St. Petersburg. That settles the matter in my opinion—besides being near Phimoushka[1] and her darling little baby! It must be done, Fédia!"

"So it seems, if you will not agree to my arrangements. But when shall we see you again, Grousha?"

"Don't talk of it. We must not think of ourselves, but set about our duties. Lord, help us!"

"Without doubt, He will, my soul!" Sisterless and brotherless, Fédia had never felt his orphanage till now.

Olympiada Modestovna, Agrafena's mother, was employed during this conversation, and much that preceded and followed it, in collecting every packable article that belonged directly or indirectly to her daughter. The Baroness was immensely rich, and provided for Agrafena in the handsomest manner during her lifetime, but left nothing to her in her will, probably from the impression that her great-grandson and god-daughter would ultimately marry, and that thus the latter would be amply

[1] Dim. for Seraphima.

provided for. "What earnestly she wished, she long believed;" and though she never hinted her desire to either of the young people, she encouraged their intimacy as much as possible, but it ended in Grousha's taking on herself the negotiations between Féodor and his great-grandmother concerning his engagement to a maid of honour with whom he had fallen violently in love, ended only to continue in another and far more intimate form, for they never were so attached to each other as after that incident. The Baroness would not hear of it, and the poor little gentle maid's papa would not consent until the Baroness herself should ask for his daughter's hand on behalf of Féodor Kyrilovitch. Olympiada Modestovna thought over all this "history" as she packed up Grousha's things, with mingled regret, bitterness, and self-reproach, at never having taught her to encourage Fédinka's affectionate feelings before he met with the maid of honour. As she turned over the clothes and linen that had been so bountifully and tastefully provided, and heaped them into the portmanteau and chests that stood open to receive them, she more than once abused the memory of her benefactress, and the stupidity and unworldliness of her innocent daughter. A few costly jewels, the gifts of the Baroness and the thoughtless but warm-hearted Fédia, made her eyes brighten and her spirits rise for a moment, and she tied them up carefully in a handkerchief; but the discontented, mournful expression of her face returned again when she looked at Grousha's library—an immense one for so young a girl. "Never mind," she thought, "they will bring a price as waste paper." Besides these, she took possession of the carpet, curtains, pictures of the saints, and even the plants in the windows—and great credit to herself for not carrying off the furniture and toilet-service. In the evening

they left the Baroness's stately mansion for the uncomfortable unhome-like lodging that Olympiada Modestovna occupied in the 24th line of the Vasilieffsky Island, which forms part of the city of St. Petersburg, and where she had lived for many years in an unsatisfactory state of shabby lazy gentility, always in hopes that Grousha would marry somebody very rich and invite her to live with her. But Grousha had not a taste for matrimony, or her time had not come, for she was now nineteen years old, and still not in love with anybody, rich or poor!

After a great many disputes, Grousha won the battle, and it was decided that the Mordvinoffs should take up their permanent abode at Q——, where the married daughter lived. They had a very long journey before them, and they deemed it prudent to wait till the spring before setting out on it, as the river navigation affords facilities that the winter roads could not do, to say nothing of the cold. Olympiada Modestovna was astonished to find her daughter intent on becoming useful and practical, and so very far from being a fine lady. She persuaded her mother to dispose of two of their three serf servants—for my tale goes many years back, in the days when proprietors could sell their people like cows and sheep. Of course Olympiada Modestovna objected strongly at first, asking who would dress her, who would wash and iron the collars and caps, who mend the stockings, &c. To all this Grousha answered quietly, "I will;" and with a perseverance that showed how much good there was in her, she patiently learnt all the details of getting up fine linen, patching and darning, boiling coffee, and even a little of cooking—all which she did "with her might;" and while the terrible days of winter gradually gave way to the sloppy thaw, and the thaw to the bright delicious balm of a Russian spring, she was being transformed from the elegant

petted *protégée* of the almost millionaire Baroness von Schenkendorf to the working, economizing girl-noble of the class to which she really belonged (she was the orphan of a colonel in the Naval Artillery). She knew that her mother was too old to alter her notions and habits, that something must be done, and that sooner or later all the knowledge she was now acquiring would prove useful to herself or to others, and she felt a new zest and pleasure in accustoming herself to these homely employments, partly doubtless from their entire novelty to her, but greatly from the conviction of their absolute indispensability. She was greatly assisted by the advice of a young German matron who lived in a little house at the end of their garden. Her husband was foreman in a pianoforte manufactory; and though he received good wages, living in St. Petersburg is no joke, and his bright little wife had hard work to manage, with three tiny children too. It was in her exquisitely clean kitchen and parlour that Grousha took a lasting fancy to the homely happiness of life in the middle class, and a disgust to the "appearance-making" of her mother and many of her acquaintances, with lessons that she never forgot of industry and carefulness. Regrets *did* enter her head—serious regrets, for the loss of many advantages and luxuries that could not but have charms for one to whom they had become habits—the opera, the drives in carriages of Viennese or English workmanship, the society that frequented the Baroness's hospitable house, and the evening *réunions* of clever and superior people that so often assembled there—and the sudden change from a family of upwards of twenty persons, counting all the distant relatives, orphans of former stewards of the Baroness's estates, aged tutors of her deceased sons, governesses of her granddaughters, and other houseless folk, who were fed by her

bounty, to the monotonous company of the ever-grumbling Olympiada Modestovna, was really a trial to her. But Féodor Kyrilovitch often drove in his gallant little sledge to see her, and pour forth his rhapsodies about his Inna into her ever-sympathising ear; and two students, pensioners of the Baroness, who had lived under the same roof with her for many years, and been her playmates and companions, like Fédia, used to wrench moments of leisure from their working hours, and come to "help" Grousha in her new capacity as housekeeper. She herself often spent an afternoon in the home of her girlhood, with her dear old governess and adviser, Lukéria Gregorievna.

Thus passed the time till May, when the Mordvinoffs bade adieu to damp but beautiful St. Petersburg, and set forth on their journey to Orenburg. Grousha found it very hard to part with Féodor Kyrilovitch and his "family" (as he loved to call the inmates of his grandmother's house, whom he insisted on keeping on the same terms exactly as during her lifetime), and he felt that he was losing the presence of his best earthly friend and adviser. Lovely and loveable as his young bride was, she was too childish and inexperienced to supply at once the place of that faithful and indulgent girl. He had not a secret from her; she knew all his naughty histories of gambling-parties, bets, presents to grasping actresses, and debts to horse-dealers, money-lenders, and jewellers; and though she scolded him roundly in private, she always managed to bring him safely through interviews with his grandmamma on the ticklish subjects, and never heard any impertinent arguments, such as those he occasionally offered to General Andreéff, his guardian. He would not say good-bye to her, persisting in repeating "*dò svidánia!*"[1] till the train was out of hearing.

[1] "Au revoir."

Grousha enjoyed her two thousand five hundred versts' journey rather than otherwise, and relished the various mishaps and discomforts attendant on Russian travelling, which were causes of serious annoyance to poor Olympiada Modestovna, who had long ago outgrown any fancy for adventure, or any taste for fun. On their arrival at Q—— they stayed a fortnight with Seraphima Nestorovna, Grousha's sister, who had been the wife of one of the inspectors of the gold-washing works there for about three years, and was her mother's own daughter in every respect. Her husband passed his mornings at the works, and his evenings at the card-table; he was considered a good officer and a pleasant comrade, and Madame Mordvinoff, who despised him for his unimportance and poverty when he insisted on marrying her silly useless Seraphima, felt all at once a degree of awe and respect for him on finding him on the footing he had gained at Q——, and the style of their living, though on a small scale, was decidedly of the sort she affected: but Grousha felt that it was an unsatisfactory state to be in constantly, and was glad when her mother became the purchaser of a small but very convenient, cheerful log-house on the banks of the beautiful lake that fed the works, with a large garden and a shady balcony. The superintending of the papering and painting of this dwelling, the making and hanging of curtains, hunting out persons who had furniture to sell,[1] bargaining for the same, and giving the whole place that indescribable air of elegance and comfort that a person accustomed to them alone can give, were of course Grousha's care, and she was as happy over it as a little girl with her doll's house.

[1] In small towns in the interior one must either content oneself with second-hand furniture, or order it to be *made*, which takes a very long time. There are no cabinet-makers' shops.

Olympiada Modestovna began to appreciate her daughter's new-found talents, especially when applied to her own immediate comfort; but she could never fully understand or believe that Grousha enjoyed it, and it was always with a manner half apologetical that she proposed or hinted at any addition or alteration that incurred fresh trouble. Besides the serf woman whom they brought from St. Petersburg, and who was a first-rate cook, they hired a young girl to be maid and errand-runner.

Thus comfortably established, the Mordvinoffs enrolled themselves on the list of the Q—— society, and (as new-comers almost invariably are) were received by its members with the utmost cordiality. They made formal visits to the ladies, who quickly returned them, and in their train the husbands and brothers, and gradually the solitary bachelors, made their appearance. There were some very agreeable people among the number, some few rather tiresome, stupid, or mischief-making, but on the whole very bearable.

There was one of the sterner sex, however, who did not call on the Mordvinoffs until he was sent for in his professional capacity—this was the doctor, Esper Andréevitch Pankreffsky; but the ice once broken, he became a more frequent visitor than any of the others. Olympiada Modestovna was certainly an ailing person, and the pretext of inquiring after and prescribing for his patient was an honest one, but it is not to be supposed that professional ardour alone was the attraction. The Q—— people wondered at his taking so much notice of that strange creature, Agrafena Nestorovna, by no means a pretty girl either, with her pale face and dark eyes and quiet ways. They could not understand what it could be, especially as Grousha professed herself indifferent to the charms of dancing, did not play well enough to give pleasure to other people, and never laid

wagers of her own fancy-work. Nevertheless, the doctor went as often as he conveniently could.

He was quite a young man, and had been educated at St. Petersburg, in the same university as Grousha's student friends; the youngest son of a general officer, and moving in the higher circles of the middle class, he had chosen of his own free will, and to the surprise of his father, and indignation of his mother, who wished him to serve in the army or navy, the profession of a physician, as being that by which he hoped to have the greatest opportunity of being useful to his fellow-creatures. He placed the medical profession above all others, except the calling of a Priest, which he considered almost too high for mortal man to follow; the frivolity and idleness of his officer brothers disgusted him when a boy, and he had a horror of war and wounds that amounted to a monomania in the adolescent. There was certainly a portion of eccentricity in his character, but so much noble feeling and straightforward sincerity in his convictions, that his parents gave way, and let him do as he wished. His father dying before he had completed his medical education deprived him of the means of continuing his studies in one of the German Universities as he had intended to do, and made him accept the first appointment that was offered him on passing his final examination, as it involved no expense to his mother, whom he devotedly loved. He was a goodly person to look at, with the most beautiful blue eyes that ever beamed from behind spectacles. An adept in his profession, and an attentive, sympathising, and successful practitioner, yielding wherever he dared to the wishes and opinion of the senior doctor, his superior officer, yet gently insisting on having his own way if convinced of its necessity for the patient—a pleasant comrade, and agreeable

and intelligent at all times—such was the man who dared to lift his eyes to Grousha, and court her as his future wife. Not a word, and scarcely a look, had however passed between them after an acquaintance of nearly six months; and Olympiada Modestovna, who still indulged in very brilliant castles in the air for her daughter, never imagined for a moment that anything serious could be thought of by the two young people, and was merely enchanted with the doctor in his professional line, holding him up as a model of attention. "Not even at St. Petersburg had she ever met with such a medical man! Never!"

Agrafena Nestorovna, who took things as they came, and always tried to make the best of everything, had determined from the first to appear content, even if things did not quite come up to her own standard: "things," however, turned out better than she expected; she and her mother were getting rather fond of each other—at any rate, they were getting accustomed to each other, and she was very happy at home, but certainly Esper Andréevitch's acquaintance had something to do with it.

She and her sister did not become very great friends. Seraphima Nestorovna was a frivolous, empty-headed creature, given to dress, smoking, card-playing, and flirting; a shocking housekeeper, and a very careless mother; but Grousha had an ever new pleasure in going to her house, because of the darling little godson that she had there. It was her delight to wash him, to comb and cut his hair, to mend and make his clothes, play with him, cut out paper figures for him, and be his abject slave at all times. She had always been fond of children, but this one she doated on, and she had a way of her own of pleasing them—never talking baby nonsense

to the little ones, nor moralizing to the elders, yet always contriving to leave an impression on their minds of some amiable or useful teaching. She could break in violent boys and tiresome girls after a few *séances*, and the grandmammas and nurses of such declared that she must have a *zágovor* (spoken charm or exorcism) for it. This also was an occasion for wonderment on the parts of the Q—— people, especially the young ladies, with not one of whom Grousha could become intimate, and on a "bosom friendly" footing; and although she was perfectly polite and good-natured, yet it must be acknowledged that she was cool to them. At Christmas time she was obliged to go to parties and dance, but as a make-up she persuaded her mother to give a child's ball, ostensibly to little Boris, her nephew, but in reality to assemble all her dear little friends and enjoy the sight of their fun and happiness.

When the day fixed for the little party arrived, Grousha was deep in preparations from early morn; but to her great disappointment little Borinka had begun to cough so distressingly during the night that it was impossible for him to go to his grandmamma's, particularly in such a severe frost as that which was pinching the noses and chins of the orthodox that day. As the other guests had joyfully accepted the invitation, it was considered inconvenient to put off the party, and Grousha went on preparing the rooms and candelabra with great activity; everything was ready at noon, but Olympiada Modestovna had not given her the money requisite for some bon-bons and sweetmeats, figs and raisins, and other good things that are indispensable at such meetings. There was to be a dinner-party at the magistrate's at two o'clock, to which Madame Mordvinoff was invited; and on Grousha'

earnestly representing the imperative necessity of "dessert,"[1] she promised to buy it on her way home. The rooms were full when she made her appearance at seven o'clock, and Grousha, assisted by a good-natured widow neighbour, Anfisa Fômishna by name, was very busy giving each guest his tea. She kissed her sister (who had brought Olympiada Modestovna home in her sledge, and popped in for a moment to warm herself and look at the children), and then eagerly whispered, "And the dessert, Mamasha?"

"Akh! was there ever such a head as mine? It quite escaped my memory. What shall we do?"

"Come with me, Grousha," said Seraphima good-naturedly. "Mamasha is frozen. I will leave you at the shop, and you can buy the things while I am driving home. I will send back the sledge immediately for you."

"Oh, that is delightful!" said Grousha. "Mamasha, you must pour out the tea; and don't forget Anfisa Fômishna," she added in a whisper. "Get the money ready, Mamasha; I will go and dress."

"Wrap up warm, Groushinka,[2] it is awfully cold!"

In ten minutes' time they had reached the shops; Grousha jumped out, and bidding her sister good-bye, began to make her purchases. She had not many to make, but they were of such a description that it required a little time and great patience to select them good of their kind and reasonable in price. They had been duly weighed out and paid for, and tied up in a great coloured handkerchief that her mother had thrust into her muff for the purpose, when she began

[1] "Dessert" is the word used in Russ for the bonbons, figs, &c. &c., above mentioned.

[2] Dim. for Agrafena.

to wonder why the sledge was so long in coming, for Seraphima's house was only two or three minutes' drive distant. The shop was little better than a booth, and it seems to be the peculiar feature of such buildings that they attract the utmost degree of cold to themselves, and to their floors in particular. Grousha's feet, protected as they were by thick felt boots over the ordinary bottines of house wear, began to feel the cold in no small degree. Her fingers had caught the nip when handling and trying the things produced for her selection, and not all the blowing and breathing that her lungs could perform were able to restore circulation out of doors, *considering that there was a frost of* 35° (Réaumur). She walked up and down the tiny shop, the proprietor of which was already preparing to shut up, and rendering the space that served for poor Grousha's promenade still smaller by hauling indoors the various boxes and casks of salt, raisins, tobacco, and candles that were exposed for sale during the day-time outside the booth. The candle burnt more and more dimly every moment, and not a sound could be heard in the deserted market-place.

"Akh! what *shall* I do, Vasili Stepanovitch?" she said to the shopman in a distressful voice. "Do be so kind as to look if my sledge is coming."

The man looked up and down and across the market-place, round which the shops stood; it presented a perfectly undistinguishable space of utter darkness, the only lights being the stars: he said that no one was coming either way.

Another five minutes passed, and the welcome sounds of a fast-approaching vehicle were distinguishable; it dashed by, however, leaving poor Grousha ready to cry for impatience and cold, for it is a singular feature of the effects of frost on the

human frame, that people generally feel a strong disposition to whimper, when under its influence to a great extent.

"What shall we do indeed, sudarina?" said Vasili Stepanovitch; "it is time for me to go home too. We will stop for five minutes longer, and if they do not come for you by that time you had better walk with me to our house, and we'll have the horse put to for you."

"Oh, I can't walk," said Grousha, in a tearful voice, from her seat on a bass sack of walnuts. "My feet are quite numbed, and my hands too! Oh, what shall I do?" and she broke down completely, and cried, in a very weak-minded manner, as it would appear to those who have never felt more than eight or ten degrees of frost in their lives.

The shopman was pondering how to get rid of this unwelcome and melancholy customer, when the snow again yielded to the iron fittings of a sledge; and at the same instant as it stopped, a tall figure well muffled in a badger cloak and sable cap strode in hastily with the words, "A packet of papyros-cigarettes, quick!"

Grousha sprang to her feet: it was Pankreffsky. "Oh, I am so glad; please, take me home! I am frozen to death."

"Agrafena Nestorovna! why, how? what is the meaning of this? Bless my heart," he continued, taking her stiff marble-like fingers into his warm hands, "this is no joke!" and he led her to his basket-sledge, while the shopman followed him and gave the cigarettes to the coachman.

"Drive for your life!" shouted Esper Andréevitch in his authoritative tone, seizing the ends of the reins with his left hand, and urging the horse forward. The whole time the little journey lasted he was alternately inquiring anxiously and tenderly how Grousha felt, or roaring at the coachman for

imaginary slowness. On their arrival at home he took her in his arms as if she had been a child of ten, and carried her into the entrance, which he found empty, and laid her on the roondook,[1] while he tore off his own wraps and hurried into the rooms to call Olympiada Modestovna.

"Have the goodness, madam," he said in the stern voice he was accustomed to assume with refractory or unnecessarily fussy patients, "to attend to your daughter. She is violently cold, and if I mistake not, frost-bitten."

Olympiada Modestovna, much alarmed, meekly followed him to the lobby. "Who, I should like to know, left her in the shops even for five minutes during such a frost as this? How did she get there? It is unpardonable, upon my word, Olympiada Modestovna."

"O Mamasha, Mamasha!" whimpered Grousha, as she tried to feel her feet on the ground. "I am so dreadfully, dreadfully cold, and so—sleepy."

"Come, come, let me take off your things!" said Pankreffsky soothingly, going down on his knees to pull off her boots, while her mother and Anfisa Fômishna unwound her scarf and removed her hood and shouba, thus admitting warm air gradually to her chilled limbs. "Snow, here! goose-grease! move, can't you?" he cried reproachfully to the crowd of little guests and their nurses and governesses that had assembled round the sufferer. Half-a-dozen people rushed they hardly knew whither, but all the doctor wanted was room to pass into the inner apartments. "Carry Agrafena Nestorovna into her room," continued he to the cook.

[1] An immense sort of locker, such as there are in schools: it is placed in lobbies for keeping shoubas in, and for throwing shoubas on during short visits.

"Thank God, no great mischief is done; if we can keep her awake, and bring back circulation in the feet, we shall be soon all right." Anfisa Fômishna had taken off her stockings, and the doctor ascertained that though frightfully numbed and perfectly white, like those of a corpse, they were not so-called frost-bitten; and the hands were even less affected, owing probably to the rubbing and squeezing they had undergone during the drive home. The cook had just taken Grousha up when the outer door opened, and Seraphima's coachman entered, bringing with him a great puff of frost, and diffusing a mist of intense cold from his person.

"To your graciousness, Esper Andréevitch, Seraphima Nestorovna sends you her compliments, and begs you will come with me as quickly as possible. Little master is very ill."

"In five minutes, brother! Wait for me. Go and warm yourself in the kitchen. In five or ten minutes," was the answer.

"Oh go, go, doctor," said Grousha imploringly from the cook's shoulder; "they can rub me, only you tell them how. My angel Borinka, please go to him."

"I will go when I have finished your business. I don't intend you to be lame, or to lose either of your ten toes, if it lies in my power to prevent it." Grousha was comparing the loss of one toe to Borinka's life. "Now sit down and put your feet on this stool" (they had reached the bed-room, where a pailful of snow already stood), "and let me rub them with snow, while Olympiada Modestovna is so kind as to rub one hand and Anfisa Fômishna the other; and, in the meantime, breathe deeply to get warm air into your lungs, and try to laugh and to be very cheerful."

"But I can't be cheerful, Esper Andréevitch," groaned the poor girl, as the vigorous rubbing of the animated doctor brought the first agonizing sensation of returning circulation. "Oh! oh! And then poor dear Borinka! what can be the matter with him? He only had a cough this morning."

"I dare say the nurse gave him something that disagreed with him, while his mother was absent at the magistrate's, and he is slightly indisposed, you know. And pray remember what a very anxious yet undiscerning mother your sister is, and how often she has sent for me, post-haste, in a similar manner, without the slightest necessity."

"Yes. But still— Oh! please, Esper Andréevitch, don't rub so hard! Oh—h!"

"Think of the great martyress St. Catherine, or St. Barbara, Agrafena Nestorovna," said he, looking up smiling into her face: and notwithstanding her groans of agony, and absolute writhings, she could not help giggling hysterically as he went on to describe a picture that he had seen in a country church, illustrative of the sufferings and martyrdom of the former saint, depicted by a self-taught artist in the most barbarous style. Little by little, however, a throbbing glow of warmth succeeded the uncomfortable sensations, and both feet and hands became of a deep red colour, and considerably swelled. A quarter of an hour had sufficed to renew circulation, and the doctor now requested Anfisa Fômishna to pour out a cup of tea for the patient, and to put a teaspoonful of rum into it.

"Well, now you are quite comfortable, I hope?" he said, as he wiped his hands and covered her feet with a large shawl, "Pray be cautious for the future; and remember that the parts once caught by frost, however slightly, are always more susceptible than those which have escaped."

"Thank you, doctor, very much. If it had not been for you, I really believe I should have died."

"I?" repeated he. Her hands, swelled and burning hot, with the fingers awkwardly spread out, lay in her lap: he took one up and kissed it.

Both felt confused, but deliciously happy. "You are my patient now. Adieu, till we meet again."

"Good-bye. Make haste to Borinka!"

He was looking for his cap, when Olympiada Modestovna came in with a distressed face.

"I really must drive you out of the house, Esper Andréevitch!" she said, with an attempt at a laugh; "it seems that poor Borinka is the cause of Grousha's misfortunes this evening: for when Phimoushka got home she found him so ill that she forgot, I suppose, that her sister was freezing at the shop, and sent the coachman with the sledge to your house for you, and your people packed him off to the hospital." The doctor gave a grunt of impatience. "And then, somehow, they guessed that you must be here. I was so flurried and alarmed, and still feel so agitated, that I am afraid I have not thanked you at all. I am sure——"

"No cause whatever for thanks, Olympiada Modestovna; only let me beg you to look at the thermometer when you have occasion—imperative occasion—to send so young a person as your daughter anywhere, especially to the shops."

"Yes; it *was* certainly very unthinking of me. But there, do pray go, doctor! I shall not be easy till I hear what is the matter with the little darling."

Grousha during all this talk had been stamping about the room in her great felt boots, for she could not get her little bottines on; and the spoonful of rum having done its duty by

her unaccustomed head, she felt in tremendous spirits, and performed several pirouettes and *pas*, to the secret delight of the doctor, and rather to the scandalization of her mother, who shook her head several times at her in a warning manner. The doctor took his leave, and the mother and daughter went arm-in-arm to the zala, where the children were playing at "recruits," with loud clapping of their hands. They surrounded their hostesses with eager inquiries after the fate of Grousha's toes, which some of them evidently fancied had broken off like icicles; and she was laughing at their horrified looks, when her mother whispered, "Run, my soul, and see if he is gone: if not, ask him to come back after he has seen Borinka; it will be such a relief to me."

She went dancing and singing to the lobby; Esper Andréevitch had just laid his hand on the handle of the outer door, having wrapped himself up to such a degree that only his eyes were visible.

"Esper Andréevitch, stop! Mamasha begs you will return here after prescribing for Borinka, because she is so very anxious about him. If you please."

He turned towards her and held out both hands; and before she knew what she or he was doing or intending to do, her own were clasped in them, and their eyes met as they never before had done. The passionate kiss he imprinted on her palms brought her to herself, and she drew them hastily from his grasp; not a word was uttered by either, and he hurried away.

Grousha's head reeled for more intoxicating causes than the punch tea. She now felt sure of what she had hardly dared to think. She crossed herself again and again, breathed deeply with the full joyful instinct of reciprocated affection—"O Lord

God, I thank Thee! I thank Thee for this happiness," she murmured. And she fancied she should feel like this all the rest of her life. She came into the tea-room, because there were less people there; and having asked Anfisa Fômishna for another cup of tea, as a reason for not being in the zala, stood with her back to a warm stove, "rejoicing in hope," giving way to the full flow of innocent rapture she was thus suddenly put in possession of; gloating, as it were, over her sweet secret, and as a wind-up, she actually kissed her own hands—in the dark corridor leading to the zala—simply because his lips had touched them. "That will do, Grousha," she said to herself, astonished at her own madness; "now go and be Agrafena Nestorovna."

It was lucky for her that her mother and guests knew about that spoonful of rum; otherwise they would have been wondering what could have made her in such wild spirits. She danced, whirling with the little girls, and sending the bigger boys into raptures by flirting with them. Half an hour passed like five minutes, when a small note was put into her hand, so hurriedly dispatched that the writer had neither directed nor even folded it. It contained these words:—

"The child is too ill for me to leave it. Croup in its worst form.

"E. P."

"Oh! I must go to Phima!" she exclaimed, as the tears started to her eyes, handing the scrap of paper to her mother; "or perhaps you would like to do so, Mamasha? Is the bearer gone?"

"No, Miss; he is warming himself in the kitchen. Snow is falling very thick, Miss."

"Snow? oh, then it must be getting milder! Mamma, may I go? Say one thing or another, dear Mamasha!"

But Olympiada Modestovna was determined to be prudent this time, and firmly set her face against Grousha's leaving the house. The loving heart had not one scrap of selfishness in it; and her own joy was entirely forgotten in anxiety for the little sufferer, and pity for his parents. Her mother sent back word that she herself would come the first thing next morning, and begged the sledge might be sent whatever the weather might be. After a pretty little supper, the delighted party broke up; and as the elders had been entirely taken up with waiting on the little ones, they sat down to table after the guests were gone. Grousha felt gushes of happiness, sleepiness, and anxiety for Borinka alternately, and was very tired of hearing nothing but consultations between Anfisa Fômishna and her mother concerning the duties of a housekeeper in a "rich" house, and exchanges of information about a Mr. Vesnin, the proprietor of some gold works at about fifteen versts from Q——; he was immensely rich, and had just arrived from St. Petersburg, for the first time, to take the management of the estate and works into his own hands. Anfisa Fômishna, the needy widow of a police-officer, had been recommended to him as a first-rate manager, and she was anxious to pick up a few hints from a person accustomed to high life before entering on her new duties. Bed-time did come at last, and Grousha was never so glad of the quiet of her own room; she wanted to think over seriously the events of that day in her life, and to conjecture what would be the upshot of them.

The next morning proved quite a mild one in comparison with its predecessors, and Olympiada Modestovna prepared to

set off to her daughter's immediately after breakfast. Nicholaï Nicholaïevitch came for her, and his face at once told that his darling was better. He was loud in his praise of Esper Andréevitch's exertions, and in wonderment at his astonishing energy and health. "You know he was dancing till four yesterday morning; and he was with us till nearly four to-day, when he was sent for to Lougoffka. He asked for a cup of strong coffee, and in a quarter of an hour's time was on his road. He is a fine fellow, really, and the kindest of souls! You should have seen him consoling Phimoushka last night, and doing everything for the child with his own hands, as tenderly as its mother—and much more cleverly, to tell the truth. I declare I quite despised myself as a father, when I saw how he soothed and relieved the poor little thing."

Grousha listened with sparkling eyes and pink cheeks—she looked almost pretty.

"If you can manage it, Maman," continued Nicholaï Nicholaïevitch, "I really should be grateful for your company at our house to-day. You see, I invited Vesnin and one or two others to dine; and, of course, Phimoushka is rather fatigued and flurried, and I do not want to put them off, so if you——"

"Certainly, certainly! I said last night that I would come; but, *mon cher*, I will not stop to dinner, please, you can do without me then. I must have my nap to-day, for I was cheated out of it yesterday."

"Well, I won't insist. But we must have Agrafena to dine!" said he, with a glance, that Grousha did not observe, at Olympiada Modestovna. "She will like to see her godson all right again; and Phimoushka particularly requests it."

"Very well; she shall go when I return home," observed

Olympiada Modestovna, rising from the breakfast-table, and locking the tea-caddy. Grousha was thinking how long the doctor would be at Lougoffka, and what would happen when he came back, and she quite started when her mother threw the keys into her lap, and began to give her some directions about the dress and appendages that she wished her to wear at the dinner. During Olympiada Modestovna's absence, she employed herself in bringing the little household to rights after the dissipation of the previous evening, and had dressed herself even to her mother's complete satisfaction when she arrived, and, after a minute inspection, wrapped Grousha up in extra warm clothing, and dispatched her with God's blessing.

Scarcely had she reached her sister's door, when at that of her own home stood Pankreffsky. He had come to speak to her mother. After a sleepless night (unless a doze on the road to Lougoffka may be called sleep), and a very anxious, busy, but successful visit of five hours to his patient, he had dashed home, drunk hastily a cup of coffee, and having got himself up to the best advantage, he set forth, not without a trifling agitation in his heart of hearts, to ask for his wife. Of course, he did it so suddenly and so straightforwardly as to take Olympiada Modestovna very much by surprise; and she told him so, adding that she must have time to think—that she ought to write to her sons—(one was somewhere between Cronstadt and Japan, by-the-bye)—that she really didn't know—that she was quite in a flutter. But he was not the man to be put down by Madame Mordvinoff's freeziness or nervousness, and pinned her to her place until he had exacted something like a definite answer—a promise to let him know whether it was to be yes or no in a week's time; it was given on the

condition that he should not by word or hint communicate on the subject with Grousha during that period.

Simply and honestly he gave his word, secure in his own mind that she was his already.

"And whatever may be the result, Esper Andréevitch, remember that she has no dowry. We are very poor people, doctor; there is nothing for you to regret."

He was too much taken up with the subject he had at heart and in hand to notice this uncomplimentary observation. "I only want *her*," he answered, in a rather thick voice.

"Ah! you think so now!" said Olympiada Modestovna in a pathetic voice; "but it will be another history when you have half-a-dozen children to provide for and educate. Oh, that education!"

"We must begin modestly of course; but I do not think she need feel—straitened—in my house. I cannot consider myself poor, Olympiada Modestovna, as long as I have health and such a Government appointment as mine, although my salary *is* small. I would not allow myself to think of it—that is, I would not speak to you, did I not know I was acting honestly by her."

Olympiada Modestovna was sure of it. She could not help feeling herself carried away by his warmth, and began to experience a very strong partiality towards him. But to see Grousha,—for whom she had formed such hopes,—the bride of a provincial medical man, when there was an unmarried gold-washer in the same town with her—no, she made up her mind to be callous.

"Let me hope, Olympiada Modestovna," he continued, after a long, horrible pause; "say one encouraging word! I will try to be a very kind son-in-law to you!" he went on, as she still made no answer.

"I do not doubt the sincerity and excellence of your intentions, Esper Andréevitch. God forbid!" she said at last.

She allowed him, however, to kiss her hand, when taking a a very low-spirited leave.

"It is but a chance," she thought, as she heard the outer door creak after him; "but as long as Vesnin is here, and does not become attentive to anybody else, I shan't give that lad any decided answer."

After which resolution she made a very good dinner, took a comfortable nap, and would have slept still longer had she not been awakened by Seraphima's chattering and noisy laugh.

"*You* here?" murmured the sleeper, with an emphasis of surprise on the pronoun.

"Yes! here I am, for I could not rest until I had told you all about it."

"But how is Borinka? All about what?"

"Oh, he is all right, thank God! no return of the barking: Esper Andréevitch is the most excellent physician and delightful man in the world! but that is not what I am thinking of just now," she said, smiling, and screwing up her eyes in order to express rapture. The fickleness of my heart is notorious, you know, and it is occupied at present by another object."

"Oblige *me*——" began Grousha, who was evidently bored thoroughly already.

"No, no, no, my soul!" rattled on the sister; "let me have it out, and I shall feel easier in my mind. He is sitting with my husband now—the doushka!"

"You are speaking of Mr. Vesnin, I suppose? Well! and how do you like him?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Seraphima, "he is the most delightful man! One can see directly that he belongs to good society! His hair

—oh! and his coat, Mamasha! I never saw such cloth in my life! It is exactly like beautiful thick black satin! and so are his hands."

"Like black satin?" murmured Grousha archly.

"You!—hold your tongue! Like white satin, or pink, or whatever else it is;—and *such* a diamond ring!"

"On which finger was it, now?" asked Grousha mischievously.

"Not on his thumb, you teaze! Oh, and his teeth, Mamashitchka! they are exquisite!"

"For pity's sake do not enlarge upon that subject before me, Phima, for it reminds me of a day of the most poignant anguish of mind and body that I ever lived through," said Grousha.

"Anguish?"

"Yes. Godmamma sent me one fine day with Lukeria Grigorievna to Wallenstein's—the dentist, you know, on the Nevsky Prospect—to have a tooth stopped in some new invented patent way; and, while we were waiting our turn, I passed the time in examining the glass cases that were in the ante-chamber; they were filled with pink gums, or jaw-bones of beautiful teeth. Exactly like Mr. Vesnin's. I cannot look at him without thinking of them and my subsequent agonies."

"You absurd girl!" said Madame Mordvinoff, smiling in spite of herself.

"Well!" cried Seraphima, vexed; "is that not proof clear that his teeth are beautiful, if they remind you of models? Is it not, Mamasha?"

"I did not say that they were not beautiful," said Grousha; "they are too beautiful—models, as you say." And she laughed till her mother and sister could do nothing but shake their heads, shrug their shoulders, and at last join in her merriment, without distinctly comprehending its cause.

"He must have sat for a model to Wallenstein," she contrived to say.

"*Enfant!*" murmured Olympiada Modestovna indulgently.

"Seriously, Mamasha," Seraphima went on, "he is very *comme il faut*."

"I quite believe you, my dear," answered her mother quietly; "and how long does he intend to remain here?"

"Till after Twelfth Night. But he will often come here for a day or two from his estate; he says it is dreadfully dull there." Grousha had left the room, wiping her eyes of her laughter-tears. "And you can't think how taken up he was with that she-fool,"—meaning her sister—"and she scarcely deigning to answer him! He was glad to meet somebody accustomed to St. Petersburg life, naturally. Because that is his sphere, you know—the opera, and masquerades, and *petits soupers*, and all that——"

"Yes," replied Olympiada Modestovna, feeling that such were hardly the subjects that Grousha could be expected to be up in.

"I dare say he will make you a visit to-morrow, because he said that he was not acquainted with all the members of our society, and that he must make haste to do so, because he intends inviting a party to his estate. Mamasha! if he invites us, you'll be so very kind as to remain with Borisa, won't you? And we can take Agrafena with us."

"Very well, my dear." Olympiada Modestovna was completely occupied with the idea of Vesnin's being taken up with Grousha, and she determined to keep Pankreffsky's offer a secret at present, even from Seraphima, who, put into a very good humour by her mother's ready assent to her request, began to chatter about the alterations and additions to her toilet that the party in view would render necessary, and went home in

high, good spirits, notwithstanding Grousha's farewell freak of exposing her own white teeth in a ridiculous grimace. The evening was passed very sleepily indeed, and both the Mordvinoffs went to bed early. The mother retired principally to reflect on the best course to take in the present dilemma—for she considered herself to be in one. An honourable offer of marriage from a poor physician, and the chance, the most distantly possible chance, of the same from an almost millionaire! The circumstances that were favourable to her secret wishes were—first, the fact of Vesnin's confessing it to be awfully dull alone at the estate; second, his having been glad to meet somebody belonging to his own class from St. Petersburg; thirdly, his being taken up with that she-fool; fourthly, that Grousha knew nothing of the doctor's proposal.

Olympiada Modestovna closed her eyes with the determination to manage the affair in her own way.

The next day, Michaël Emilianovitch Vesnin appeared to pay his respects to the Mordvinoffs, and introduced himself in the French language. He was gentlemanly, but not handsome, pallid, with very light grey eyes, and fair brown hair that waved in abundance; but the blackness of his moustache and imperial formed a suspicious contrast with his very blonde lashes and brows. His costume and teeth were really faultless; and Olympiada Modestovna could not help remarking them. He was so extremely polite, he knew so many grand people, and he paid so many compliments, direct and indirect, to his hostess as well as to her daughter, that the former entirely lost her heart to him.

With all his drawing-roomnesses, as the Russians say, he was by no means an unpractical or stupid man, and had a very kind heart, and the best of intentions; but he was

decidedly selfish, and frightfully spoilt,—spoilt by foolishly indulgent parents till seventeen years old, and till of age by a guardian, who feared to offend him, lest he should revenge himself on attaining his majority (an idle and causeless fear, for the youth was of a peaceable disposition), and finally, when he came into his property, by society, by wily, grasping, or needy people, who flattered and courted him for their own ends. He had one very strong weakness—one of the most common of all that attack mortals moving in a certain sphere—an adoration of high-sounding names, ranks, and titles.

A remark, unwittingly made by Nicholaï Nicholaïevitch, attracted his attention to Grousha far more strongly than any graces of mind or person had power to do. Speaking of the comparative advantages of life in the capitals or provinces, and of the dulness and flatness of society in the latter, generally speaking, he said, "For instance, my sister-in-law. How do you think she, a girl of eighteen or nineteen, finds it? She, who was brought up in the house of the Baroness Schenkendorf! You know that family?"

"Had heard it mentioned; was not personally acquainted."

"Not extraordinary, since the old lady was almost exclusively surrounded by her old friends, and did not seek new acquaintances. Yes, the Baroness was Agrafena Nestorovna's godmother, and all but adopted her, accustomed her to her own style of living, and died! Died; and of course her mother took her home (and they two almost strangers to each other!) to this poky hole!"

"*Affreux!*" said Michaël Emilianovitch.

He sat nearly an hour with the Mordvinoffs, wondering what subject would interest that silent girl, when the casual

mention of Féodor Kyrilovitch caused him to brighten considerably. "Fédinka," as Grousha always called him, was evidently tenderly brought to mind; he knew him.

"Goloubintsoff?" he asked.

"The same. Sous-lieutenant in the Cavalier Guards. Do you know him?"

"Intimately; that is, I did know him before I went abroad; he was member of the club to which I belonged."

"He is my late godmother's great-grandson, and all the same as brother to me. I am glad you know him. He is on the point of being married to one of the Morozoffs."

"H'm. The Morozoffs of Moscow?"

"No. Prince Morozoff's daughter, maid of honour to Elena Pavlovna."

Here was a rich discovery! Had Grousha known his vulnerable point, she could not have attacked him more expertly; and they continued talking in the same style for some time longer.

On the same day there was to be a public ball, and Grousha, though not fond of dancing, and quite sufficiently *blasée* to be indifferent to the gaieties of Q——, was looking forward to it with a mixture of timidity and delight, in anticipation of an inevitable meeting with Esper Andréevitch. He, poor fellow, in blissful ignorance of any rival, open or secret, had heroically determined to avoid all meetings with his beloved until the question was settled; but how to get off from his at first self-imposed, but now imperative, duty of being master of the ceremonies, at similar assemblies, picnics, &c. was the question. His patient at Lougoffka came to his relief, and he found it indispensable to go there and see how she was getting on, and convenient to do so that same

evening; so he prepared everything in the morning, and then prevailed on a young officer to take on himself the duties of the evening. Just at the time that the ladies of Q—— were beginning to dress for the ball, his horse and sledge were brought to the door, and he gave slight vent to his feelings in the physical enjoyment of the rapid motion, and the reining in of his spirited horse. For a man in love, he spent the evening very passably; his host was a clever and intelligent man, and full of cordiality and gratitude to the doctor for saving his wife's life. He possessed a son too, the object of his ardent wishes; and happiness generally makes, or ought to make, people particularly pleasant. The patient, too, was well, and beaming with joy over her infant, and the lady doctor was in such glorious spirits that Pankreffsky forgot *himself;* and if Grousha's graceful figure, and the beaming eyes that met his on the frost-biting night, would very often recur to his imagination, it was without impatience, or chafing at delay.

She, in the meantime, was dancing very languidly with the Q—— cavaliers, and particularly so with Michaël Emilianovitch, who exhausted his *grand-monde* eloquence in small talk to no purpose. "Fédinka" was the only subject that seemed to awaken her; but she looked so superior to the other girls in the room, the very turn of her head and tone of her voice betokening the secret of her breeding, that, knowing that secret (as everybody else did), he felt himself irresistibly attracted to her, and said so much in hints during various short conversations with Olympiada Modestovna and Seraphima, that the former determined to proceed a step or two in the business she had on hand without delay. And first, she began her diplomacy by "the rule of contrary," which is

supposed to be very effectual in bringing young ladies round to their mammas' opinions.

Michaël Emilianovitch helped them to dress and muffle like a true ladies' man, and insisted on conducting Olympiada Modestovna to her sledge, which she strenuously opposed, but of course submitted to. Grousha, to his great disappointment, ran round, and scrambled in at the other side; but he would not let them go till he had tucked them well in all round. Olympiada Modestovna prophesied cold, cough, rheumatism, and other effects of the frost, all of which he laughingly consented to endure for the ladies' sake.

"There's a bore for you!" exclaimed she, as soon as the sledge had got out of the yard. "I trust every tooth in his head will ache for his pains! That is, if they are real!"

"Mamasha!"

"They are too beautiful to be his own, my dear; that's my opinion," she returned, laughing. "And sticking to us all the evening! What will the Horizontoffs think?"

Grousha did not care what the Horizontoffs would think, although she could not endure that family; but it was not in her nature to be able to hear a creature falsely blamed without taking his part. She defended Vesnin with great warmth, proving that the mutual acquaintance with Fédinka was the sole reason for his particular attentions, "because, of course, the poor man must be horribly dull here after his travels and his St. Petersburg life."

"*A la bonne heure!*" thought Olympiada Modestovna.

Another morning visit, and a meeting at Phimoushka's house, where there was a card party, and where everybody played except Vesnin and Grousha, who were thus left entirely to each other's mercy for amusement and conversation, settled

the matter in Olympiada Modestovna's mind, and she deemed it prudent to get rid of the doctor at once; two days only remained to the end of the week, and an answer must be given. Of course Nicholaï Nicholaïevitch and his wife were in the conspiracy: the thing was to get Grousha herself to refuse Esper Andréevitch. A very slight circumstance helped them materially in their heartless ends. They met the doctor at the shops, where Grousha and her mother were buying a toy for little Borinka. The merest common-places passed; but while Olympiada Modestovna was paying the bill, and Grousha examining some other toys on a shelf, he came up to her, and with his eyes full of fun, asked after her frost-bites. She answered that they were quite well; but where had he been all this time?

"Very busy with my patients."

"I thought I was to be a patient, too," she said, smiling, but with slight reproof in the tone.

The light that shone in his eyes at hearing these words was extinguished the next instant by Olympiada Modestovna's summoning her daughter home; and there was something in the tone of her voice that awed Grousha.

"How dare you go and flirt in the very shops?" she said to her daughter, as soon as they had seated themselves in Seraphima's sledge, which was conveying them to her house. "The shopman was looking at you all the time, and the boys giggled! Esper Andréevitch, of course, is an excellent physician, but I must say, he forgets himself; and any one, to look at you, would say that you were over head and ears in love with him!"

"Mamasha!"

"He's only making a fool of you, my dear—a pastime, while

a rich bride is turning up. Trust to my experience; poor men are never to be depended on—seldom, that is. And I shall put a stop to it at once, Grousha, for I do believe that you like him; and I am not going to stand by and see my child's happiness and peace destroyed, and herself made a laughing-stock of!"

"Mamasha!"

"I have long observed your goings on, Grousha; but to-day's behaviour has convinced me, so it is no use to deny it."

"Deny what?"

"That you are attached to that pitiful doctor, who has not even been to see you since your absurd misfortune that night, as any other medical man would."

"*I* in love?" The laugh that attended these words was sadder than the most mournful groan. "You are mistaken, Mamasha," she added, her woman's pride coming to the rescue.

"And you promise to give up this flirtation?"

"Flirtation? Mamasha, you are quite, quite mistaken!"

"My dear, I know more of the world than you do, and Esper Andréevitch is by no means the person I should wish for a son-in-law" (here she did tell the truth); "besides, it is not for you to seek *him*, my dear."

The words had been as good as said: "I in love? you are mistaken," *i.e.* "I do not love him; I do not like him." A refusal—flat.

On their arrival at Phima's, the poor girl could hold out no longer; and rushing to her sister's bed-room, she buried her face in the pillows, and cried bitterly. Olympiada Modestovna said that she had been giving her a little scolding, and it was

laid to that account. To be accused of flirting! of seeking the doctor! but no, she had told the truth! she was *not* in love; she would never confess to that. She liked him very much, very very much; oh! could that be being in love? Stuff and nonsense! she merely respected him above all others, because he was such a very clever doctor, and such an intelligent man, and such a pleasant companion. Thus did she reason with herself. Being in love, in her opinion, was "to go on," as Fédia did, to talk of nothing but the object, to despise food in general, to fret and groan because the clock *would* tell the truth and show eleven o'clock instead of one, to use strong language on the subject, and altogether to be ridiculous and pitiful. But could it be that he was not in earnest? True, he had never said a word to her on that forbidden subject to all but solemnly betrothed bridegroom and bride; but those tell-tale eyes, and the indescribable manner of satisfaction and happiness that came over him whenever he approached her—her only—and sat down by her side with his preparatory smile? She was not going to break her heart, of course . . . but still . . . . Better not think of it any more—if possible.

It was not possible. She was farther "gone" than she suspected. She despised herself as a weak-minded, self-loving girl, who had allowed herself to be led away by her imagination. But she was faithful to the death to her ideal. "He never meant to deceive me, I am sure; he is just as good and noble as ever. He is none the worse man for not loving me; it was my mistake; it is all my fault." She felt a sort of consolation and mournful pleasure in laying all the blame to herself. Not a word more passed between her and her mother on the subject; and Seraphima had the good sense not to question

her on the subject of the scolding, which she took so much to heart.

In a week's time the poor girl had become so thin and pale that Olympiada Modestovna almost repented of writing the letter that had been now in the doctor's hands five or six days. It was very polite, thanking him for the honour he had done her daughter; but as the latter professed herself perfectly indifferent to him, she could not urge the matter, as in such cases she considered the mutual feelings of the parties concerned of the first and greatest importance. She begged, however, that this little episode might not alter the friendly feeling on Esper Andréevitch's part, with which she had the honour, &c. &c.

The doctor was aware of the attentions that Grousha was receiving daily from Vesnin, and he considered himself jilted. It was hard to acknowledge, but he always preferred staring truth in its very face to self-deception. He also preached lectures to himself on his own folly in fancying she liked him, and called himself all manner of names; cursed wealth, and, rather pardonably, wished all rich men at Jericho. Finally he sat down resolutely to translate Dr. Thomson's "Domestic Management of the Sick-room"—for he knew the English language to perfection,—by way of distracting his thoughts from the too engrossing subjects of regret and vainly banished tenderness.

Thus heartlessly separated, the young lovers met with a stiffness and coldness that was unbearable to both, and they each avoided such meetings as much as possible. In the meantime, Michaël Emilianovitch had passed from the polite to the attentive, and from the attentive to the devoted stage, and at last, through Nicholaï Nicholaïevitch, a formal proposal

was made. Olympiada Modestovna kept up her dignity as long as prudence permitted it, and Grousha was ungracious enough to say that it was all the same to her, so long as Mamasha was contented; and, face to face with that tender parent, told her that she only married Michaël Emilianovitch to get rid of the Q—— cavaliers. She was in the last state of misery, and the despair that renders people insolent or caustic. She liked Vesnin, respected him, and hoped to be happy some of these days with him, but anything like affection she at present did not entertain for him.

Never was bridegroom more devoted than Michaël Emilianovitch, notwithstanding, Grousha's indifference. He attributed this to her aristocratic breeding, and comforted himself withal; and remembered the words of an old nobleman, who had had great experience in his life in that way—that the cold bride always makes the most loving wife. His attentions to Olympiada Modestovna were the source of the greatest satisfaction that Grousha enjoyed, and she comforted herself with the thought that she was fulfilling to the utmost of a daughter's duty in submitting to her wishes.

Twinges of conscience did attack Olympiada Modestovna, sharply sometimes, when she observed, with that sensation popularly called "a turn," the pale serious face, and the lustreless eyes, and spiritless movements of her once cheerful and animated, though never very high-spirited Grousha, and compared her listless greetings of the adoring Michaël, with the brightening glance and rising colour that the doctor's comings called forth. But the deed was begun, and must be accomplished.

They had a very grand wedding. Michaël Emilianovitch—who, though not by any means parsimonious, always thought

twice before spending his money—spared neither expense, trouble, nor invention, in doing honour to his bride. Her trousseau was magnificent, to say nothing of costly jewels and massive plate, all of which were the gifts of the bridegroom. He sent for workmen and materials from Kazan, to repair and beautify his house at Agafino, as his estate was called, after his late mother. Though not very large, it was commodious; and when the workmen left it, it was a model of elegance and comfort. Not a thing was forgotten that could tend to the pleasure, and gratify the fancies or taste, of his precious treasure; and she fully appreciated his kindness, though unable to express her feelings as warmly as she wished, and as she knew she ought. A few days after her marriage, however, the ice was broken. She felt sorry for Michaël, and feared she had not done her duty by him—had forgotten him entirely in her own misery; and suddenly it occurred to her to make a clean breast of it, and ask his forgiveness for her waywardness and coldness hitherto. He heard her with the utmost patience and goodness, soothing her and comforting her as he wiped the blessed peace-giving tears away, and giving her such advice as she had never heard before. He appeared to her quite in a new light, and so did she to him; and from that evening of mutual confidence, Grousha was indeed changed "from the cold bride to the loving wife."

If the tenderest affection, mixed with a fair proportion of jealousy, and the most devoted attention, mingled with a large share of selfishness, could make a woman happy, Grousha had every reason to be so. Not a wish that money could indulge was denied; and whatever Michaël Emilianovitch might be in private, he was always a model husband in public. But greater happiness was in store for her. Oh! with what

transports of joy did she welcome her little son! For the first time in her life she began to say her prayers with fervour every time she prayed—for the first time in her life she was filled with complete happiness that had not one *but* in it. Michaël Emilianovitch, too, was enchanted, and became devoted to tiresomeness. He applied himself to business with redoubled ardour, now that he had an heir to leave it all to, and his gold-washings became the talk of the surrounding engineers, and the sight of the neighbourhood.

This first baby was named Dmitry: but alas! he lived only long enough to know his young mother; and, to add to Grousha's sorrow, he died in her absence. She had been summoned suddenly to her mother, who was alarmingly ill, and, as it was mid-winter, it was impossible to take the baby. Olympiada Modestovna was possessed with a conviction that she was dying, and repeatedly asked forgiveness of her daughter with an earnestness and distressfulness that made a great impression on Grousha. A messenger used to come twice a day from Agafino to keep her informed of the child's health, and Michaël Emilianovitch wrote droll bulletins as commencements to the love-letters that the messenger always brought from him. The morning's intelligence of that fatal 2nd of December was worded, "that Dmitry Michaëlovitch was quite well, was dressed in his buff shirt with black spots, and was pleased to laugh 'with his voice,'—*i.e.* aloud." But in the afternoon, at three o'clock, another bulletin arrived—the infant had a violent fit of screaming, the cause for which no one in the house could divine, and therefore Vesnin sent for his wife and the doctor. Olympiada Modestovna had become rather better, and Grousha hastened to her darling, whom she had not seen for three days. She leaped out of her tarantas before

her man-servant had time to assist her, and was met at the door by Esper Andréevitch, who had arrived a few minutes earlier, and whose grave face prepared her to hear bad news.

"Doctor! you *can* save him!"

He led her into the entrance, and undressed her gently; while Michaël Emilianovitch's unrepressed sobs were heard from the zala, and told her what Pankreffsky could not find words to do.

"My poor Agrafena! you have come too late!" said Michaël Emilianovitch, meeting her at the door of the zala; "Mitinka is gone!"

He led her tenderly to the table in the corner, where, like a beautiful figure in wax, lay the little darling: unaltered by pain or long illness, fast asleep one would think, only very pale.

The Russian salute was duly performed by the bereaved mother before she looked at Dmitry's face. "My first joy!" she whispered, as she flung back the sheet, and covered his cold brow and hands with kisses. Her husband strove to entice her away, but she resisted all his efforts, and continued gazing, gazing, submitting to none of his propositions but that of a chair. And there she sat all night, deaf to the entreaties of husband, doctor, and housekeeper, and of all the female servants, who implored her not to let fall any tears on the little corpse. No fear of that, for no tears had come yet. Nature gave way at about six in the morning, and she fell asleep with her head on the table by Mitinka's side. In the meantime, the full laying out had been accomplished, and the candlesticks and cross brought from Q—— Church; it was a sight at once touching and awful, when Seraphima Nestorovna and some ladies of Q—— arrived to condole and help, as the

custom is: the little corpse laid out in the utmost elegance, with his white satin pillow, trimmed with blonde and pale blue flowers—his pall of blue brocade, with silver fringe, lace and cross—his tiny hands crossed upon his breast, and his head bare—the corner of the pall partly covering the head of his sleeping mother, and concealing her face—one arm served her as a pillow, the other, covered now by the upper pall, was thrown across the child. Michaël Emilianovitch, the picture of sorrow and solicitude, paced up and down the room, pausing now and then at his wife's side, and looking at her with mingled anxiety and impatience. She awoke at about twelve, refreshed in body, and recovered from the blow that had stunned her faculties; she wept abundantly, though gently, and joined her husband and guests at dinner.

The next day they carried him in his little toy of a coffin to Q——, and the body of "the sinless babe Dmitry" was consigned to the frozen earth, leaving behind it a blank, which I suppose only a mother can fully understand or imagine.

Michaël Emilianovitch was almost glad to hear, on leaving the churchyard, and going to inquire after his mother-in-law, that she was worse, as he hoped that anxiety and attendance on the patient might act in a degree as distraction to his wife, whom he promised to send in the morning. She had returned home immediately after the funeral to receive her guests—the Priests, Deacons, and Readers, who had buried her darling, and some of her more intimate friends—who were invited to that doleful meal, a funeral dinner. She appeared very calm, was attentive and agreeable to all her guests, and very gentle and kind to Michaël Emilianovitch, who continued to weep at intervals with unabated agony. He wandered from room to room with his mournful story—here, Mitinka was born—

here, he himself was sitting when they told him he had a son—here, in this mirror, he used to look at himself, and laugh—here—but the last remembrance was too much for him.

Dmitry's kormilitza,[1] a great tall stout countrywoman, was loaded with gifts ere she left the Vesnins' house; and both husband and wife kissed her, and bowing low, thanked her for her care and tenderness to her little nursling. The exact cause of the screaming could never be determined, but the immediate cause of death was doubtless exhaustion. Thus die in Russia countless numbers of "sinless babes."

Michaël Emilianovitch gave way so entirely to this his first great grief, and became so low and spiritless, that Grousha advised him to go to St. Petersburg for a change, but none of her persuasions were of the slightest avail, until she had recourse to a little white lie, and confessed that *she* wished to go; that Fédinka had often invited her to stay with him and his Inna, and that she wanted to see their little girl, her god-daughter. Olympiada Modestovna had completely recovered, and there was nothing to prevent their going, except that the roads were beginning to spoil; nevertheless, they set out for their long journey, and arrived in St. Petersburg just in time for the great Russian festival of Easter, which fell very early that year.

Grousha's first business was to visit the tomb of her god-mother, and have a requiem performed over it, after which she and her husband went to Féodor Kyrilovitch's house. The young man happened to be at home, and his delight amounted to absolute wildness when he saw his dear Agrafena "in the flesh," as he said, before him. He knelt down before her and kissed all her ten fingers, palms and wrists, then seized her by

[1] Literally *feeder—i.e.* wet nurse.

the waist and walked with her, while Michaël Emilianovitch, the model of propriety, was introducing himself to the late maid of honour and to some half-dozen other persons, who were evidently inhabitants of the house, and who all knew and were glad to see Grousha again. Lukeria Grigorievna was hunted out too, and brought to the affectionate embrace of her former pupil.

"What a *belle femme* she has become!" exclaimed the old lady; "who would have thought it!"

Grousha thanked her for the compliment, and joined in the hearty laugh of the rest. Lukeria Grigorievna was right—Grousha had greatly improved in her personal appearance; she was one of those persons who, unhandsome in their early youth, become comely matrons in their *seconde jeunesse*, and although Grousha was only twenty-three, she had already attained the look of charming gravity and importance that belongs to the *femme couverte* only, and which sat particularly well on her.

Michaël Emilianovitch was delighted to find himself once again in his old circle, after two years among moojiks and draughtsmen (he forgot the Q—— society). Fédinka gave him a warm welcome as a relation, for such he always regarded Grousha, and a hearty recognition as co-member of his club; they were soon deep in asking and answering questions about mutual acquaintances, when Grousha interrupted them by saying,—

"And my god-daughter, Féodor Kyrilovitch? You must show her to me!"

There was a painful pause, although it lasted but a few seconds, and again Grousha heard those mournful words—"You have come too late, Agrafena."

"We lost her in the Great Fast," said Madame Goloubintsoff gently.

"We also——" began Grousha, but said no more.

"We did not know God had given you a child," said Féodor Kyrilovitch, seating himself by her. "It is so long since you wrote. My poor Agrafena! and was it a little girl also?"

"No, a son, Dmitry. He lived only four months, and he died during Mamasha's serious illness. But of course you know nothing about that yet?"

"To your shame be it spoken, Agrafena! No, I know nothing that may have befallen you since—let me see—May or June last year!"

"I do feel ashamed of myself."

"*A la bonne heure!*"

"Your baby was a little one, though," said Inna Nikitishna, "but ours was fourteen months old, and could talk and walk. She was a lovely little darling. I will show you her bust. Baron Klodt's first master took it for a monument that they are doing for her. Where is the drawing, Fédia?"

He told her where it lay, and she led Grousha into her own little boudoir, where she showed her a design for the memorial tomb. It represented the baby girl rising, with outstretched arms, from her knees, a wreath of flowers cast on the ground beside her, and very small wings, as if but just appearing. The uplifted face and joyful though surprised expression seemed to indicate that the sculptor's idea was that of unseen angels having come to fetch her. The casting was too death-like to be agreeable, but it proved the loveliness of the lost child's features, and the wonderful adaptation of them to the design.

The two bereaved mothers—who in their girlhood had only

met at balls, and who were not, speaking in the language of etiquette, acquainted, though each knew the other better, from Féodor Kyrilovitch's frequent conversations, than many who have exchanged a dozen or so of visits—found that there was another bond between them besides Fédinka. Seated before the comfortably glowing fire, Inna told Grousha how much she loved and respected her, and had done so ever since she knew Théodore [1]—how happy she was with him, and how kind he was to everybody. There was a simplicity amounting even to childishness in the whole manner and conversation of the pretty youthful Inna, and an evident yearning to be good and useful, but an ignorance of how to set about it, that delighted, amused, and yet distressed Grousha. They soon became very intimate; the subject of the babies—both lost and expected—was ever interesting to each. They used to have private teas in that snug boudoir, and Fédinka often joined them, while Vesnin, who dashed into the whirl of St. Petersburg society with an eagerness and zest that his long "fast," as he called it, had undoubtedly induced, was enjoying himself in his own way among officers and chinovniks.

In May the Goloubintsoffs removed to an estate near Moscow for the summer, and Grousha persuaded her husband to let her accompany them, and advised him to go in the meantime to Belgium, to purchase some machines and engines that he had long wished to introduce into his works, and which were really requisite for their completion. A party was formed, much to Grousha's distaste, of a horsey, gambling, and otherwise undesirable-as-a-companion cuirassier, and a curious specimen of real talent in a shabby ever-tipsy artist, both of whom Michaël Emilianovitch had taken under his protection. He greatly

[1] Féodor.

wished her to accompany them, but Inna begged her so hard to stay with her during the summer, and had been so ailing of late, that she insisted on having her furlough, particularly as she hoped that her husband would be sooner surfeited with pleasure and excitement, and disgusted with his companions, if left entirely to himself.

They had not been in the country more than a month, when another little girl was born to Fédinka and Inna, and received the name of its godmother Agrafena. The event was celebrated by great rejoicings and merry-makings, all of which, being thoroughly to Grousha's taste, she would have greatly enjoyed had Michaël Emilianovitch been with her; her greatest happiness and delight was to nurse and watch her little godchild.

"Dear Agrafena Nestorovna!" Inna used to say when she caught her in the nursery, "I am ashamed of being quite happy until you have yours in your arms. I feel selfish in showing my joy before yours comes."

It did come in time, but not, alas! to gladden its mother. It never saw the light; and to its parents' intense sorrow, was buried, nameless, unbaptized, and unsung. To add to Grousha's distress, the awfully solemn prayer that is provided for such melancholy occasions was read with a distinctness and emphasis by the young Priest who was called in, that seemed almost insulting, particularly as she was unprepared for it, and supposed that the same would be used, with some omission, that is read on the birth of a living child. The paroxysm of agony that ensued, and the passionate appeal to the Priest to confess her that very minute, made the lady doctor so uneasy that she sent for a physician immediately. Michaël Emilianovitch, who had been several weeks at home

in lodgings at St. Petersburg, was nearly distracted at seeing his wife so excited, and they were obliged to drag him away from her by force. The Priest shed tears, as he assured the poor young woman that he had no alternative but to read the prayer in question—that the other, used when the child was living, could not possibly be read on this occasion, because it contained repeated allusion to it by name even. With the utmost gentleness and kindness, soothing her like a child, he received her confession, and promised to come in half an hour's time to see how she felt. He gave her his word as a citizen as well as a Priest that he acquitted her of all blame, blessed her, and, as the father of a baby family, permitted himself to express the hope that the ensuing new year—for it was Christmas time—would bring her new joy in the possession of a living child.

The Vesnins were all this time at St. Petersburg, where Michaël Emilianovitch declared his "affairs" kept him. The journey and visit to Belgium proved less ruinous and unsatisfactory than Grousha expected, and the machines had been sent to Agafino with a Belgian machinist to put them up and show the Russians how to manage them. Grousha was beginning to want to see her mother and sister, and Borinka with his little brother, and to pine after Mitinka's grave. She was very depressed, although she recovered her health very rapidly after her last illness; every child that she saw brought the full rush of maternal love and regret to her heart, and she prayed night and day that the blessing of Father Arsény might rest on her: she even made a vow that if it should please God to give her a living child, it would be her life's business to endeavour to be a good mother to it, and to bring it up as "Christ's faithful soldier and servant." This wish at last became a mania, and

she thought and did nothing but with reference to her longed-for child.

They had returned to Agafino, and lived there for nearly two years without anything remarkable taking place in their family history, when one autumn afternoon, when the rain was drizzling, as it only does in a Russian autumn, and people could find in their hearts to do nothing more energetic than read the newspaper or knit stockings, a little boy appeared to enliven the family. He was a model of infantine vigour and health, and was the image of his enraptured mother, whose joy and fervent gratitude were nearly the cause of a serious feverish attack. She would not let the baby be out of her sight, and the only cure for hysterical symptoms was to lay the little swaddled bundle by her side. When she was in a state to bring her thoughts into order, and had recovered the shock, as it were, of so great mercy and happiness, her husband, who looked more on his sons as heirs to his wealth than as "children" sent "from the Lord," asked if it were not time to send for the Priest, and name the baby. As usual, the Calendar was brought out, and Anfisa Fômishna, who still filled the situation of *economka* in the Vesnins' house, and who was a great connoisseur of all the saints and their respective merits, and a first-rate reader of Sclavonic, which Michaël Emilianovitch declared was worse than Greek to him, read out the names for the "Seditzma," or seven days, counting from the date of the child's birth.

"October month. Eighteenth day. *I* and *I*, that is. Very good. Here we are! The Holy Apostle and Evangelist Luke. Luke Michaelovitch?" she inquired of the listening parents.

"No, Matoushka, that won't do."

"The holy martyr Marinus, and Saint Julian, the dweller in

the wilderness. Julian! that's a good name, Agrafena Nestorovna."

"Yes, my dear; but then our coachman is called Julian."

"Well, then, call *him* Yakovlitch, and the baby Julian."

"No; he always smells of the stables, Anfisa Fômishna," said Vesnin, laughing.

"No reason," decided the housekeeper; "*Phita, I,* that is, the nineteenth. Holy prophet Joel, and the holy martyr Varus, with his seven companions in Egypt. Blessed Cleopatra—no, that's a woman's name—and her son, John?" and she looked up inquiringly—"Righteous John of Rilsk; Sadoth, Bishop of Persia, and his one thousand two hundred and eighty companions in martyrdom."

"My dearest Anfisoushka! you don't mean to say that all their names are there?" cried Michaël Emilianovitch, in pretended alarm.

"What a set of names!" sighed Grousha.

"All the same, my soul. All angels are alike before the Almighty, similarly the same as all men are alike before Him. Don't sin. Well, there's Hilarion; *two* Hilarions, the Great, and the Bishop. (Laria, Laritchka. I knew a blind beggar, named Laria, who always went bareheaded, and my dear mother used to give him three kopeckas every Saturday; we children used to call him Larka.) H'm! Gaius, and Zotic, Bishop Averkius; and the seven youths—the same seven youths, you know, who went to sleep for three hundred and seventy-two years, and then woke up again."

"Well, what of them?"

"The seven youths are called Maximilian, Tamblich, Martinian, Dionysius, Antoninus, Constantine, and John."

"Maximilian? Well, I choose him then. Louisa Carlovna

had the sweetest little fellow in the world named Max. I did not know it existed in our Calendar."

"Oh! what a name to choose! *Maxia, plaxia*!"[1] exclaimed Anfisa Fômishna.

"I knew a fellow," said Michaël Emilianovitch, "a captain in the Hussars, who is called so, and the Duke[2] was his godfather." (That decided him.) "It will do very well."

"Maxia!" said Grousha, addressing the unconscious infant, who was "taking a walk," that is lying unswaddled, and stretching its little limbs and yawning in an uncouth, awkward manner; "I hope you are not going to be a *plaxia*."

"His name's-day will be on the festival of the most pure Lady of Kazan," continued Anfisa Fômishna, clasping her book. "A holiday, you know. Well, after all it is not so bad, except that it hurts one's tongue and cracks one's teeth to pronounce."

Grousha laughed, and kissed the child's toes, which she declared were like pink sugar-plums all in a row. She allowed herself all sorts of freaks and nonsense, in the plenitude of her happiness, and Seraphima, who had four children by this time, could only shrug her shoulders and marvel at it all. She had never lost a child!

Little Max only cried when he ought, only was ill when he ought—by the Mede-and-Persian-like laws of the Russian nurse—to be ill. He held up his head like a grenadier, and smiled when ten days old,—a sure sign, said nurse, that he would soon die. Small-minded and weak as it may seem, such prophecies always made Grousha feel wretched. His ears being limp, and his intelligence extremely early developed, were also deemed

[1] *Plaxia*, cry-baby; from the verb *plakat*, to weep, to cry.

[2] Of Leuchtenberg, son-in-law of the late Emperor Nicholas.

warnings of early dissolution. Nevertheless, he throve beautifully, increasing in his baby wisdom as well as in stature, the pet and darling of all who knew him. He "went" to everybody, stranger or friend, though he recognised the latter always with affectionate caresses, while he looked gravely and inquiringly into the face of the former, and was never shy or frightened of moojiks; kissed the Popes, and crossed himself as a true orthodox Russian should, when little more than a year old. Need it be said that he was the light of his mother's eyes and the darling of her heart—the pride and delight of his father?

Michaël Emilianovitch, who was really a man of business, and bent on doing his utmost to improve his estate and benefit his workmen, had made many additions and alterations that did credit to his judgment and to his benevolence. First, he built a hospital, with houses for a medical man and an apothecary; then a school for boys and girls, and quarters for the teachers, consisting of four nice rooms, and kitchen and out-houses to each. Ever since he had taken up his abode at Agafino, he had been at war with the Archbishop of the diocese and the Protopope of the district, on account of difficulties they made concerning the building of a church there; and it was not till he threatened to lay a complaint before the Holy Synod, that he obtained a "blessing," *i.e.* permission to begin the good work. The fact was, that the loss of that particular part of his parish was not at all to the taste of the Protopope, who contrived to lay difficulties before the Vladika.[1] Besides the buildings, there were also several additions in the way of society: for instance, the doctor, a very good, clever man, his wife and a daughter, who was a great musician; the apothecary, whose young wife, in delicate health, was detained at

[1] Bishop.

St. Petersburg; the schoolmaster, and his mother and young sisters, and the schoolmistress, who was a Priest's widow, and her daughters, two very good-natured girls, who were great favourites with little Max. With these good people, who adored her for her kindness and readiness to assist and be obliging whenever she had an opportunity, and with her husband and darling boy, Grousha was perfectly happy. Yes, perfectly; because she was sensible enough to refrain from expecting her belongings to be faultless, and was always ready to see the bright side of things and of people.

The church walls were nearly half built when little Maxia's fourth name's-day came round, and just about that time Michaël Emilianovitch received some letters, post after post, which evidently made him anxious and unsettled; and at last he took Grousha into counsel, the result of their consultations being that she packed him off to St. Petersburg, but only for one month. The fact was, that his agent in the capital had just died, when he was on the point of selling some old "Lombardy" four per cent. bank billets, and buying new Government ones at five per cent. So much capital had been expended on the buildings and machines, and such good incomes were being paid to the new staff, that both the Vesnins considered it their duty towards Max and towards their serfs to put their affairs into the best state they could, and to seize the present opportunity; and as there seemed to be no one of their acquaintance at St. Petersburg who could undertake the exchange of such a capital as Michaël Emilianovitch's, it was decided that he had better do it himself. They had been so peaceful and happy since their return to Agafino from St. Petersburg, that he did not at all like the idea of leaving home; but to lose time was to lose thousands, so he made up his mind to go.

The agent had left some of Vesnin's affairs in such a disordered state, that it took longer to bring them to rights than Michaël Emilianovitch anticipated. Christmas came again, and he was still absent. Seraphima invited her sister and nephew and the Agafino doctor's family to come and "meet" the New Year at her house: and Max begged so hard to go and play with his cousins, that Grousha consented, the weather being particularly mild and lovely. There was to be a Christmas-tree, with a gift for every guest, little or big, and other entertainments, which, when the time came, were thoroughly enjoyed. Max was very interesting, and very becomingly dressed in a Russian suit; very full black velvet charivari (knickerbockers), high boots with red tops, and a blue Persian shirt, embroidered in the Eastern style; he was a tall, stout, well-built little fellow, with blue eyes and very light hair, rather a large mouth, and red cheeks—quite a Russian.

Grousha was as happy as any of the children at the beginning of the evening, and was the prime mistress of the ceremonies, but towards the end she became thoughtful and dull; one of the mammas had told her that a party of gymnasts (several of whom were present) had, it was supposed, brought a new disease, something between measles and scarlet-fever, from the Government town, and that several children had it at Q——. She resolved to return home the next day.

Max slept long and soundly, and did not open his eyes till nearly noon, after the party. His breakfast of warm milk and a rusk was brought to him, but there was a reluctance to partake of it that at once alarmed the ever-anxious mother; and when he came and laid his head against her, she found his temple so hot, that she at once sent for Parphény Ivanovitch, the Agafino doctor, who had gone to pay a few visits. He

quieted her fears, but bid her remain at Q—— for three days longer in order to see the results of the feverish symptoms. They continued, but did not increase; and during the course of the third day the eruption appeared, but although it was "friendly" Max did not appear at all ill; Seraphima's children, four of whom caught the contagion, were much worse, and much more exacting, cross, and unmanageable. All the symptoms of the strange new complaint developed themselves fully; no sore throat, but the eruption of scarlatina, and the sneezing and weak eyes of measles, with the fever of both. No medicine whatever was given to them; they were merely kept in one room of moderate warmth, and supplied with new mead to bring out the rash, and in a week's time they were all well again, though very fretful and discontented with their lot in being kept in one room, which was still strictly prescribed by their medical man. Grousha was quite worn out with watching and self-imposed sleepless nights (for which there was not the slightest necessity), and Parphény Ivanovitch begged her to send for Olinka, the schoolmistress's elder daughter, to assist her in amusing and attending on Max; he was very good on the whole, but troubled with the irritability of convalescence, which even his mother could not entirely soothe.

Olia arrived very quickly, and Max himself packed off his mother to go to sleep, while he related every particular of his illness, of the party, and of Basil's caprices, which made a great impression on him. "I never saw such a capricious boy as that Basil in my life," said he. "I am sure he can't love his mother a bit! and how she does scold him! My Mamasha is much kinder." Grousha heard this from her sofa-bed in the next room, and fell asleep as happy as ever.

All the little patients were rapidly regaining their strength and ordinary frames of mind, when a travelling milliner arrived at Q—— with her merchandise. Seraphima was seized with an imperative want of a new velvet mantle, and went to look at the milliner's stock, but could not decide which to choose. The Frenchwoman would not consent to her taking the mantles home, and nothing remained but to persuade Grousha to accompany her on a second visit. Confident in her son's obedience, and in Olinka's vigilance, she consented; and Seraphima, besides leaving strict orders with the nurses and maids not to let her children run out of their nursery, begged Olinka to keep a sharp look-out on their movements, and in case of rebellion to put the offender in the corner. Grousha merely said, "Maxinka will not leave the room, I know," as she kissed him at parting.

Seraphima was in raptures with a very successful bargaining, and a splendid mantle, and talked incessantly on the road. When they entered the house, they were astonished at hearing the sounds of a grinding-organ proceeding from the apartments, and to Seraphima's horror her little three-year-old girl ran to meet her in the lobby, and embraced her knees before she had thrown her fur cloak off. The cold in those parts of Russia is so intense that it is a great risk to enter the room where children or sick and convalescent persons are, immediately on return from a walk or drive; because the dress brings with it such a quantity of cold air, that it requires several minutes to warm it, before approaching the very young or weak.

It is not to be wondered at that Seraphima was extremely angry, and sent off the affectionate little pet with all haste to her nursery, utterly at a loss to account for the organ. On

entering the zala, however, she found all her children (except the baby, who was asleep) wrapped in various shawls, comforters, and even quilts, standing in a group at the farther end, and looking at the gymnastic performances of a wretched little Jewish girl, who was contorting her limbs in various exercises to the music of "The Alarm Galop."

"What is the meaning of this, nurse? Avdotia! Get along with you, you naughty children! And that Olia? what is she about?" The children stole away quietly, all crying. "How dare you disobey me? Did I not desire you to keep the children in the nursery?"

"They cried so," began the nurse.

"If they cried their eyes out, still you should have kept them in the nursery. There are at most twelve degrees of warmth here; and they only just recovered! And how dare you admit those people in my absence?"

"We thought that for five minutes it would do no harm."

"The Alarm Galop" suddenly ceased, and the dirty Hebrew grinder began to play "The little Canary-bird is silent," with a screeching accompaniment of the little Jewess' voice.

"Hold your unbaptized tongue this instant!" shouted Seraphima, ready to cry, "and be off with you!" The Jew left go of the handle, but the instrument emitted such hideous undefined sounds, that he was obliged to grind to the end of the phrase, while his miserable companion put on a long petticoat over the ballet-like garments she had been figuring in, and with an involuntary tinkle of the triangle that she had in her hand, performed an elaborate curtsey and left the room.

Grousha had cautiously approached the apartment where she left Max, and now found him comforting and coaxing poor Olia, who was in tears, and in great trouble. The poor girl

said she had done all she could to prevent the nurses and children going to look at the acrobatic performance, advising them to wait till Seraphima Nestorovna's return, but that all her endeavours were in vain; the servants were very rude, and desired her not to interfere, so she returned to Max, who, though he greatly wished to see the sight, heroically submitted to her reminders of Mamasha's wishes.

"I did not go out of the room, Mamasha!" he said repeatedly; "did I, Olitchka? indeed I did not! I am a good boy! yes, Mamasha!"

"Yes, my soul. But do not get on my lap just yet, wait till I am a little warmer.—Never mind, Olinka dear, I am sure Seraphima Nestorovna will acquit you of all blame."

It was nearly February, and Grousha had already ordered a troyka of horses to be sent from Agafino for her, when she was again made anxious and uneasy, and felt she must put off her return for a day or two longer. Little Saschinka, Seraphima's three-year-old daughter, had become languid, sleepy, more than usually irritable, but *stout*, all at once; and other symptoms revealed themselves, which caused them to send for Parphény Ivanovitch (the old doctor scarcely left his house, and Pankreffsky had been gone several years, and had a fine appointment at Kieff, and a very charming wife), who said she had caught cold, and prescribed for her. He told Grousha, however, that the symptoms were dropsical, and that they were sometimes the result of cold after scarlet-fever. The disease had left the house full three weeks before, but he urged Grousha to remain where she was, as a journey of fifteen versts might be injurious to Max, and added that convalescents from this new form of complaint were probably peculiarly susceptible of cold, as several other children had dropsical

symptoms also. Dreading their appearance in her precious boy, Grousha scarcely left him for five minutes together; and he continued well for another week, when he began to complain of his boots being tight, and his mother discovered that he had begun to swell. Poor little Saschinka suffered dreadfully, and would not let any one touch her; two of the others were ill, but less seriously, and the remaining three were well. How, when, and where Max could possibly have got a chill was as much a mystery as the illness of little Dmitry. Though much disfigured, he appeared so cheerful, and declared himself feeling so well, that his mother did not feel particularly unhappy about him, and the shock was more than ever terrible, the wrench more than ever heart-breaking, when, a week after the symptoms had appeared, and after a particularly cheerful day and pleasant evening, he suddenly became very ill of dropsy in the heart, and, before the morning dawned, was "on the table." He was sensible and loving to the moment of his death, his last act being one of obedience to his agonized mother's wish—"Cross yourself, darling."

"It can't be," said Grousha. Although she had been crossing him every time he sighed, with the words, "Lord! receive his spirit." Although she saw that that pure spirit had fled, she could not believe that it really was so. They brought feathers and mirrors, and held them to the lips of the pale fixed face, but the former remained motionless, the latter bright. No, it was not a mistake, but still she could not believe it.

She could not cry—could only make one prayer, "Forsake me not, O Lord God of my salvation." During the succeeding days of preparation she was the mover and manager of all, wrote to her husband, and helped Seraphima to nurse the invalid

children, but for ever and ever the one thought would remain in her aching heart—"Max is dead!" Two days after the funeral, Michaël Emilianovitch returned home, to find that home childless.

It was summer again, and Grousha was walking up and down the paths of her garden at Agafino, thinking how her little boy used to vex her by twisting round on one heel on the newly laid gravel, thereby making little holes in it, and asking herself if she had always been right and just towards him, but feeling thankful that she could acquit herself of blame—when Anfisa Fômishna met her, in her gardening costume, and with very mouldy hands, with the backs of which, as she came up to Grousha, she endeavoured to smear away tears that were flowing with increased rapidity.

"What on earth is the matter, Anfisa Fômishna?"

"Sh—sh— nothing. Only the apothecary's wife is in the garden there," pointing to the end of their own, "with her children. Come and look at them, sh—sh!"

Grousha followed quietly, and suffered herself to be led up a great soft bank of flourishing pumpkins, all in flower, which were sprawling over an immense space in the south, basking in the bright sunshine. Then from a little chink in the fence the housekeeper showed her a family picture that brought the first refreshing sobs of "natural grief" that had relieved her poor heart since her son's death.

A pale, thin, shabbily dressed, but very pretty young girl was pacing slowly up and down an unplanted kitchen-garden, with a little child half asleep in her arms, and singing *Annchen von Tharau*, which Grousha had often heard her German friend of the twenty-fourth line lull her thriving babies to rest with. She was still gazing at the evidently consumptive mother, and the

lovely cherub of a child, when a third figure appeared, shouting noisily at a hen that he was chasing—and it was at the sight of him, a little boy of four or five years old, and the words in German addressed to him by his mother—"Max, Max, don't wake your sister!" that made Grousha bend her head down to the earth and cry hysterically. Anfisa Fômishna, in a great fright, but glad that her plans had succeeded, and crying with all her might, carried her off like a child into the house, and after letting her have her cry out, proposed to send for the little boy.

"Oh do! *do!* dearest Anfisoushka!" said Grousha, gulping down the glass of iced water that Michaël Emilianovitch had been urging her to drink.

"You will be better now, my friend," he said, as he drew her closer to him and kissed her burning cheek.

In ten minutes' time the housekeeper returned, leading in the little neighbour, who, except in his name and age, had nothing to remind the Vesnins of his sainted namesake. He had his father's dark grey eyes, almost hazel, and brown hair, and a sun-burnt, bright complexion. He was rather put out at being cried over and kissed, in such a passionate manner, but promised to love Grousha and to come very often to see her; was extremely communicative, and seemed to be extremely conceited. He had various little tricks of the Russian "rising generation" description, that convulsed the whole party with laughter. Michaël Emilianovitch was delighted with him, promised to take him out driving and even shooting, and introduced him to his horses and dogs. Anfisa Fômishna brought forth treasures of another kind; first a delicious breakfast of all sorts of country good things, and afterwards sweets in abundance. The child was evidently pleased with his reception,

and when the housekeeper led him away on the expiration of the stipulated half-hour, he declared that the clocks must be wrong, and that Mamasha was very glad to get rid of him, because he made such a desperate row at home.

Anfisa Fômishna popped her head into the room on coming home, and announced that Amalia Carlovna was dressing to make Grousha a visit. She had arrived from St. Petersburg but a few days before, and Michaël Emilianovitch, who had seen her in the winter, said that he feared she had only come to Agafino to die, for that even then she was far gone in consumption, the result, he seemed to think, of anxiety and discomfort caused by her handsome husband's intemperance. She soon arrived, and introduced herself as having a small claim on Grousha's friendliness, being the sister of the German pianoforte-maker's wife, the bonny house-wife who used to teach her domestic economy!

Grousha was very glad: she could trace a strong family likeness; but oh! how sad a difference between the plump rosy Louisa, and this poor transparent thing! She soon attached herself to the Vesnins with all the sentimentalism of her German nature; and they did all they could to pet and indulge her during the short space that she had to live. She used to tell Grousha how she and Hänschen, as she would call her Ivan Vasilievitch, fell in love when he was a student at Dörpt; how naughty and fascinating he was; how her dear Vater and Mutter would not consent, and how they both wept; and how at last she married him when only fifteen years and a half old —that she was not twenty-two now, yet had lost three children, and was soon, akh, how soon! going to join them.

She got weaker and weaker, worse and worse; her husband drank more deeply than ever to drown grief, for he adored his

Maliushka—at least, so he said; and little Max—who, like his St. Petersburg cousin, had made such an impression on Grousha, and had been named after a dear brother of Louisa and Amalia Carlovna—became an almost constant resident in the house of the proprietor.

On one occasion Grousha had been reading German hymns to the dying girl, and talking to her seriously and sweetly about the "rest" that is prepared "for the people of God," when they came to earthly things, and Grousha ventured to hint what had lain on her mind ever since she saw Max and knew how ill his mother was, and what had been proposed half in joke by Michaël Emilianovitch—no less a business than seriously adopting the little fellow, in the place of his namesake. The young mother eagerly caught the hint, and implored of Grousha to carry it into effect; but they both dreaded opposition on the part of the child's father, and still more of his maternal grandmother, to whom Grousha undertook to write; and on her return home she spoke to her husband about it earnestly and seriously.

"He is a fine boy," said Michaël Emilianovitch, after a tearful consideration of the matter between the husband and wife, "and seems healthy (God be with him!); but, my little friend, he is not as caressing—as heartily affectionate as *ours* was. Though, to be sure, we can't expect that."

"I do not mean to say that he can ever fill Max's place in my heart, Michaël, that is of course out of the question; but to have a child of his age and name to care for and to do for would be a great comfort to me."

"*If* God gives us others?"

"Max will be our eldest son."

"You will love the others better than him, poor boy!"

"I do not promise more than I can perform. I will be just to him, and he shall never *know* that I love him less. Besides, in all probability we shall not have any more, and in our old age we should regret having passed this dear little orphan by. No, Michaël—let me have him!"

"Well, my soul, you shall. He shall be ours. But we must talk to Ivan Vasilievitch, and look at the Code, to make sure of what the laws say on the subject. It is a serious business. I believe there is a contract to be signed by us, as well as by the father."

"Why?"

"Because it would be very provoking if the father were to claim him when he grows up, after my educating him and caring for him all the time of his boyhood. And poor Galkin is not to be much depended on. I shall dispatch him as soon as his wife dies."

"Oh, Michaël Emilianovitch!"

"My friend, his unfortunate habit is especially dangerous (not to him, but to others) in his profession. I am for ever fearful of his poisoning somebody by mistake, or sending an internal medicine with a yellow signature or an external with a white one, which is quite possible. He is an uncommonly clever fellow, but wine levels man with the brutes, you know."

Galkin was invited to spend the evening, to look over and help to arrange some beautiful botanical engravings that Michaël Emilianovitch had just received; and towards supper-time, while his head was still clear, Vesnin broached the subject, representing it, of course, in such a light that he would be doing Grousha an infinite service by consenting. "And," added Michaël Emilianovitch, "I trust that your child would in no

wise suffer, for he would be my eldest son, even if I were to have half-a-dozen others."

The wretched man burst into tears, lamented his fate, mourned his dying Maliushka, and then joyfully consented without farther ado. Under pretext of keeping the invalid quiet, it was arranged that Max should forthwith take up his abode as a visitor with the Vesnins during his mother's lifetime, and afterwards proceed to business.

The first pang that Grousha felt on the subject was the utter impossibility of consenting to dress the new Max in his predecessor's clothes. His own were in a deplorable state; but it seemed to Grousha indelicate to Galkin's feelings to buy him anything until all the formalities were completed, and he was really her own adopted son. Anfisa Fômishna, accustomed for so many years to the fine linen and whole garments of her employers, was horrified at his "little bits of rags," as she called them, and persuaded Grousha to make him some shirts, and knit him some socks, and to do up the outer garments sufficiently to avoid distressing Amalia Carlovna. The volatility of the boy's disposition showed itself by his becoming completely reconciled to leaving his parents and sister, and strongly but not as yet tenderly attached to the members of his new home; and Grousha had a daily and hourly trial in seeing Michaël Emilianovitch take an interest and delight in him, to an extent that he had never shown to his own less high-spirited son. She was glad that this period of probation had been arranged, in order to test her own heart before receiving him in the eyes of the world and the law as her own child. She did not then know that the blessing of the Church is also instituted in the Greco-Russian religion on occasion of Adoption. The one thought, however,

that obstacles might arise, proved to her that she really did love the lively loving little darling, for the clasp of his arms round her neck, when she went to his bed-side in the dark to bless him, told him that he loved *her*, though he did not choose to show it before others. . She gradually became so accustomed to his presence, that the idea of losing him was painful to a degree that proved to her that she was sincere to herself.

Galkin grew worse rather than better; and Michaël Emilianovitch showed his kindness and generosity by hiring a Government sous-apothecary for a time, on pretext of Galkin's being so taken up with his sick wife, but in reality to watch the operations of the apothecary, and to prevent accidents. He was not required long—after a relapse the poor girl rapidly sank. Grousha sent three hundred versts for a German pastor to administer the Holy Sacrament to her, and persuaded him to remain at Q—— at the Vesnins' expense just a little time longer, in order to bury her according to the rites of her own Church. Galkin knew nothing of this private arrangement; he was completely lost in grief and in seeking for consolation. The poor little baby girl was taken to the schoolmistress, and was to be sent by the first opportunity to Toula, where her paternal grandmother lived, and who returned a willing consent to Max's adoption.

"You'll be a better mother to him than ever I could be," whispered the poor weak Amalia, holding Grousha's hand in both hers, and gazing into her face with those glassy eyes.

"I'll do my best, darling."

"And never, never excuse him—when he is older—if he—if he is like my Hänschen."

"We won't let him be so, with God's help."

"Who knows? My Hänschen was not so before. And you'll let him speak German, won't you?"

"Of course. Some of these days we will take him to see your father and mother at Dörpt. Perhaps he will go to the university there: would not that be nice?"

"Akh, yes! Akh, how tired I am!"

"Then rest, darling—don't talk. Shut your eyes, and think how happy you are going to be."

"Yes—so happy," murmured Amalia. She was soon dozing, and Grousha saw her no more alive.

She was glad to find that Max was at first inconsolable for his mother's loss, and was rewarded for the generous and amiable feeling by his declaring that now mamma was dead he should love Agrafena Nestorovna. But she was to find a thorn in that rose, too.

"Then let me be your mother, Maxinka; call me Mamasha!"

The child looked gravely into her face, and shook his head.

"Impossible," he said, as if it were a settled matter.

"Why impossible?"

"Because you are Agrafena Nestorovna," he said, after a pause, and with a slight laugh, "you are not Mamasha." And she saw that it would not do to hurry him.

It was indeed out of the question to leave Galkin as apothecary; Michaël Emilianovitch was sorry for the man, but the lives of his serfs were a responsibility that he deeply felt, and Parphény Ivanovitch used to grumble and tell tales out of school more often than was agreeable on the subject. With some difficulty he procured him an appointment as lecturer on chemistry at a Government gymnasium; and when he had

gone, both he and his wife felt that Max was almost their own. Tremendous correspondence had been going on between Michaël Emilianovitch and various Government secretaries, and other persons in the Civil Service, and they had got as far as the Governor; but, after all said, done, and written, nothing could be completely arranged without the sanction of the Emperor.

Grousha turned pale when she heard this — and from whom? From Anfisa Fômishna, who all along had taken a vivid interest in the affair, and who thought, with justice, that the presence of childish happiness and life would do Grousha's health good as well as her heart. It seems that a childless merchant had adopted a distant relation of hers, and she well remembered all that passed on that occasion; and that the magistrate who drew up the "act," as the contract is called, told the assembled relatives that the adoption of a child by a noble required the Imperial consent.

"But suppose the Emperor should not please to consent?" said Grousha.

"Nonsense! what objections could he make? It is merely a form."

"Oh!"

Grousha repeated this to her husband, and he said that it was perfectly true, but that she need not be uneasy—the Emperor would be very glad if he knew that such a fine little subject had been saved from such a lost-one of a father, and very much obliged to them for adopting him. "But the shoe that pinches is this, Agrafena: the clauses in the Code of Family Laws say, that 'a childless noble may adopt one of his nearest relatives.' Now, the authorities through whose

hand this affair must pass stick to the fact that Max is a stranger in blood to us both."

"Well?"

"It seems a serious objection, but one that I hope—that I insist on overcoming. You know that I am an utter orphan. The mortality and childlessness in our family is something extraordinary. To begin with, my two grandfathers were both only sons, and their sisters died unmarried or childless; my parents were only children, and my five brothers and sisters died in infancy. One grandmother had a sister in a convent, who never married; the other had three brothers, bachelors, who were all killed in the Turkish wars. So that I have no relations that I am aware of. I am perfectly justified in adopting this stranger."

"Certainly—at least, so it seems."

"There is another form to be gone through which will make you smile. We must formally ask your sister (on your side) to let us adopt one of her children, and she will give us a formal refusal."

"But she won't!" cried Grousha; "she has over and over again hinted that it would be far more benevolent to adopt her Basil—she would like it of all things!"

"Yes, *she* would: but Nicholaï Nicholaïevitch?"

"He is very fond of his children."

"So it appears to me. And now I think it is in a fair way to go further. The Governor wants us to make a ward of him, but I must confess I should prefer the other way."

No one but a Russian, or a resident in Russia, can form half an idea of the slowness with which Government questions drag to their decision. The nomination of a child to a Government institution, the question of a pension, the acceptance of an

officer's retirement, require months, and sometimes years, to decide. The system of correspondence—every grave question being settled at St. Petersburg—is the cause of this frequently painful and never agreeable delay. It required Vesnin's presence at the Government town to overcome the apparently trifling difficulties of his case. Nicholaï Nicholaïevitch not only gave a formal refusal to part with either of his darlings, but was almost offended at such an idea being proposed, and in the heat of the moment said a great deal that need not have been said, had he heard Vesnin out first. But at last an immense packet of documents, all written on stamped paper, consisting of a petition from Vesnin to the Emperor, Max's register of birth and baptism, hunted out with great difficulty, and other papers, were sent to the Senate to be laid before his Imperial Majesty. Vesnin wrote to Fédinka and to all his St. Petersburg friends, begging them to use what influence they could command in furthering his affair, and in due time the long-wished-for document arrived—and the sanction printed in the newspapers—that

"The young child Maximilian, son of the titulary Counsellor Ivan Galkin, is lawfully adopted, with change of family name, to that of his adopting father, by the Government secretary,[1] Michaël Vesnin, of Agafino, Orenbourg Government, as son and lawful heir to the lawful share of his possessions. Signed in the original by ALEXANDER."

Nearly three years had passed since the first brick was laid of the church at Agafino, and it had been consecrated a few weeks before the Vesnins received the paper that made Max

[1] Second civil rank; it has no relation whatever to the office of a secretary. Titulary Counsellor is the fourth rank.

their lawful son; but there was another ceremony to be gone through. The sanction of the Emperor had been obtained; it remained now to acknowledge him publicly, and to ask the blessing of the Almighty on this new relationship by means of the molében used on adoption. Anfisa Fômishna, with the deep religious feeling of her class, with her Sclavonic lore and worldly experience, had excited the imaginations of Grousha and her husband during the difficulties that arose about the child being a stranger, and told them about the strange office, and how the merchant in question had it performed; and they both said that if it only pleased God to bless them in the overcoming of the difficulties, they would most certainly have this molében performed. The Agafino Priest, Father Platon, had never heard of it; and it was not till they had turned the leaves of the Molében Book almost to the last that they found it. A few words at the end made Michaël Emilianovitch and the Priest raise their heads, look with surprise at each other, and smile.

"I will go to the Protopope at Q——," said Vesnin; "perhaps we may be able to leave that out."

"I do not think so, Michaël Emilianovitch. Our services are always carried out to the letter. If you object to this molében, you can have simply a Thanksgiving one performed."

"No, no, Father. We said that *this* one should be performed—and the prayers are beautiful. But I am afraid of frightening the child, that's all."

The Priest shook his head. "What's to be done? If it was a vow that you made, it must be performed, Michaël Emilianovitch."

"It was something very like it!" said Michaël Emilianovitch; "hastily, thoughtlessly made, as too many vows are."

The Protopope at Q—— heard the story, and shrugging his

shoulders, wondered at the fancy people nowadays have for digging up antiquities, but confessed that it was occasionally made use of in modern times, wholly and entirely, and without any alteration whatever. He permitted himself to ask of his much-respected Michaël Emilianovitch how he came to know of the molében in question.

Vesnin told him, and observed another shrug of wonderment at the source. He invited the old man to Agafino on the following Sunday, when he proposed going through the ceremony after Mass, and celebrating the Adoption afterwards by a dinner and a little dance.

Max has quite become the son of the house: they have got him to call the Vesnins Papasha and Mamasha, simply by third persons speaking of them always as such. Mamasha is very fond of him, and has made a very good honest little boy of him; he is a great happiness to her, but Michaël Emilianovitch doats on him, and, it may be truly said, *forgets* that he is not his own child. He is nearly seven years old, and can read and write Russ well, and French passably; he is Mamasha's pupil, and knows every story in the Bible and in Russian history as well as Mesdames Zontag and Zolotoff,[1]—is his father's constant companion in his visits to the works and the diggings, and knows almost every workman and his specialty in the place. He is always building something, and Papasha says that he will be a first-rate technologist. His disposition is very sweet, and his abilities excellent; but he is extremely mischievous, self-willed, and opinionated—qualities which, Michaël Emilianovitch maintains, are absolutely necessary to make a man of him, and which, when not directed immediately against himself, delight him past all description.

[1] Writers for children.

The day of the ceremony dawned tranquil and sunshiny; the house was full of visitors, who had arrived the previous evening in order to be present at Mass. When the great bell boomed forth solemnly for service, Grousha and Max were on their knees in her little cabinet, Max repeating his prayers, and Grousha saying Amen in her heart to them. He says now, "Lord, have mercy on Papasha and Mamasha! Lord, have mercy on Thy servant Ivan![1] Lord, remember Thy deceased servant Amalia! Lord, have mercy on the babe Lubinka! and on me, the babe Maxinka! Grant me, Lord, wisdom and intelligence, the fear of God in my heart, good health, and a Christian end." Besides this prayer, which is the same as "Pray God" of the English child, he says the Lord's Prayer, the Russian version of "Hail, Mary," and the same of "Come, Holy Ghost!" He enunciates the Sclavonic beautifully, and understands every hard outlandish word.

Grousha was very much overcome, and rather anxious about the molében, which was so near now. They did not take any breakfast that day, and she had been talking to Max about his taking Infant Communion for the last time. He knew no particulars of the molében, and Grousha did not know whether to prepare him or not; but she so feared a scene in church. She was sitting in her arm-chair considering this matter, when Anfisa Fômishna came in to consult her about some housekeeping concern, and she confided her difficulties to the good woman's simple sense to solve. "Just say nothing about it," she said. "You'll frighten him, or offend him, if you give him time to reflect on it. Keep him by your side as long as you can, and Father Platon will manage the rest." Grousha, like all unnecessarily anxious people, wondered what had made

her plague herself so, and kissed the sharp-witted old lady as she thanked her for her advice, and called her a dear old puzzle-solver.

It was considered such a sight, that many persons, not invited as guests to the Vesnins' house, came from Q—— and the surrounding villages to witness the Benediction or Adoption; and the doctor's, schoolmaster's and mistress's, and Priest's houses were full of company. The family of the proprietor was the first among the nobles to enter the church, Michaël Emilianovitch in his full court costume as "noble;" his wife elegantly dressed to do honour to the occasion, but looking rather paler and graver than usual; and Max, charming in a black velvet suit, and red shirt just visible at the neck and wrists. He stood very devoutly during the whole of the long service of Mass; and a sermon on Infant Communion, intended expressly for him, worded very simply, and containing a few heart-stirring allusions to the approaching Benediction, was preached by Father Platon; and immediately afterwards, the Q—— Protopope, who performed Mass, administered the Holy Sacrament to him. He pleased the old man very much by kissing the Cup and the hand that held it, and by his serious devout bearing. He returned to his mother's side, and received her kiss and congratulation, and after Mass those of his father and the assembled acquaintances. Olympiada Modestovna, now a very infirm old woman, and who had opposed all Grousha's plans as much as lay in her power, was present, and obliged for decency's sake to do the same. Unfortunately, Max could not bear her, and, open as the day, never concealed his dislike, which she repaid tenfold.

And now the closed royal gates were opened, and Father

Platon, with his Testament and cross, issued therefrom. Contrary to custom, Michaël Emilianovitch and his son ascended the steps of the amvon, and with lighted candles in their hands, made an obeisance to the ground, and crossed themselves three times as the Priest chanted "Blessed be our God, now, henceforth, and for ever." After a few short prayers and kondaks, the following prayer was read, with the distinct enunciation that has lately become, happily, so common, but which then was quite a new thing:—

"O Lord our God! who through Thy beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, hast called us to be the children of God by Adoption, and the grace of Thy Holy Spirit, saying, 'I will be a Father to him, and he shall be to Me a son;' O merciful Father and King, look down from heaven, Thy dwelling-place, on these Thy servants; and their natures (strangers to each other in the flesh) do Thou unite in the bonds of relationship as father and son, by Thy Holy Spirit; confirm them in Thy love, bind them with Thy favour, bless them with Thy glory, strengthen them in Thy faith, preserve them for ever, and grant that an unseemly word may never pass their lips; and be Thou the Recorder of their vow, that even to the end of their lives their love be not broken, that they never fail in their duty to Thee, in whom all things living have life; and make them heirs of Thy Kingdom. To Thee is due all honour, glory, and worship, to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, now, henceforth, and for ever. Amen."

The Priest then turns his face towards the congregation, and says, "Peace be to you all!"

And the Reader answers, for the congregation, "And to thy spirit."

Priest. "Bow your heads before the Lord." (The congregation stand with bent heads while he reads this prayer.)

"O Almighty Father! the Creator of all things created, who in the first Adam didst institute relationship in the flesh, and by our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy beloved Son, hast made us Thy children through grace, to Thee alone are all things known, even from the beginning. Before Thee these Thy servants now bow their heads, and implore Thy blessing on the union as father and son that they have agreed on between themselves, trusting in Thee. And that by stedfastness in holiness of life they may be worthy of Adoption by Thee. In this, as in all things, be glorified Thy Name, O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, now, henceforth, and for ever. Amen."

The Deacon, who was standing behind Max, now whispered to him, "Go and bow yourself down at your Papasha's feet, Maxinka!" The child instantly submitted, and Michaël Emilianovitch placed his foot for one instant of time on his neck. (He did it so cleverly and quickly, that the dear little fellow never knew of it.) He then raised him to his feet again, and said, "This day thou art my son; this day have I begotten thee." According to the rubric, the newly-made father and son embraced and kissed each other after these words.

The usual benediction followed, and the family received the congratulations of the Priest. Michaël Emilianovitch placed Max's little hand in his mother's, and kissed her affectionately, wishing her joy; and almost before she had kissed him, they were surrounded by relatives, friends, and acquaintances, the workmen and their wives, all eager to offer their congratulations, and to wish well to them.

It is a source of never-ceasing gratitude to Grousha, that neither she nor her husband ever had occasion to regret this

step, for they were blessed in their son more highly than they dared hope. He manifested a studious disposition, notwithstanding his extreme liveliness, which, backed by a desire to excel, made him one of the first pupils of the gymnasium; and it is to be hoped that his career at the university will be as successful as that which has just closed. He has two little sisters, but he never felt that he was less loved than they; and Grousha frequently confesses that his affection to herself, his attention to his father, and his tenderness and fondness to the little girls, leave her nothing to wish, only that he may be spared, and that this peace and happiness may be continued to their family.

The graves of the two little brothers are not the less carefully tended for all that.

A BISHOP'S VISITATION.

A BISHOP'S VISITATION.

AT all times a trying and terrifying business, the expected visitation of the Bishop this year seemed to be peculiarly so to the minds of the clergy of high and low degree in our town and blagotchinie. This probably arose from the fact of his Eminence having been but very recently appointed to this diocese, and although report decided in his favour, yet there was no knowing how he might be worried or displeased at different places on the road between the Government town and our place, and in what humour he might be pleased to arrive; for it is a fact, proved by many remarkable instances, that bishops have tempers as well as other people.

A Bishop always travels with a suite, consisting of an Archimandrite, a Proto-Deacon, Sub-Deacons to robe and attend him during service and assist at the same, and a youth called a *sloujka* (which word I really cannot translate otherwise than *Slavey*, it being the diminutive of *Slougá*, a servant). His work is by no means hard, and consists principally in standing and looking very pretty a little behind the Bishop at his left hand, with a book in his own, which he opens when required at the proper place, and, stepping forward, holds it before his Eminence to read from. A good-looking lad seems to be

selected, for I never yet saw an ugly sloujka, and a certain grave, respectful, but withal coquettish and becoming manner is common to them all, and probably is in a certain degree acquired. A choir of some twelve or sixteen strong, with their Regent, or leader, also accompanies the party, and forms one of the attractions at the episcopal liturgy, which is altogether very interesting, and much more showy than a mere ordinary Mass, as celebrated by a Priest, can be.

The approach of the Bishop was duly announced to us by the ringing of bells, which I have before mentioned, so that those who wished to see him arrive had time to dress and assemble in the church. The Protopope had gone to the nearest village in the march-route, a distance of thirty versts, to meet the Vladika,[1] and accompany him hither; but all the other Priests (and among them one poor man dying of decline, whom we had not seen at church for many a day) and the rest of the clergy were ready in the cathedral to receive him, and had only just time to hurry on their canonicals, when he arrived. It was five o'clock on a burning hot July afternoon, but fortunately the cathedral is large and cool, and all the doors were opened; it was prettily decorated too, with boughs of birch and lime trees, arranged so as to form an alley in one part that he would have to pass; and the "bit of green" was refreshing to the eyes, if not to the imagination of the other senses, and was suggestive of shade and gentle fannings of boughs.

The carriage, drawn by six horses, stopped at the west door, and his Eminence immediately ascended the steps, supported by two stanovoys; it was merely an act of civility on their part, however, for he is a brisk, active man, and did not require any assistance whatever. He was dressed in a rich violet and

[1] The Bishop.

black silk damask cassock, and on his head was a high round hat (the monkish hood), with a long veil of black stuff something like barège, hanging over it down over his back. Round his neck, suspended by a chain, is the *Panagia*, sparkling in the sun; of it I will speak presently.

At about five or six steps from the door, within the cathedral, he was met by the clergy; and here he was robed in his episcopal mantle, an immense garment of puce-coloured satin, on which are sewn three double rows of a striped red and white ribbon, about four inches broad; at either side of the fastening at the neck there is a square piece of stiff gold embroidery, having on it a cross; they are about a lady's span in diameter, and typify the Old and New Testaments, signifying that the teacher of God's Word should employ both. The striped ribbons are emblems of the streams of knowledge flowing from the Holy Bible. It is impossible, I think, for even a woman to convey *to* a woman the exact cut of this garment; suffice it to say that if it were laid out flat on the floor it would be found to be nearly circular—that it is extremely long, and has a train which the sloujka carries; and near the feet are sewn little tinkling things like the bells on a child's coral, which are in imitation of the bells on Aaron's robe. They signify—for everything in the Greco-Russian Church has a symbolic or mystic signification—that the Bishop must be ready ever to preach the Gospel, and to call on others to do the same.[1] In his hand he holds his crosier, which at first sight might be taken for a parasol; it is about four feet in height and of considerable weight, being made entirely of metal. Near the top is a sort of handle, silver gilt and chased, which gives the crosier the appearance of an anchor, the symbol of hope of

[1] Bishop Benjamin.

salvation; this is surmounted by a cross, and about two inches lower than the handle is a decoration of white silken material adorned with several rows of gold fringe and a bow of crimson ribbon at the top, which I can liken to nothing but a little petticoat, and which gives the notion of a smart parasol.

Blessing the people on each side of the narrow space left him to walk to the elevation prepared for him in the body of the church (the same place as where weddings are celebrated), the Bishop proceeded, followed by the clergy and his suite. A short molében was performed, which did not last more than ten minutes, after which the Bishop returned to his carriage and drove to the house of a Protopope, where rooms were prepared for him and his companion the Archimandrite, who is rector of the ecclesiastical seminary, and prior or superior of the monastery at the Government town—an important person among the clergy. Both belong to the order of Black Ecclesiastics, *i.e.* monks and consequently celibates, in distinction from the White Ecclesiastics, or ordinary clergy.

The Bishop is called Apollos, but this is not his baptismal name. He received it on becoming Bishop, and it is probably the third he has received in his lifetime. First he was named at baptism, secondly when he took his monkish vows, and thirdly when ordained a Bishop. He has an extremely animated and prepossessing countenance, and so kind and simple a manner, that one felt at once that reports of him must be true; and his brief stay here proved that he is what he had been described, a business-like person with regard to *business*—of which he has an immensity, doing, deciding, and judging for himself, without any advice, direct or indirect, from those who surround him; and a most amiable and agreeable Vladika, without any exactingness or grandeur, of which they say he

has a perfect horror. Contrary to the custom of other prelates whom I have seen, he utters all he has to say in his natural voice, distinctly and audibly; there is no affectation of extreme age and weakness, no grandeur or infinite condescension in his manner; altogether a something pervaded his whole person and presence which made one feel very glad for his brethren the poor dear Priests, who have been so anxious concerning the visitation for so many months.

Mass was to begin, people said, very early the next morning. The low-spirited asserted that it would be at six o'clock at the latest, and prophesied such crowds that it would not be worth while trying to get into the cathedral. Others said that it would be empty rather than otherwise, because it was hay-making time for the workmen and their families (each of whom has a hay-field), and because it would be too early for the nobles, who certainly do get up very late. Under such circumstances, therefore, it was very desirable that the service should take place earlier rather than later, particularly as the weather was insufferably hot, and the idea of a crammed church when there are some 28° or 30° Réaumur in the shade is sufficiently terrifying. Eight o'clock, however, was the hour fixed by his Eminence, who with his characteristic good nature consented to a longer ringing of the bells than he is accustomed to, in order to give such of the inhabitants as might not know of the early hour appointed, time to assemble at church.

We arrived at half-past seven; it was already very hot, and we felt thankful that service was to take place thus early, and not during the still more oppressive hours of noon-day. There were only the Deacons and Readers, the sextons and church-warden, and a very few of the congregation, in the cathedral; but the Proto-Deacon soon arrived, and began to put our

Deacons through a regular repetition of what they would have to do; for although the service is essentially the same when performed by either Priest or Bishop, yet there is more ceremony when the latter is present, and to a person unaccustomed to aiding at a Bishop's Liturgy it is doubtless puzzling to remember when and where to bow, how to turn round, to the right hand or to the left, when to wave the incense extra times, and so on. The Proto-Deacon, a fine old man, the exact likeness of pictures of Moses, was, to confess the truth, very cross with our Deacons (one of whom is nearly as old as he); got out of patience with them, and pushed them about as a dancing-master does awkward pupils. In the meantime, one of the Sub-Deacons, an old acquaintance of ours, whom we knew as a lad before his ordination, was giving instructions to his young brothers, seminarists who were at home for the holidays. To the younger was intrusted a vast candlestick, very nearly as high as himself, and with the candle, which is about three inches in diameter, far overtopping him; to the other the crosier aforesaid; both are carried before or behind the Bishop during Mass, as the case may require. The boys doubtless had a slight knowledge of the duties imposed on them, and which were very probably earnestly begged for; but they must have had wonderful memories, to bear in mind the minute instructions that were given—which side they must stand on at such a time, which on another, when to pass before and when behind the Bishop. Under the charge of the crosier-bearer were also placed several little round mats, which are moved from place to place for his Eminence to stand on. Such a mat is about fifteen inches in diameter, and is called an *orletz*, from the *orël*, an eagle—a representation of which bird, with a glory about its head, and flying over a fortified city, is embroidered on the mat. The

city signifies the diocese of the Bishop; and the eagle—a far-fetched symbol of Divinity—is in allusion to St. John the Divine being represented in pictures with that bird. To keep up the idea of the signification, the glory is added, meaning that the light of Divine teaching should ever beam over the diocese committed to the Bishop's care.[1]

The candle and crosier bearers also went through a mimic service, their brother correcting them, encouraging them, and amusing them all the time. A raised platform was placed in the body of the church for the Bishop. It had two steps, and was about two yards and a half square, and fifteen inches higher than the pavement of the cathedral. It was covered with a carpet, and on it was placed a seat, covered with a crimson velvet cloth adorned with gold fringe.

At eight o'clock the bells began to ring, and all the people, of whom by this time a great number had assembled, rushed to get the best places. We secured those that we had set our minds on ever since we heard that the visitation was to take place, and managed to keep them too, notwithstanding the pushing and nudgings that we had to endure; we stood in the corner formed by the projection of the amvon steps, so that we were as close to the royal gates as we could be, and besides having the advantage of seeing the whole ceremony, we had also a fair space before our faces to breathe in, as nobody could possibly stand in front of us. The Bishop arrived in the stipulated quarter of an hour, and was robed in his mantle near the door, as on the previous evening.

Service immediately commenced on the Bishop mounting his platform; and during the chanting of the choir and the intonation of the "Hours" by the Reader, the Deacons brought

[1] Bishop Benjamin.

forth the episcopal robes from the altar, on a large silver dish. He then rose from his seat, and after blessing the Sub-Deacons, who followed the robe-bearers, submitted himself entirely to them; and they, possessing themselves each of one of his arms, forthwith commenced robing him in his canonicals, as follows :—

At each new ordination in the Greco-Russian Church, some new article of canonicals is *added*, so that the number a Bishop has to put on is greater than those of a Priest—a Priest more than a Deacon, and so on. The canonicals and attributes added at the consecration of a Bishop are, first the cope; second, the omophorium; third, the panagia (a large medallion-like picture of the Virgin and Child, in enamel; it is richly ornamented, and surrounded by a glory-like border, studded with precious stones; it is worn round the neck, suspended to a thick gold chain); fourth, the cross, of unusually large size, also worn round the neck; fifth, the mitre; and sixth, the crosier, which seems at once to represent the crook of the shepherd and the sceptre of the monarch.

The actual robes are seven in number, viz. the alb, stole, belt, cuffs, and epigonation of the Priest; and the episcopal cope and omophorium.

The cope much resembles the ordinary vestment of the Deacon, but it is made of far richer stuff, and has the same little tinkling bells as those on the mantle, sewn down the sides where the seam ought to be, and along the sleeves; for the two sides are united by loops extending from bell to bell, after the manner of buttons, the cope being cut out of one whole piece of material, with a hole for the head to pass through, and having no seams, like the garment of the Saviour. It is put on with the same words as those used by Priests.

The omophorium resembles the stole of the Priest and the scarf of the Deacon, but is much longer than the one and broader than the other; it is put on differently too, one end hanging down in front, the other behind, after being wound about the shoulders and looped up in a particular manner. This part of the canonicals is the peculiar mark of the Bishop, as the stole of the Priest, and the scarf of the Deacon. It contains sheep's wool in its texture, though it is so concealed by silver and silk thread as to be imperceptible. This is a symbol of the lost sheep whom the pastor tends, and of the Lamb of God who was slain for us.[1]

The Sub-Deacons, accustomed to their task, disrobed his Eminence of his mantle and ordinary cassock, and he remained in his under cassock—a Noah-like garment of brown satin—for a few seconds, when his attendants proceeded to robe him, with a dexterity and unison in every movement that had a degree of gracefulness about it. At the same moment, for instance, they would take the cuffs from the dish, and present them to be blessed; at the same instant finished lacing them, so that the Bishop's plump hands, small and white as a woman's, were ready at once to give the double blessing. After the seven canonicals had been put on, the Deacon and Sub-Deacons again retired to the altar, returning soon after at a certain part of the service, the Deacon bearing the silver dish, but this time empty. Over his shoulders was thrown a long and broad towel of new book muslin, with the ends embroidered in different coloured wools: it was put on exactly as ladies used to wear scarves some twenty-five years ago, as a pardessus. One of the Sub-Deacons bore an elegant vase-like silver-gilt vessel, with a spout and handle; from this he poured

[1] Bishop Benjamin.

water into the dish over the hands of the Bishop, who rinses them and his face slightly, and then both Sub-Deacons, taking hold of the ends of the towel and passing the middle over the head of the Deacon, present it to him to wipe himself dry. On such an awfully hot day as the one I am speaking of, I am sure those few drops of water must have been refreshing to the poor man, loaded as he was with his seven canonicals. "Be it not supposed," says St. Cyril of Jerusalem, in the fifth book of his Teachings, "that this is done to cleanse the body from outward impurities, for we never enter a church in a dirty state of body. It signifies that our souls must be purified from all sins and wickedness. For as the hands are the instruments of action, the washing of them shows the purity and undefiledness of our desires. Hast thou never heard the words of David? who says, 'I will wash my hands in innocency, and so will I go to Thy altar, O Lord.'" And St. Germanus says, "The washing of a Priest's or Bishop's hands should remind them that we must approach the holy table with a clean conscience, mind, and thoughts (the hands of our souls), with fear, meekness, and heartfelt sincerity."

After another interval an enormous silver comb was brought, on the same great salver, and the Bishop passed it through his hair and beard. It was eight or nine inches in length and at least four or five in breadth, with the teeth very broad—"few and far between." The mystic signification of this custom which beyond a doubt exists, I have been unable to ascertain. The mitre—a very handsome piece of workmanship, which I can hardly decide to whom to ascribe, to the gold-embroiderer, jeweller, or an unknown artificer in a craft that has no name (for it is impossible to say what it is made of; it is not metallic,

yet it is studded with pearls and other jewels)—was then donned, the panagia, and the cross.

When fully robed, the Bishop takes two golden candlesticks in his hands; one, with two branches, is called a Dikiria; and the other, with three, a Trikiria. Their peculiarity is, that the nozzles are so made as to unite the flames of the three or two candles when they are lighted: the meaning of the first is the twofold nature of our Lord, God and man; the symbol of the other,—the Holy Trinity. With these candlesticks he waves the sign of the cross over the congregation, many more times than I can enumerate during the course of the service, the people receiving the blessing with bent heads and devout crossings. Each time that the Sub-Deacons present these or any other thing to his Eminence, they kiss the hand which takes it.

While waiting for the arrival of the Bishop to Mass, a whisper that our old friend the Sub-Deacon was to be ordained as Priest was circulated, to the great satisfaction of the congregation. We forgot, however, that such is an impossibility, as he first must be ordained full Deacon, and only one ordination can take place during one Liturgy; and the whisper proved to be an incautious hoax, and had arisen merely from the Sub-Deacon's having said in remark to some one's informing him that he had come to church to see the Bishop, "Oh! I thought you had come to see *me*. To see me ordained Pope." Our disappointment, however, was partially made up for by witnessing the bestowal of the epigonation on a village Priest[1]

[1] This distinction was bestowed in reward of the Priest's untiring efforts, and their happy results, in teaching the *Votyak* children of his parish. The Votyaks are a tribe of Finnish extraction, great numbers of whom reside in the governments of Viatka and Perm. They are, for the most part,

belonging to the blagotchinie. He was led by two others to the steps of the elevation, a Deacon standing by with the new canonical on the salver; he first crossed and prostrated himself devoutly with his face to the royal gates, and then prostrated himself, without crossings, before the Bishop, who after a very short admonition and prayer, threw the suspending band of the epigonation over the candidate's shoulder, the assistants partly removing his chasuble for that purpose. The Bishop, as he did this, called aloud the word "Axios,"[1] while the newly adorned Priest kissed his hands. The choir repeated the word in a joyful strain, while the Vladika went on addressing the Priest, and presented his shoulder to him to be kissed, which, of course, was part of the ceremony. The Priest, an anxious-looking man, was not aware of the reward that was in preparation for him, and the surprise and gratification it caused absolutely scared him, and, probably from extreme nervousness, he kept his mouth open during the whole of the succeeding service, like a person in a fever; but he read the pre-amvon prayer at the end firmly enough.

Mass now proceeded much in the usual manner, the few additions to it caused by the Bishop's presence only serving to make it more attractive. It begins by his Eminence, having crossed the candles again on three sides, leaving his elevation in the middle of the church and proceeding to the altar, followed by the other Priests present, who hitherto have stood in two rows, with their sides towards the Bishop, in the space between him and the amvon. After kissing the sacred pictures on the royal gates, he waves incense round the throne, and

baptized Christians, but they speak their own language, though they all can make themselves understood in Russ. Their occupation is exclusively agriculture.

[1] "He is worthy."

then comes out again from the royal gates (which are open all the time of a Bishop's Liturgy, except during the consecration and receiving of the Elements) and waves it to the people, repeating, not intoning, part of Psalm li. Never in my life, from the lips of Englishman, German, or Russian, did I hear any portion of Scripture so exquisitely, yet so simply, so freely from all effort, repeated as those few verses. Completely unprepared, and situated so as to be able to hear the slightest intonations of his voice, I drank in every syllable —tears, to my own extreme surprise, streamed down my face. "Make me to hear of joy and gladness, that the bones that Thou hast broken may rejoice!" were the last words I heard as he turned into the altar again, and I think I shall never forget them. The congregation glanced at each other in silent rapture.

The Proto-Deacon, who continued during the whole time to testify by various gestures his contempt of, astonishment at, and indulgence towards the awkwardness and ignorance of our Deacons, intoned the litanies and Gospel magnificently: the latter was taken from St. Luke ii., ending with the words, "For with God nothing shall be impossible." It was really astonishing that such an aged man could produce such sonorous sounds, they actually rang in one's ears to a degree that was absolutely painful to those who stood close to him; but I conjecture, from the quivering of the half-closed eyelids, the compressed lips, and the raising of the whole body on tiptoe when a very loud or high tone was required, that it was a great effort to him. He performed by far the greater part of the service.

While the Cherubim's hymn was being sung, the Bishop stood at the royal gates, and the trio again appeared with the

salver, vase, and muslin towel, and the ablution was repeated. This is done immediately before the great procession with the Elements. The choir sang the hymn very sweetly.

On the conclusion of Mass the Bishop preached a short sermon, the subject of which was an admonition to his flock not to neglect the table of the Lord. He alluded to his thankfulness to the Almighty for the reception he had everywhere met with on his arduous journeys from the Government town, but added that he dare not accept it as a personal distinction to himself, though it rejoiced him to observe the zeal of his dear flock to the pastor whom God had placed over them; and unworthy as he felt himself, he could not but "take the cup of salvation" presented to him, "and call on the name of the Lord" in behalf of his children. He spoke in the same simple but impressive way as he did when repeating the psalm.

Mass being sung, he was disrobed in the altar, and his cassock and mantle having been again put on, he came to the amvon to give the people his blessing. Each crowded up, with the back of the right hand crossed on the palm of the left (both of course ungloved): the Bishop makes the sign of the cross over them, and then lays his own hand for one instant on them to be kissed. He would not hear of hurrying this ceremony, nor of leaving his station until the congregation were satisfied; several children told me that they went up several times, and that each time he said something kind to them. We waited on the west steps to see him go out, exposed to the broiling sun of noon; and it must have been very little less than half an hour afterwards that a movement in the crowd betokened his exit. The people rushed again, the stanovoys shouting to them to have done, to let his Eminence pass, but

he begged them to desist, and went forward, dealing his blessings to everybody who managed to stumble up to him. Finally, when seated in the open carriage that an inhabitant of the town had placed at his disposal, the crowd tore headlong after him, and he continued making the sign of the cross on either side, till he disappeared behind the ready open door of his temporary dwelling.

At a quarter to two on the same afternoon, while we were exchanging our impressions of the morning's service over the coldest dinner that could be invented, the principal ingredient in the fare being lumps of ice, we heard a peal of clanging bells, by which we were informed that his Eminence had left our town; and, once more seated in his close stuffy chariot, was on the way to the next, which is seventy versts distant, and where exactly the same scenes would be enacted as those of which we had been witnesses here.

THE END.

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